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THE
WORKS
OF
PETER PINDAR, Esq.

VOL. I.



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WORKS



PETER L. AR. M.

VOL. I



P. A. R. S.

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12-4

A
POETICAL, SUPPLICATING, MODEST, AND AFFECTING

E P I S T L E,

TO THOSE
LITERARY COLOSSUSES

THE
REVIEWERS.

CARMINE, DI SUPERI PLACANTUR, CARMINE, MANES.

FATHERS of wisdom, a poor wight befriend!

Oh hear my simple prayer in simple lays:

In *formâ pauperis* behold I bend,

And of your worships ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant of fame, d'ye see;

I ask not all the laurel, but a sprig!

Then hear me, guardians of the sacred tree,

And flick a leaf or two about my wig.

In sonnet, ode, and legendary tale,

Soon will the prefs my tuneful works display;

Then do not damn them, and prevent the sale;

And your petitioner shall ever pray.

My labours damn'd, the muse with grief will groan—
The censure dire my lantern jaws will rue !
Know I have teeth and stomach like your own,
And that I wish to eat as well as you.

I never said, like murderers in their dens,
You secret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,
With hatchets, scalping-knives in shape of pens,
To make, like Mohawks, hapless authors die :

Nor said (in your REVIEWS, together strung,)
The limbs of authors, butcher'd, cheek by jowl,
Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung
Before the hungry spider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declar'd, that, frightful as the blacks,
In greasy flannel caps you met together,
With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,
Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all transgression
Against your honours, men of classic fame !
I ne'er abus'd your critical profession,
Whose *dictum* saves at once, or damns a name.

I never question'd your profound of head,
Nor vulgar call'd your wit, your manners coarse ;
Nor swore on butcher'd authors that you fed
Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horse.

I never hinted, that with half-a-crown
Books have been sent you by the scribbling tribe ;
Which

Which fee hath purchas'd pages of renown :

No ; for I knew you spurn'd the *paltry* bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, you critics, to a man,

For pence would swear an owl excell'd the lark :

Nor call'd a partial gang your grave *Divan*,

That stabb'd, like base assassins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd, an author's book,

Until your sage opinions flew abroad ;

On these with pious rev'rence did I look ;

With you I prais'd or blam'd, so help me God !

The fam'd Longinus all the world must know,

The gape of wonder Aristarchus drew,

As well as Alexander's tutor, lo !

All, all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any ask me, " Pray, Sir, your opinion,

" Of those reviewers, who so bold bestride

" The world of learning, and with proud dominion,

" Sad dogs, the galled backs of author's ride ?"

Quick have I answered in a rage, "*Od'sblood!*

" No works like theirs such criticism convey ;

" Not all the timber of Donona's wood

" E'er pour'd more sterling oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, " Whate'er their brains indite,

" Be sure is excellent—a partial crew !

" With *IO* Pæans usher'd to the light,

" And prais'd to folly in the next review ;"

This was my answer to each snarling elf,
 (My eye-balls fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam,)
 "Zounds! is not justice due to one's dear self?
 "And should not charity begin at home?"

Full often I've been question'd with a sneer—
 "Think you one could not bribe 'em with potation?
 "A beef-steak, with a pot or two of beer,
 "Might save a little volume from damnation."

Furious I've answered, "Lo! my Lord Carlisle
 "Hath begg'd, in vain, a seat in Fame's old temple;
 "Though *you* applaud, their wisdoms will not smile;
 "And what they disapprove is vastly simple.

"Could gold succeed, enough the peer might raise,
 "Whose wealth would buy the critics o'er and o'er:
 "'Tis merit only can command their praise,
 "Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More *.

"The *Search of Happiness*, that beauteous song,
 "Which all of us would give our ears to own;
 "The *Captive*, *Percy*, that like mustard strong,
 "Make our eyes weep, and understandings groan."

Hail, Bristol town! Bœotia now no more;
 Since Garrick's Sappho sings, tho' rather slowly:
 All hail, Miss Hannah! worth at least a score,
 Ay, twenty score, of Chatterton and Rowley.

* A school-mistress at Bristol, celebrated as the tenth muse,
 authoress of the above two tragedies and poem.

Men

Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy ;
 Great Newton's self this failing did inherit ;
 Thus, ever, you avoid the public eye,
 And secret in your holes a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautious modesties I see,
 When from your bow'r with bats you wing the dark :
 On Sundays, when no catch-poles prowl for prey,
 On Æther dining in St. James's park.

Mild Sirs, in frays you chuse not to appear,
 A circumstance most natural to suppose,
 And, therefore, hide your precious heads, for fear
 Some angry bard, abus'd, should pull your nose.

The world's loud plaudits, lo ! you don't desire,
 Nor do you hastily on looks decide ;
 But first at every coffee-house enquire,
 How, in its favour, runs the public tide.

There, wisdom, often in a critics wig,
 The face demure, knit brows, and forehead scowling,
 I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
 Mousing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling* *.

Herculean Gentlemen ! I dread your drubs ;
 Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes !
 Strung with new strength beneath your maffy clubs,
 Alas ! I shall not an *Anteus* rise.

* Alluding to the sagacious bird of darkness seeking its prey.

Lo ! like an elephant along the ground,
Great Caliban, the giant Johnson stretch'd !
The British Roscius too your clubs confound,
Whose fame the farthest of the world hath reach'd.

If such so easy sink beneath your might,
Ye God's ! I may be done for in a trice ;
Hurl'd by your rage to everlasting night——
Crack'd with that ease a taylor cracks his lice.

If, awful Sirs, you grant me my petition,
With other pamphlets shall my pamphlet shine :
And should it chance to pas a first edition,
In capitals shall store your praise divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you please
For extracts, lo ! I'll put no angry face on ;
Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fist with fees,
To trounce a bookseller, like furious Mason *.

Sage Sirs, if favour in your sight I find,
If fame you grant, I'll bless each gen'rous giver ;
Wish you sound coats, good stomachs, masters kind †,
Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullocks' liver.

* M—s—n, Precentor of York, took strange *legal* advantage
of Mr. Murray, a bookseller.

† Booksellers.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO THE
REVIEWERS,

IN BEHALF OF A POETICAL FRIEND, WRITTEN IN 1778:
THE GENTLEMAN HAVING CONSIDERABLY SUFFERED
BY THEIR SEVERITY.

'T IS hard, Messieurs Reviewers, 'pon my soul,
You thus should *lord* it o'er the world of wit ;
No higher court your sentence to controul,
You hang, or you reprieve, as you think fit !

Whether in calf, your labours of the year
Rank with immortal bards or boxes line,
Or, torn for secret services, Oh dear !
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's shrine :

Whether you look all rosy round the gills,
Or, hatchet-fac'd, like starving cats so lean ;
Whether your criticism each pocket fills
With half-pence, keeping you close shav'd and clean :

Whether in gorgeous raiment you appear,
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall ;
Whether in pompous wigs to guard each ear,
Or whether you've no wig or ears at all :

Whether you look like gentlemen or thieves,
I hate usurpers of the critic throne :
Therefore his compliments the poet gives,
And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone :
Stay till he asks your thoughts, ye forward fages ;
Officioufness the modest bard abjures :
'Tis surely pert to meddle with his pages,
Who never deign'd to look in one of yours.

THE PARSON, THE SQUIRE,
AND THE SPANIEL.

A TALE.

A GENTLEMAN possess'd a favourite spaniel,
That never treated man nor maid ill :
This dog, of which we cannot too much say,
Got from his godfather the name of TRAY.

After ten years of service just,
Tray, like the race of mortals, fought the dust—
That is to say, the spaniel died :
A coffin then was order'd to be made,
The dog was in the church-yard laid,
While o'er his pale remains the master cry'd :

Lamenting

Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,
And, weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial :

TRAY'S EPITAPH.

HERE rests the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know ;
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no sect, but calmly knaw'd his bone ;
Perform'd his functions well in every way——
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy TRAY.

THE curate of the Huntintonian band,
Rare breed of Gospel-hawks that scour the land,
And fierce on sins their quarry fall,
Those locusts, that would eat up all.

Men who, with new-invented patent eyes,
See heav'n and all the angels in the skies ;
As plain as in the box of *Showman* Swifs,
For little masler made, or curious *miss*,
We see with huge delight the king of France
With all his lords and ladies dance.

This

This curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
 And thus exclaim'd, with infinite devotion :
 " O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !
 " Fine doings these, upon my word !
 " This, truly, is a very pretty thing !
 " What will become of this most skocking world ?
 " How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
 " And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurl'd !
 " Oh ! by this damn'd deed how I am hurried,
 " A dog in Christian ground, indeed, be buried !
 " And have an epitaph, forsooth, so civil :
 " Egad ! *old maids* will presently be found
 " Clapping their dead *ram-cats* in holy ground,
 " And writing verses on each *mousing devil*."

Against such future casualty providing,
 The priest set off, like Homer's Neptune striding,
 Vowing to put the culprit in the court :
 He found him at the spaniel's humble grave ;
 Not praying, neither singing of a slave ;
 And then began t'abuse him, not *exhort*.—

" Son of the devil, what hast thou done ?
 " Naught for the action can atone—
 " I should not wonder if the Great All-wise
 " Quick darted down his light'ning all so red,
 " And dash'd to earth that wretched head
 " Which dar'd so foul, so base an act devise.

" Bury

-
- “ Bury a dog like Christian folk !——
“ None but the fiend of darkness could provoke
“ A man to perpetrate a deed so odd :
“ Our inquisition soon the tale shall hear,
“ And quickly your fine fleece shall sheer ;
“ Why such a villain can’t believe in God.”
- “ Softly, my reverend Sir,” the squire replied,——
“ Tray was as good a dog as ever died——
“ No education could his morals mend——
“ And, what perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,
“ Before his lamp of life went out,
“ He order’d you a legacy, my friend.”
- “ Did he ?—poor dog,” the soften’d priest rejoin’d,
 In accents pitiful and mild ;——
“ What ! was it Tray ? I’m sorry for poor Tray.
 “ Why truly dogs of such rare merit,
 “ Such real nobleness of spirit,
“ Should not like common dogs be put away.
- “ Well, pray what was it that he gave,
“ Poor fellow, e’er he sought the grave ?
“ I guess I may put confidence, Sir, in ye.”
- “ A PIECE OF GOLD,” the gentleman replied.—
“ I’m much oblig’d to Tray,” the parson cried ;
So left God’s cause, and pocketed the GUINEA.
-

YET, should I imitate the fickle wind,
Or, like Mr. PATRIOT Eden—change my mind ;
And

And for the *bard* your Majesty should fend,
And say, "Well, well, well, well, my tuneful friend,
" I long, I long, to give you something, PETER—
" You make fine verses,—nothing can be sweeter—
" What will you have? what? speak out, speak out;
" Yes, yes, you something want, no doubt, no doubt."

Or should you, like some men who gravely preach,
Forfake your useful short-hand mode of speech,
And thus begin—in Bible phrase sublime :
" What shall be done for our rare *son of rhime*?
" The BARD *who, full of wisdom writeth,*
" The man in whom the KING *delighteth.*"

Then would the poet thankfully reply,
With fault'ring voice, low bow, and mawling eye,
All meekness; such a simple, dove-like thing !
" Blest be the bard who verses can indite,
" To yield a *second Solomon* delight !
" Thrice blest *who findeth favour with the KING* !
" Since 'tis the royal will to give the bard
" In whom the KING *delighteth* some reward,
" Some mark of royal bounty to requite him ;
" O KING, *do any thing but KNIGHT HIM * !*"

Peter layeth out thus ironically for a pension.

PETER'S

PETER'S PENSION,

A SUBLIME EPISTLE

TO

A VERY SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

MY HEART IS INDITING A GOOD MATTER—I SPEAK OF THE
THINGS WHICH I HAVE MADE, UNTO THE KING. PS. XLV.

DREAD Sir, the rams' horns that blew down
The walls of Jericho's old town,
Made a most monstrous uproar, all agree—
But lo! a louder noise around us rages,
About two most important personages;
No less, my royal Liege, than *you* and *me*!
In short, not greater the Philistines made,
When Dalilah, a little artful jade,
(Indeed a very pretty girl)
Snipp'd off her lover, Mister Sampson's, curl,
Who well repaid the clamour of the bears,
By pulling down the house about their ears.

Prodigious is the shake around,
Still London keeps (thank God!) her ground;

Yet, how th' exchange and coffee-houses ring!
 Nothing is heard but Peter and the K—— :
 The handsome bar-maids stare as mute as fishes ;
 And fallow waiters, fright'ned, drop their dishes.

At first 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews
 On some great vict'ry in the boxing way ;
 The news, the very Anti-christian news,
 Of Israel's hero * having won the day,
 And Humphries, a good Christian boxer, beat :
 Enough to give all *Christendom* a sweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,
 Who on his hands hath got some serious work ;
 'Twas fancied he had lost the day ;
 That ev'ry *Mussulman* was kill'd in battle ;
 A fate most proper for such heathen cattle,
 Who do not pray to God our way.

But lo! unto the lofty skies,
 Of sound this wonderful ascension,
 Doth verily, my liege, from this arise,
 That you have giv'n the gentle bard a pension !
 Great is the shout, indeed, Sir, all abroad,
 That you have order'd me this handsome thing ;
 On which, with lifted eyes, I've said, " Good God !
 Though great my merits, yet how great's the K——."
 And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard,
 That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd,

* Daniel Mendoza.

Against

Against the poet for his tuneful art ;
And that the tall, stiff, stately, red machines,
Your grenadiers,—the guards of kings and queens,
Were order'd all to stab me to the heart :

That if to House of Buckingham I came,
Commands were giv'n to Mrs. *Brigg*,
A comely, stout, two-handed dame,
To box my ears, and pull my wig ;
The cooks to spit me,—curry me the grooms,
And kitchen queens to baste me with their brooms.

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil,
So ugly ! fit to travel for a show,
And that I look so grimly where I go,
Just like a devil !

With horns, and tail, and hoofs that make folks start,
And in my breast a mill-stone for a heart.

This cometh from a certain painter, Sire ;
Bid story-mousing *Nicholay* enquire :

Your page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes ;
Who, jumping at each sound, so eager opes
His pretty wither'd pair of Chinese chops,
Like a Dutch dog that catches butterflies.
He, Sire, will look me o'er, and will not fail
To swear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord ! Lord ! these sayings grieve me and surprise !
Dread Sir, don't see with other people's eyes—
No devil am I with horns, and tail, and hoofs—

As for the likeness of my heart of stone——
That, Sir, is full as tender as your own——
Accept, my Liege, some simple lovesick proofs.

A P O E M,

TO AN UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

SAY, lovely maid with downcast eye,
And cheek with silent sorrow pale;
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh;
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears which thus each other trace,
Bespeak a breast o'erwhelmed with woe;
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, does some fav'rite youth,
Too often blest, thy beauties slight?
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and bosom of delight.

What though to other nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond impassion'd tear;
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs,
That, treach'rous, won thy artless ear.

Let

Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine—
That heart shall ne'er be blest by LOVE,
Whose guilt can force a pang from thine.

FOR
CYNTHIA.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;
That a sullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguish'd, for memory stray,
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall *gratitude* say with a tear,
“ That no longer I think of those charms
“ Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
“ And faded at length in my arms.”

Why, yes! it may happen, thou *damsel divine*,—
To be honest,—I freely declare,
That e'en now to thy converse so much I incline,
I've already forgot thou art fair.

TO

L A U R A .

HOW happy was my morn of *love*
 When first thy beauty won my heart!
 How guiltless of a wish to rove!
 I deem'd it more than death to part!

Whene'er from thee I chanc'd to stray,
 How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
 That spread with flow'rs my distant way,
 And show'r'd delight on ev'ry scene!

For fortune, envious of my joys,
 Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms—
 From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
 And gives thee to another's arms.

Yet, though my tears are doom'd to flow,
 May tears be never *Laura's* lot!
 Let love protect thy heart from woe;
 His wound to mine shall be forgot.

H Y M N

TO

M O D E S T Y .

O MODESTY! thou shy and blushing maid,
 Don't of a simple shepherd be afraid;

Wert

Wert thou my lamb—with sweetest grafs I'd treat thee;
I am no wolf, so savage that should eat thee:
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy fragrant breast, like *Alpine* snows so white,
Where all the nestling loves delight to lie;
Thine eyes that shed the milder light
Of Night's pale wand'rer o'er the cloudless sky.
O nymph, my panting, wishing bosom warm,
And beam around me, with thy *latent* charm!
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant spread,
And hide thy bosom with an envious shade;
Thy polish'd cheek so dimpled, where the rose
In all the bloom of ripening summer blows:
Thy *luscious* lips that heav'nly *dreams* inspire,
By beauty form'd, and loaded with desire;
With sorrow, and with wonder, lo! I see
(What *melting treasures*!) thrown away on thee.
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thou knowest not that bosom's fair design;
And as for those two pouting lips divine,
Thou think'st them form'd alone for simple chat—
To bill so happy with thy fav'rite dove,

And,

And, playful force, with sweetly fondling love,
Their kisses on a lap-dog or a cat.
Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Such thoughts thy sweet simplicity produces!
But I can point out far sublimer uses;
Uses the very best of men esteem—
Of which thine innocence did never dream.

Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Oh! fly from *impudence*, the brazen rogue,
Whose flippant tongue hath got the Irish brogue:
Whose hands would pluck thee like the fairest flow'r,
Thy cheek, eyes, forehead, lips, and neck, devour:
Shun, shun that *Caliban*, and with me dwell,
Then come, and give a goddess to my cell.

The world, O simple maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Did'st thou perceive but half the snares
The dev'l for charms like thine prepares
Then haste, O nymph, with me to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

From morn to eve my kifs of speechless love,
Thy eyes' mild beam and blushes shall improve,
And lo! from our so innocent embrace,
Young MODESTIES shall spring, a num'rous race!

The

The *blushing* girls in ev'ry thing like *thee*!

The bashful boys prodigiously like me!

Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,

And give a goddess to my cell.

IS not this pretty, Sir? can ought be sweeter?

Instead of that vile appellation, Dev'l,

So blackguard, so unfriendly, and uncivil,

Should not I be baptiz'd the *gentle* PETER?

Great is the buz about the court,

And at th' exchange, where Jews, Turks, Christians
meet,

Or Smithfield fair, where beasts of ev'ry sort,
Pigs, sheep, men, bullocks, all so friendly greet.

Buffy, indeed, is many a sly court leech!

Afraid to trust each other with a speech——

In hems, and ahs, and half words hinting:

Some whisp'ring, list'ning, tip-toe walking, squinting;

For lo, so warily each courtier speaks,

They seem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praise the K—— for nobleness of spirit,

For ever studying how to find out merit;

While from its hole their heart doth sily peep,

And ask the *tongue*, with marv'ling eyes,

How it can dare to tell a heap

Of such unconscionable, bare-fac'd lies.——

“ How

“ How are the mighty fall’n ! the people cry——
Meaning ME.

“ Another hog of *Epicurus*’ flye;

“ This vile apostate bends to *Baal* the knee;

“ Lo, for a little meat and guzzle,

“ This sneaking cur, too, takes the muzzle.

“ In lyric scandal soon will be a chafm——

“ He wrote for bribes, ’tis plain, and now he has ’em.

“ This mighty war-horse will be soon in hand,

“ By means of meat, the price of venal notes,

“ Calm as a *hackney* coach-horse on the stand,

“ Tossing about his nose-bag and his oats.

“ What he hath said, he does again unsay,

“ In native impudence so rich——

“ Explain the plainest of all things away,

“ And call his Muse a forward b——h;

“ Treat fire of friendly promises as smoke,

“ And laugh at truth and honour as a joke:”

Such, Sir, is your good people’s howl,

As thick as small birds pest’ring a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,

That I have not a pension found;

Which speech of truth the mob enrages;

“ PETER, this is an errant lie——

“ The fact is clear, too clear,” they cry.

“ Thou hast already *touch’d* a quarter’s wages.

“ Valret.

" Varlet, it always was thy vile intention—
 " Thou hast, thou hast, thou liar! got a pension."
 Still to support my innocence, I've said,
 Most sinfully, I own—" I han't, by G—— :"—
 Yet, had I sworn my eyes out of my head,
 They never had believ'd—How vastly odd !

The morning and the evening papers,
 Struck by the sound, are in the vapours,
 And mourn and droop to think I'm dead—
 Stunn'd by the unexpected news,
 The *magazines* and the *reviews*
 For grief can scarcely lift the *head*.

" Nothing but poor, mechanic stuff," they cry,
 " Shall now be quoted for the public eye;—
 " Nothing original in song;
 " No novelty of images and thought
 " Before our fair tribunal shall be brought !
 " But trifling transpositions of our tongue :
 " The sonneteers must now be call'd to rave,
 " And we must pay them too for ev'ry slave,
 " Forth from their garrets high, or cellars low,
 " To us they run, as soon as this they know;
 " *Buckle* and *pipe* makers now will dine,
 " And once more boast their porter and surloin.—
 " Penury, avaunt ! their pockets now may chink,
 " And future gazetteers afford them drink.—

" The

- " The papers thus deserted, in a flurry,
 " Print all their paltry nonsense in a hurry;
 " For still the public must be sooth'd with song,
 " However weak or foolish, right or wrong.—
 " Nothing but a solemn pomp of words,
 " Bearing a lifeless thought, shall readers meet—
 " The picture of a funeral that affords;
 " So solemn marching through the staring street.
 " Where flags, and horse, and foot, a sorrow ape,
 " With all the dread dismality of crape,
 " Near the poor corpse—perhaps a puny brat,
 " Or dry old maid as meagre as a cat."—

No, Sir! you never offer'd me a pension—
 But then I guess it is your kind intention—
 Yes, Sir, you mean a small *douceur* to proffer;
 But give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir, for your good will;
 But *oratorios* have half undone ye:
 'Tis whisper'd, too, that thieves have robb'd the till
 Which kept your milk and butter money:
 So much with *saving wisdom* are you taken,
 That Drury and the Garden seem forsaken—
 Since *cost* attendeth those theatric borders,
 Content you go to RICHMOND-HOUSE with *orders*.

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
 When lately the sweet *Princess* * came of age,

* Princess Royal.

Train oil, instead of wax, was bid t' illume
The goodly company and dancing room !
This never had been done, I'm very sure,
Had not you been, *some way or other*, poor.

You now want guineas to buy live-stock, Sir,
To graze your Windsor hill and dale ;
And farmers will not let their cattle stir,
Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told your sheep have dy'd by dogs and bitches,
And that your fowls have suffer'd by the fitches ;
And that your man-traps, guards of goose and duck,
And cocks and hens, have had but *so so* luck.
Scarce fifty rogues, in chase of fowls and eggs,
Have in those pretty engines lost their legs.

The bulse, Sir, on a visit to the Tow'r,
Howe'er the royal visage may look sour,
Howe'er the object of a deep devotion,
Must cross, they say, once more, the ocean*.

Indeed, I hope the di'monds will *be off*,
Or scandal on us rolls in floods——
Some Nabob may be vile enough
To bring an action for stol'n goods——
An action, to speak lawyer-like, of *trover*,
But Heav'n forbid it ever should come over !

For money matters, I am sure,
The Abbey music was put off ;

* Indian must be supposed.

D

Because

Because the royal purse is poor,
 Plagu'd with a dry consumptive cough ;
 Yet in full health again that purse may riot,
 By God's grace, and a skim-milk *diet*.

Cloſe as a vice behold the nation's fiſt !
 Vain will be mouths made up for th' *civil liſt* ;
 And, humble pray'rs, ſo very ſtale
 Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons to your cravings
 Will not give up the nation's ſavings—
 Your fav'rite miniſter, I'm told, runs *reſliſſ*;
 And growls at ſuch petitions like a maſtiff.

What if my good friend HASTINGS goes to pot ?
 ADAMS and ANSTRUTHER have flung hard ſtones—
 He finds his ſituation rather hot—
 B—RK, F—X, and SH—R—D—N may break his bones.

As ſurely as we ſaw and felt the *bulſe*,
 Haſtings has got a very aukward pulſe ;
 Therefore in jeopardy the culprit ſtands !
 Like patients whoſe diſorders doctors flight
 Too often, he may bid us all good night ;
 And ſlip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir ! Oh ! then, as long as life endures,
 Nought but remembrance of the *bulſe* is ours ;
 And to a ſtomach that like ours digeſts,
 Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feaſts.

I think we cases understand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as most ingenious men ;
But, Lord ! how oft the wisest are mistaken !
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.

We may be out, with all our skill so clever,
And what we think an ague, prove jail-fever.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Sir, the KING,
As sacred hist'ries sweetly sing,
Was, on all-fours, turn'd out to grass,
Just like a horse, or mule, or ass :
Heav'ns ! what a fall from kingly glory !
I hope it will not so turn out,
That we shall have (to make a rout,)
A second part of that old story !

This pension was well meant, O glorious KING,
And for the bard a very pretty thing ;
But let me, Sir, refuse it, I implore,—
I ought not to be rich whilst you are poor.
No, Sir, I cannot be your humble hack ;
I fear your Majesty would break my back.

I dare refuse you for another reason—
We differ in religion, Sir, a deal ;
You fancy it a sin ally'd to treason,
And vastly dangerous to the common-weal,
For subjects, minuets and jiggs to play
On the LORD'S DAY.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling,
 And, in my morals, what the world calls *middling* :
 I've ask'd my conscience, that came straight from heav'n,
 Whether I stood a chance to be forgiv'n,
 If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,
 I scrap'd the *Old Black Joke* and *Chère Amie*.

" Ah, fool ! (exclaim'd my conscience,) know,
 " God never against music made a rule ;
 " On Sundays you may safely take your bow—
 " And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

A late archbishop *, too, O KING,
 Who knew most secrets of the skies,
 Said, Heav'n on Sundays relish'd pipe and string,
 Where sounds on sounds unceasing rise—
 And ask'd, as *Sunday* had its music *there*,
 Why *Sunday* should not have its music *here* ?

In consequence of this divine opinion,
 The *Prince* of PARSONS in your great dominion,
 Inform'd his fashionable wife,
 That she might have her *Sunday* routs and cards,
 And meet at last with Heav'n's rewards,
 When Death should take her precious life.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,
 His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs !
 Upon *Good Friday*, too, that awful day
 Lo ! like VAUXHALL, was LAMBETH all so gay !

* Cornwallis.

Now,

Now, if his present GRACE, with keener eyes,
 Could squint a little farther in the skies,
 He might be able to inform his dame,
 Of two imposters, perhaps call'd SIN and SHAME,
 Who many a pleasure from our grasp remove,
 Pretending to commissions from *above*.

Like this, a secret, could his Grace explore,
 What a fine day for us and *Mistress* MOORE!
 For, lo, two greater foes we cannot name
 To this world's joys than Messrs. SIN and SHAME.

Then might we think no more of praise, and pray'r,
 But leave at will our Maker in the lurch;
 Sleep, racket, lye-a-bed, or take the air,
 And leave to owls and bats to fill the church.

SUNDAY, like other days, would then have life:

Now prim, and starch, and silent, as a quaker—
 And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife
 Or widow of an *Undertaker*.

Happy should I have been, my Liege,
 So great a monarch to oblige;
 And, Sir, between you, and the post,
 And me, you don't know what you've lost——

The loss of me, so great a bard,
 Is not, O king! to be repair'd.
 My verse, superior to the hardest rock,
 Nor earthquake, storms, nor sea, nor fire,
 Fears nought;

Surpassing, therefore, Mistress DAMER's block,
That boasts so strong a likeness of you, SIRE.
That block, so pond'rous, must with age decay,
And all the lines of wisdom wear away :
I grant the lady's *loyalty* and LOVE
Yet, " none but Phidias should attempt a Jove."

The *Macedonian* HERO grac'd the stone
Of fam'd *Praxiteles* alone ;
Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
It was so great and difficult a job.

Augustus swore an oath so dread,
He'd cut off any poet's head,
But Virgil's, that should dare his praise rehearse,
Or mention ev'n his name in verse.

Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,
My art would suit your merits to a T.

Lord ! in my adamantine lays
Your virtues should like bonfires blaze——
So firm your tuneful jeweller would set 'em,
They'd break the teeth of Time to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the splendor of my golden line,
For ever would your M—j—ty be fine !
Appear a gentleman of first repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day suit.

Then to all stories would I give the lie,
That dar'd attack you, and your fame devour ;
Making

Making the King a nine-pin in our eye,
 Who ought like Egypt's pyramids to tow'r ;
 Such as the following fable, for EXAMPLE ;
 Of impudence, unprecedented fample !

T H E
 R O Y A L S H E E P.
 A F A B L E.

SOME time ago, a dozen lambs,
 Two *rev'rend* patriarchal rams,
 And one good motherly old ewe,
 Died on a sudden down at KEW ;

Where, with the sweetest innocence, alas !

Those pretty, inoffensive lambs,
 And *rev'rend* horned patriarchal rams,
 And motherly old ewe, were nibbling grafs :
 All, the fair property of our great king,
 Whose deaths did much the royal bosom wring.
 'Twas said, that dogs had tickled them to death ;
 Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their
 breath.

Like Homer's heroes on th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Stalk'd Mister R—b—nf—n * around the slain !

* The *bind*.

And

And never was more frighten'd in his life !
 So shock'd was Mister R—b—nf—n's whole face,
 Not stronger horrors could have taken place,
 Had *Cerberus* devour'd his wife !

With wild despairing looks, and sighs,
 And wet and pity-asking eyes,
 He, trembling, to the royal presence ventur'd—
 White as the whitest napkin when he enter'd!
 White as the man who fought King PRIAM's bed,
 And told him that his warlike son was dead.

“ O ! please your M—j—ty,” he, blubb'ring, cry'd—
 And then stopp'd short——

“ What? what? what? what? the staring k— reply'd ;

“ Speak, R—b—nf—n, speak, speak, what, what's hurt ?

“ O Sire,” said R—b—nf—n again——

“ Speak,”—said the K—g “ put, put me out pain—

“ Don't, don't in this suspense a body keep”——

“ O Sire,” cried R—b—nf—n, “ the sheep, the
 sheep !!! ”

“ What of the sheep ? ” replied the K—g, “ pray, pray,

“ Dead ! R—b—nf—n, dead, dead, or run-a-way ? ”

“ Dead,” answered R—b—nf—n, “ dead, dead, dead,

“ dead !!! ”

Then like a drooping lily hung his head !

“ How? how ? ” the Monarch ask'd, with visage sad.

“ By dogs,” said R—b—nf—n, “ and likely mad ! ”——

“ No,

"No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad—

"No, no, things ar'n't so bad, things ar'n't so bad,"

Rejoin'd the King.

"Off with them quick to market, quick, depart—

"In with them, in, in with them in a cart—

"Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring."

Now to Fleet-market, driving like the wind,

Amidst his murder'd mutton, rode the HIND,

All in the royal cart so great,

To try to sell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,

And ewe and rams,

Design'd for many a London dinner,

Reach'd the fair ears of Master Sh—r—ff SK—NN—R,

Who, with a hammer and a conscience clear,

Pompously gets ten thousand pounds a year;

And who, if things go tolerably fair,

Will be one day proud LONDON's prouder MAYOR.

The alderman was in his pulpit shining,

'Midst gentlemen with night-caps, hair, and wigs;

In language most rhetorical defining

The sterling merit of a lot of pigs:

When suddenly the news was brought,

That in Fleet-market were unwholesome sheep,

Which made the preacher from his pulpit leap,

As nimble as a taylor, or as thought.

For

For justice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
 This king, this emperor of auctioneers,
 Set off—indeed a furious face he put on—
 Like light'ning did he gallop up Cheapside !
 Like thunder down through Ludgate *did* he ride—
 To catch the man who sold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet-market full of wrath he came,
 And with the spirit of an ancient Roman,
 Exceeded, I believe, by no man,
 The *alderman*, so virtuous, cried out “Shame!”

“D—mme,” to R—b—nf—n said Master Sk—nn—r,
 “Who on such mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?”

“You, if you please,”

Cried *Mister* R—b—nf—n, with perfect ease.

“Sir!!!” quoth the red-hot alderman again——

“You,” quoth the *HIND*, in just the same cool strain.

“Off, off,” cried Sk—nn—r, with your carrion
 “heap——

“Quick, d—mme, take your nasty sheep.

“Whilst I command, not e’en the K——g

“Shall such vile stuff to market bring,

“Nor London stalls such garbage bear——

“So take away your stinking fare.”

“You,” replied R—b—nf—n, “you cry out shame!

“*You* blast the sheep, good Master Sk—nn—r, pray;

“*You*

" You give the harmless mutton a bad name!

" You impudently order it away!

" Sweet Master ALDERMAN, don't make this rout ;

" Pray clap your spectacles upon your snout ;

" And then your keen surveying eyes regale

" With those same fine large letters on the cart

" Which brought this *blasted* mutton here for sale."—

Poor Sk—nn—r read, and read it with a start.

Like HAMLET, fright'ned at his father's ghost,

The alderman stood staring like a post ;

He saw G. R. inscrib'd in handsome letters,

Which prov'd the sheep belong'd unto his betters.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep REFLECTION ;

And, being blest with proper recollection,

Exclaim'd, " I've made a great mistake!—Oh sad!—

" Indeed the sheep are really not so bad.

" Dear Mister R—b—nf—n, I beg your pardon,

" Your Job-like patience I've borne hard on ;

" Whoever says the mutton is not good,

" Knows nothing, Mister R—b—nf—n, of food.

" I verily believe I could turn glutton,

" On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton—

" Pray, Mister R—b—nf—n, the mutton sell——

" I hope, Sir, that his M—j—ty is well."

So saying, Mr. R—b—nf—n he quitted,

With cherubimic smiles and placid brows,

For

For such embarrassing occasions fitted——

Adding just five-and-twenty humble bows.

To work went R—b—nf—n to sell the sheep,

But people would not buy, except *dog-cheap*;

At length the sheep were sold—without the fleece—

And brought K—g G— just half-a-crown a-piece.

Now for the other laughing, saucy, *lying* story,

Made, one would think, to tarnish kingly glory.

THE K——G

AND

PARSON YOUNG.

THE K——g, (God blefs him!) met old *Parson*
YOUNG

Walking on Windsor terrace one fair morning;
Delightful was the day—the scent was strong——

A heav'nly day for howling and for horning;
For tearing farmer's hedges down, and hallooings,
Shouts, curses, oaths, and such like pious doings.

“Young,” cried the K——g, “d’ye hunt, d’ye
“hunt to day?”

“Yes, yes,—what, what? yes, yes, fine day, fine
“day.”

Low,

Low with a reverend bow the priest reply'd,
 " Great K——g ! I've really no horse to ride ;
 " Nothing, O Monarch ! but my founder'd mare,
 " And she, my *Liege*, as blind as she can stare."

" No horse," rejoin'd the K——g, " no horse, no
 " horse!"

" Indeed," the parson added, " I have none :
 " Nothing but poor old *Dobbin*, who, of course,
 " Is dangerous—being blinder than a stone."

" Blind, blind, Young ? never mind, you must, must
 " go, [" No, no."

" Must hunt, must hunt, YOUNG—stay behind?—
 What pity that the K——g, in his discourse,
 Forgot to say, " I'll lend you, YOUNG, a horse."

The K——g to YOUNG behaving thus so kind,
 Whate'er the danger, and howe'er inclin'd,
 At home with *politesse* YOUNG could not stay—
 So up his *Rev'rence* got upon his MARE,
 Resolv'd the chace with M—j—y to share,
 Whate'er the dangers of the DAY.

Rous'd was the deer !—the K—g and Parson YOUNG,
 Castor and Pollux like, rode side by side ;
 When lo ! a ditch was to be sprung !
 Over leap'd G. THE THIRD with kingly pride.

Over jump'd *Tinker, Towzer, Rockwood, Towler* ;
Over jump'd *Mendall, Brushwood, Tubal, Fowler,*
Trimbus and *Lightning, Music, Ranter, Wonder,*
And fifty others with their mouths of thunder——
Great names ! whose pedigrees so fair,
With those of *Homer's* heroes might compare.

Thus gloriously attended, leap'd the K——g,
By all those hounds attended with a spring !——
Not CÆSAR's self a fiercer look put on,
When with his HOST he pass'd the *Rubicon* !

But wayward fate the parson's palfrey humbl'd,
And gave the mare a sudden check——
Unfortunately poor blind *Dobbin* stumbl'd,
And broke his *Reverence's* neck.

The M—n—rch, gaping, with amaze look'd round
Upon his dead companion on the ground——
“ What, what ? ” he cried, “ YOUNG dead ! YOUNG
“ dead !
“ Humph !—take him up—and put him home to bed.”

Thus having finish'd——with a cheerful face
NIMROD the Second join'd the jovial chace.

A

MORAL REFLECTION.

FOOLS would have stopp'd when Parson YOUNG
was kill'd,

And, los'g ev'ry thought of hound and deer,
With weakness (call'd compassion) fill'd,
Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a *tear*.

But better far the royal sportsman knew——

He guess'd the consequence, without a doubt——
Full well he guess'd he should not have a view——
And that he should be shamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps, from the royal eye a *tear might* hop;
Yet pages swear they never saw it drop.

But M—j—ty may say, "What, what, what's death?
"Naught, naught, naught, but a little loss of breath."
To Parson YOUNG 'twas *more*, I'm very clear——
HE LOST by death some hundred pounds a-year.

A great deal, my dear LIEGE, depends
On having *clever* bards for friends——

What had ACHILLES been without his HOMER?——
A taylor, woollen-draper, or a comber!

Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
None but the Lord knows how or where——

In POETRY's rich grafs how virtues thrive!——
Some when put in, so lean, scarce seem alive;
And yet, so speedily a bulk obtain,——
That e'en their *owners* know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gain'd my muse of fire,
Great would your luck have been, indeed, great Sire!
Then had I prais'd your nobleness of spirit!

Then had I boasted that myself,
High PETER, was the first blest, tuneful elf,
You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

Though money be a pretty handy tool,
Of *Mammon*, lo! I scorn to be the fool.
If Fortune calls, she's welcome to my cot,
Whether she leaves a guinea or a groat:
Whether she brings me from the butcher's shop——
The whole sheep, or a single *chop*.

For lo! like ANDREW MARVELL, I can dine,
And deem a mutton-bone extremely fine——
Then, Sir, how difficult the task, you see,
To bribe a *mod'rate* GENTLEMAN like ME.

I will not swear, *point blank*, I shall not alter——
A faint—my namesake, e'en was known to falter.

Nay more—some clever men in opposition,
Whose souls did really seem in good condition;

Who

Who made of PITT such horrible complaint,
And damn'd him for the worst of knaves,
Alter'd their minds—became his humble slaves,
And publish'd their new patron for a SAINT.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
Where can you folks of that description find?
Who will not sell their souls for cash,
That most angelic diabolic trash!!
E'en grave divines accept of glitt'ring gold!
The best of consciences are bought and sold:
As in a tale * I've shewn most edifying,
To prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

* *Vide* the tale entitled, The Parson, the Squire, and the Spaniel.

NEW
 LYRIC ODES
 TO THE
 ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR

1782.

Paint and the men of canvass fire my lays,
 Who shew their works for profit and for praise!
 Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings—
 Gaining *two thousand pounds* a-year by *shillings*.

ODE I.

PETER GIVETH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS GREAT RELATION—
 FRAISETH SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS AND SOMERSET-
 HOUSE—APPLAUDETH SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, AND SHEW-
 ETH DEEP CLASSIC LEARNING.

MY cousin Pindar, in his odes,
 Applauded horse-jockeys and gods,
 Wrestlers and boxers in his verse divine!

Then

Then shall not I, who boast his fire,
And old hereditary lyre,
To British painters give a golden line?

Say, shall yon dome stupendous rise,
Striking with attic front the skies——
The nursing dame of many a painting ape * :
And I immortal rhyme refuse,
To tell the nations round the news,
And make posterity with wonder gape?

Spirit of cousin Pindar, ho !
By all thy odes, the world shall know,
That *Chambers* plann'd it—Be his name rever'd !—
Sir *William's* journeyman and tools,
(No pupils of the Chinese schools),
With stone and wood, and lime, the fabric rear'd !

Thus having put the knight in rhyme,
Stone, men, and timber, tools, and lime ;
Now let us see what this rare dome contains——
Where rival artists, for a name,
Bit by that glorious mad dog Fame,
Have fixt the labours of their brush and brains.

* *Painting ape*.—This expression is by no means meant to convey an idea of insult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it.—The reader will please to recollect, that painting is an imitative art—Monkies are prodigious imitators—witness my own Odes. — Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar illusion.

O muse !

O muse ! Sir *Josbua's* master hand
Shall first our lyric laud command—
Lo ! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight !
His horses feel a god-like rage,
And long with Yankies to engage—
I think I hear them snorting for the fight !
Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing !
I wish indeed their manes, so flowing,
Were more like hair—the brutes had been as good,
If, flaming with such classic force,
They had resembl'd less that horse
Call'd Trojan, and by Greeks compos'd of wood.

Now to yon angel let us go—
A fine performance too, I trow,
Who rides a cloud—indeed a poorish hack—
Which to my mind doth *certés* bring,
That easy bum-delighting thing,
Rid by the Chancellor,—yclep'd a sack.

Yet, *Reynolds*, let me fairly say,
With pride I pour the lyric lay
To most things by thy able hand express'd ;
Compar'd, alas ! to other men,
Tho art an eagle to a wren !—
Now, Mrs. Muse, attend on Mr. *West*.

O D E II.

PETER FALLETH FOUL ON MR. WEST FOR REPRESENTING
 OUR BLESSED REDEEMER LIKE AN OLD-CLOTHES-MAN
 —AND FOR MISREPRESENTING THE APOSTLES—PETER
 DESCRIBETH ST. PAUL, AND JUDAS, AND THE APOSTLES
 —CUTTETH UP MR. WEST'S ANGELS—ATTACKETH
 ANOTHER PICTURE OF MR. WEST'S—WEEPETH OVER
 THE HARD FATE OF PRINCES OCTAVIUS AND AUGUSTUS,
 CHILDREN OF OUR MOST GLORIOUS SOVEREIGN.

O WEST, what hath thy pencil done!
 Why painted God Almighty's Son
 Like an old-clothes-man, about London street?
 Place in his hand a rusty bag,
 To hold each sweet collected rag:
 We then shall see the character complete.

Th' Apostles, too, I'm much afraid,
 Were not the fellows thou hast made——
 For Heav'ns sake, *West*, pray rub them out again—
 There's not a mortal who believes
 They look'd like old *Salvator's* * thieves,
 Although they might not look like *gentlemen*.

* *Salvator Rosa*, happy in the characters of banditti.

St. Paul most candidly declares,
He could not give himself high airs
Upon his person—which was rather homely——
But really, as for all the rest,
Save Judas, who was a rank beast,
They all are decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *spirits*, too, can't boast their graces—
Two Indian angels by their faces——
But speak—where are their wings to mount the wind?
One would suppose M'Bride * had met 'em——
If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em,
Or else the lads will both be left behind.

Ghost of Octavius! tell the bard,
And thou, Augustus, us'd so *hard*,
Why *West* hath murder'd you, my tender lambs!
You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
Who bid your royal cousins bleed,
For which the world the tyrant's mem'ry damns.

West, I must own thou dost inherit
Some portion of the painting spirit——
But trust me—not extraordinary things——
Some merit thou must surely own,
By getting up so near the throne,
And gaining whispers from the best of kings.

* Capt. M'Bride, famous for *winging* men of war, as well as partridges.—See his Letters to the Admiralty.

O D E III.

PETER ADMINISTERETH SAGE ADVICE TO VERY YOUNG
PAINTERS.

PEOPLE must mount by slow degrees to glory—
'Tis stairs must lead us to the attic story—
Thus thought my great old name-fake, PETER CZAR;
Who bound himself, in Holland, to a trade;
A very pretty carpenter he made;
And then went home*, and built a man of war.

The lad who would a 'pothecary shine,
Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine,
Keep the shop clean, and watch it like a porter:
Learn to boil glysters—nay, to give them too,
If blinking nurses can't the bus'ness do;
Write well the labels, and wipe well the mortar.

Before that boys can rise to master-tanners,
Humble those boys must be, and mind their manners;
Despising pride, whose wish it is to wreck 'em:
And mornings, with a bucket and a stick,
Should never once disdain to pick,
From street to street, fair lumps of *Album Græcum*.

* To Russia.

Thus

Thus should young limning lads themselves demean;
 Learn how to keep their master's brushes clean,
 And learn to squeeze the colours from the bladders—
 Furbish up rags—the shining pallet set—
 Keep the knives bright—and eke the easel neat—
 Such arts to Fame's high temple are the ladders.

Young men, so useful are the arts I mention,
 (Believe me, not an atom is invention,
 The instant that I pen this ode, I know
 A jew-like, shock-poll'd, scrubby, short, black man,
 More like a cobbler than a gentleman—
 Working on canvass, like a dog in dough.

By Heav'ns! with scarce more knowledge than these
 He earns a guinea ev'ry day with ease;
 Attempteth heads of princes, dogs, cats, squires—
 Now on a monkey vent'reth—now a saint—
 Talks of *himself*, and much himself admires,
 And struts, the veriest *Bantam cock* of *paint*.

But mind me, youths, I don't conceit advise,
 Because 'tis fulsome to men's ears and eyes;
 Whose tongues might cover you with ridicule—
 And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool*?

Yet, if in spite of all the muse can say,
 You will *insist* on going the wrong way,
 And *wish* to be a laughing-stock—
 Copy our little, old, black Bantam Cock—

Whose

Whose foul, moreover, of such fort is——
 With so much acrimony overflows,
 As makes him, wheresoe'er he goes,
 A walking thumb-bottle of *Aqua-fortis*.

O D E IV.

THE LYRIC BARD COMMENDETH MR. GAINSBOROUGH'S FIG—
 RECOMMENDETH LANDSCAPE TO THE ARTIST.

AND now, O muse, with song so big,
 Turn round to *Gainborough's* Girl and Pig,
 Or Pig and Girl, I rather should have said :
 The Pig in white, I must allow,
 Is really a well-painted sow :
 I wish to say the same thing of the Maid.

As for poor Saint Leger and Prince,
 Had I their places I should wince,
 Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high :
 Just like your felons after death,
 On Bagshot, or on Hounslow Heath,
 That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet *Gainborough* has great merit, too,
 Would he his charming *fort* pursue——

To mind his landscape have the modest grace——
 Yet there sometimes are Nature's tints despis'd :
 I wish them more attended to, and priz'd,
 Instead of trump'ry that usurps their place.

O D E V.

PETER QUARRELETH WITH FAT—PROVETH ITS FATAL
 INCONVENIENCES—ACCOUNTETH FOR THE LEANNESS AND
 RAGS OF THE MUSES—DISPLAYETH MILITARY SCIENCE—
 TELLETH A WONDERFUL STORY OF A SPANISH MARQUIS
 —TALKETH SENSIBLY OF A GREYHOUND, A HAWK, AND A
 RACE-HORSE—POINTETH OUT THE PROPER SUBJECTS
 FOR GREASE.

PAINTERS and Poets never should be fat——
 Sons of Apollo! listen well to that.
 Fat is foul weather—dims the fancy's fight :
 In poverty the wits more nimbly muster :
 Thus stars, when pinch'd by frost, cast keener lustre
 On the black blanket of OLD MOTHER NIGHT.

Your heavy fat, I will maintain,
 Is perfect bird-lime of the brain ;
 And, as to goldfinches the bird-lime clings——
 Fat holds ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat

Fat flattens the most brilliant thoughts,
Like the buff-stop on harpsichords or spinnets—
Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,
That would have chirp'd away like linnets.

Not only fat is hurtful to the arts,
But LOVE, at fat—ev'n LOVE ALMIGHTY starts—
LOVE hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy fellows,
Panting and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows.

In Parliament, amidst the various chat,
What eloquence of NORTH's is lost by fat !
Mute in his head-piece on his bosom hung,
How many a speech hath slept upon his tongue !

So far Apollo's right, I needs must own,
To keep his sons and daughters high in bone :
The NINE, too, as from history we glean,
Are, like Don Quixote's Rozinante, lean ;

Who likewise fancy all incumbrance bad,
And therefore travel very thinly clad ;
Looking like damsels just escap'd from jails,
With backs *al fresco*, and with tatter'd tails.

How, with large rolls of fat, would act
A soldier or a sailor ?

And 'tis a well-attested fact,

Apollo was as nimble as a taylor.

How could he else have caught that handsome flirt,
MISS DAPHNE, racing through the pools and dirt ?

The Marquis of CERONA, of great parts,
Could scarce support himself, he was so big—
He starv'd—drank vinegar by pints and quarts,
And got down to a Christian—from a Pig,
Some author says, his skin (but some will doubt him)
Would fold a half-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iöta :
His skin would truly round his body come,
Though tight before as parchment on a drum—
Just like a Portuguese Capota—

Yes—yes—indeed, I solemnly repeat,
Painters and bards should very little eat :
No matter, verily, how slight their fare—
Nay, though, camelion-like, they fed on air—

Else they're, like ladies, much inclin'd to feeding—
Who, often when they fatten, leave off breeding ;
Or, like the Hen, facetious Æsop's story,
So known—I shall not lay the tale before ye.

You would not load with fat a running horse,
Or greyhound you design'd to course ;
Nor would you fatten up the hawk,
You mean to nimble birds to talk.

Then pray, young Brushmen, if you wish to thrive,
And keep your genius and the art alive,
Gobble not quantities of flesh and fish up :
Beings who can no harm from fat receive,

May

May feast securely—then, for Heav'n's sake, leave
Grease to an alderman, a hog, or bishop.—

O D E VI.

PETER FLATTERETH MR. MASON CHAMBERLIN—AND THAT
MOST BRILLIANT LANDSCAPE-PAINTER, MR. LOUTHER-
BOURG—PETER ADMIRETH, PRAISETH, AND CONSOLETH
THE ENGLISH CLAUDE, WILSON.

THY portraits, *Chamberlin*, may be
A likeness, far as I can see;
But, faith! I cannot praise a single feature:
Yet, when it so shall please the Lord,
To make his people out of board,
Thy pictures will be tolerable nature.

And, *Loutherbourg*, when Heav'n so wills,
To make brass skies and golden hills,
With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing,
Thy reputation too will rise,
And people, gaping with surprise,
Cry, “*Monfieur Loutherbourg* is most *amazing*!”

But thou must wait for that event—
Perhaps the change is never meant—
Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine—
Till then, old red-nos'd *Wilson's* art
Will hold it's empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honest *Wilson*, never mind;
 Immortal praises thou shalt find,
 And for a dinner have no cause to fear—
 Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes—
 Don't be impatient for those times:
 Wait till thou hast been dead an hundred year.

O D E VII.

PETER BREAKETH OUT INTO LEARNING, AND TALKETH
 LATIN—ADVISETH YOUNG ARTISTS TO DO NO MORE THAN
 THEY CAN DO—RECOMMENDETH TO EACH THE KNOW-
 LEDGE OF HIS GENIUS—PETER TALKETH OF ÆSOP'S FA-
 BLES AND MR. STUBBS—PETER VENTURETH ON THE
 STAGE—RECORDETH A STORY OF AN ACTOR, AND CON-
 CLUDETH FACETIOUSLY.

“*QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem*”—
 Was partly written for those fools
 Who slight the very art that would support 'em,
 In spite of Gratitude's and Wisdom's rules.

It brings to mind old Æsop's tale so sweet,
 Of a poor country-bumkin of a stag,
 Who us'd to curse his clumsy legs and feet,
 But of his horns did wonderfully brag.

Unlike our London poor John Bulls,
 Who, from the wardrobe of their sculls,

Could,

Could, with the greatest pleasure, piece-meal, tear
Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But, to the story of the Buck,
(Like many English ones) much out of luck,

When to a thicket Master Buck was chac'd,
His fav'rite horns contriv'd to spoil his trot—
By keeping the young 'squire in limbo fast,
Till John the huntsman came and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the graphic art,
Painters too often their true genius *thwart*;
Mad to accomplish what can ne'er be done,
They form for criticism a world of fun.

The man of hist'ry longs to deal in *little*,
Quits lasting oil, for perishable spittle:
The man of miniature to hist'ry springs,
Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like brush,
Makes for sublimity a daring push,
And shows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis said, that nought so much the temper rubs
Of that ingenious artist, Mr. STUBBS,
As calling him a horse-painter—How strange,
That STUBBS the title should desire to change!

Yet doth he curses on th' occasion utter,
And, foolish, quarrels with his bread and *butter*.
Yet, after landscape, Gentlemen and Ladies,
This very STUBBS prodigious mad is!

So

So quits his horse—on which the man might ride
 To Fame's fair temple, happy and unhurt ;
 And takes a hobby-horse to gall his pride,
 That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The self-fame folly reigns, too, on the stage,
 Such for impossibilities the rage !
 The man of farce to tragedy aspires,
 And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires—

WESTON for *Hamlet* and *Othello* sigh'd,
 And thought it dev'lish hard to be denied—
 The courtly ABINGTON's untoward star
 Wanted her reputation much to mar,
 And sink the *Lady* to the washing-tub—
 So whisper'd—"Mrs. Abington, play *Scrub*."—
 To folly full as great, some imp may lug her,
 And bid her sink in *Filch* and *Abel Drugger*.

An actor, living at this time,
 That now I pen my verse sublime,
 Could not, to save his soul, find out his *fort*—
 But lo ! it happen'd, on a lucky night,
 He on the subject got a deal of light ;
 And thus doth Fame the circumstance report :

After exhibiting to pit and boxes,
 To take a dram, the actor stroll'd to Fox's *—

* A tavern near the play-house.

Where soon his friend came in, such fine things saying,
Offering a thousand pretty salutations,
With full-confirming oath-ejaculations
Unto this son of Theſpis, for his playing.

“ By heav’ns !” quoth he, “ unrivall’d is thy merit—
“ Thou play’d’st to-night, my friend, with matchless
“ spirit :

“ Zounds ! my dear fellow, let me go to h—ll,
“ If ever part was acted half so well !”

The actor blush’d, and bow’d, and silly look’d,
To hear such compliments so nicely cook’d—
Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte*—
And staring at the other’s steady front,

He ask’d,—“ What part, pray mean ye ? for, in
“ troth,

“ I know of none, that you should so commend”—

“ What part !” reply’d the other, with an oath :

“ The *hind-part* of a JACK-ASS*, my dear friend !”

The player, pleas’d instead of being hurt,
Thank’d him for the discovery of his *fort*—
Pursu’d his genius—sought no higher game,
And by his JACK-ASS won *unenvied* fame.

* A part in one of the pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail-wriggling.

O D E VIII.

PETER ABUSETH MR. AND MRS. COSWAY.

FIE, *Cosway*! I'm a sham'd to say
 Thou own'st the title of R. A.—
 I fear, to damn thee 'twas the devil's sending—
 Some honest calling quickly find,
 And bid thy wife her kitchen mind,
 Or shirts and shifts be making, or be mending.

If Madam cannot make a shirt,
 Or mend, or from it wash the dirt,
 Better than paint—the poet for thee feels—
 Or take a stitch up in thy stocking,
 (Which for a wife is very shocking,)
 I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your skulls,
 To make you act so like two fools,
 T'expose your daubs, though made with wond'rous
 Could *Raphael's* angry ghost arise, [pains out?
 And on the figure's cast his eyes,
 He'd catch a pistol up, and blow your brains out.

MUSE, in this criticism, I fear,
 Thou really hast been too severe:

COSWAY

COSWAY paints miniature with truth and spirit,
And Mrs. COSWAY boasts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page;
And shun of furious Juvenal the rage,
Of whom old Scaliger asserts—" *qui jugulat*"—
Id est—the fellow would not murder, boggle at.

This Scaliger employs, too; the word *trucidat* :
That is, the bard would dash thro' thick and thin,
And, like a ruffian, would so use ye, that
He would not leave a whole bone in your skin.

O D E IX.

PETER EXHIBITETH BIBLE KNOWLEDGE—CONDEMNETH
IMITATORS, AND MAKETH COMPARISONS.

SIR JOSHUA—for I've read my Bible over—
Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,
Puts me in mind of Matthew, the first chapter—
Abram got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—
Joseph to get, was lucky Jacob's lot,
And all his brothers,
Who very *nat'rally* made others,
Continuing to th' end of a long chapter—
A genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet

Yet, possibly, not with so much delight,
As Queensb'ry's DUKE, delighting in *good courses*,
Reads (which I'm told he doth, from morn to night)
The noble pedigrees of running-horses,
Penn'd, with a deal of subtlety and labour,
By that great turf-apostle, Mr. HEBER.

Sir JOSHUA's happy pencil hath produc'd
A host of copyists, much of the same feature;
By which the art hath greatly been abus'd—
I own Sir JOSHUA *great*—but Nature *greater*.

But what, alas! is ten times worse—
'The progress of the art to curse:
'The *copyists* have been *copied* too;
And that, I'm sure, will never do.

Such painters are like pointers hunting game—
Intent on pleasure, and dog-fame;
Suppose a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,
Snuffing, and scamp'ring, crossing the field o'er.

One pointer scents the partridge—points—
Fix'd like a statue on the pleasing gale!
How act the others?—Stop their scamp'ring joints;
And, lo! one's *nose* is on his neighbour's *tail*.

Perhaps this dog-comparison of mine,
Though vastly natural, and vastly fine,
May not be fully understood
By all the youngling painter brood

Therefore,

Therefore, that into error they may'n't roam,
I think I'll be a little more *at home*.

Suppose a damsel of the Cyprian clafs,
A fresh-imported, lovely, blooming lass,
Gay, careless, smiling, ogling in the Park—
Suppose those charms, so pleasing to the eye,
Catch the wild glance, and start the am'rous sigh,
Of some young roving military spark!

Lo! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,
Sudden he stops—all-over staring wonder—
A thousand fancies his warm brain surround;
And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,
He *points* towards those fascinating charms
That rous'd the host of passions up in arms.

A brother ensign spies the stock-still lad,
And sudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means—
Another ensign, taking *this* for mad,
Upon his supple-jack deep-marv'ling leans:

Another ensign after *him*, too, fauntering,
Stops short, and to his eye applies his glass—
To know what stay'd his brother ensign's cantering,
Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the LASS.

Thus, nosing one the other's back,
Stands in a goodly row the King's red pack;
Except the *first*, whom NATURE's charms inflame—
His nose is properly towards the game.

E'en so, the PRESIDENT, to NATURE true,
 Doth mark her form, and all her haunts pursue ;
 Whilst half the silly brushmen of the land,
 Contented take the NYMPH at *second-hand* ;
 Imps, who just boast the merit of *translators*—
 Horace's *servum pecus*—*imitators*.

O D E X.

PETER JEERETH MESSIEURS SERRES AND ZOFFANI, AND
 PRAISETH AND CONDEMNETH MR. BARRET.

SERRES and ZOFFANI ! I ween,
 I better works than yours have seen—
 You'll say, no compliment can well be colder—
 Why, as you scarce are in your prime,
 And wait the strength'ning hand of time,
 I hope that you'll improve as you grow older*.

Believe me, BARRET, thou hast truth and taste ;
 Yet sometimes art thou apt to be *unchaste* :
 Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags,—
 Too oft thy landscapes bonfires seem to be ;
 And in thy bustling clouds methinks I see
 The resurrection of OLD RAGS.

* The first is about 70 years of age, and the last 63 or 64.

O CATTON, our poor feelings spare!
 Suppress thy trash another year;
 Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing——
 And lo! those daubs amongst the many,
 Painted by Mr. EDWARD PENNY!
 They truly are not worth a half a farthing.

ODE XI.

PETER CANNONADETH FASHION—ADVISETH PEOPLE TO USE
 THEIR OWN EYES AND NOSES—AND ORDERETH WHAT IS
 TO BE DONE WITH A BAD NOSE.

ONE year the pow'rs of fashion rule
 In favour of th' Italian school——
 Then hey, for drawing! Raphael and Pouffin.
 The following year the Flemish schools shall strike——
 Then hey, for Col'ring—Rubens and Vandyke;
 And, lo! th' Italian is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon by FASHION's roar——
 FASHION too often makes a monstrous noise,
 Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore
 The poorest trash, the meanest toys.

And, as a gang of thieves a bustle make,
 With greater ease your purse to take,

So FASHION frequently, her point to gain,
Sets up an howl enough to stun a stone,
And fairly picks the pockets of your brain,
That is, if any brain you chance to own.

Carry your eyes with you where'er you go;
For not to trust to them, is to abuse 'em——
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know
The wise old lady meant that you should *use* 'em;
And yet, what thousands, to our vast surprise,
Of pictures judge by other people's eyes!

When Nature made a present of a nose
To each man's face, we justly may suppose,
She meant, that for itself the nose should *think*,
And *judge* in matters of perfume and stink;
Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack!
To bear horn spectacles upon its back——
“ Suppose it cannot smell, what then?” you'll say.
“ Fling it away.”

O D E XII.

THE LYRIC BARD GROWETH WITTY ON MR. PETERS'S AN-
GEL AND CHILD—AND MADAM ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

DEAR *Peters*! who, like Luke the Saint,
A man of Gospel art, and paint,
The pencil flames not with poetic fury:

If Heav'n's fair angels are like thine,
Our bucks, I think, O grave divine,
May meet in t'other world the nymphs of Drury.

The infant soul I do not much admire :
It boasteth somewhat more of flesh than fire ——
The picture, *Peters*, cannot much adorn ye ——
I'm glad, though, that the red-fac'd little sinner,
Poor soul ! hath made an hearty dinner
Before it ventur'd on so long a journey.

Angelica my plaudit gains ——
Her art so sweetly canvass stains ! ——
Her dames, so Grecian, give me such delight !
But, were she married to such gentle males
As figure in her painted tales ——
I fear she'd find a stupid wedding-night.

O D E XIII.

PETER LASHETH THE LADIES—HE TURNETH STORY-TELLER—PETER GRIEVETH.

ALTHOUGH the ladies with such beauties blaze,
They very frequently my passion raise ——
Their charms compensate, scarce, their want of *taste* ——
Passing amidst the EXIBITION croud,
I heard some damsels *fashionably* loud ;
And thus I give the dialogue that pass'd.

“ Oh ! the dear man ! (cried one) look ! here’s a
“ bonnet !

“ He shall paint *me*—I am determin’d on it——

“ Lord ! Cousin, see ! how beautiful the gown !

“ What charming colours ! here’s fine lace, here’s
“ gauze !

“ What pretty sprigs the fellow draws !——

“ Lord ! Cousin, he’s the cleverest man in town !”

“ Ay, Cousin, (cry’d a second,) very true ——

“ And here, here’s charming green, and red, and blue——

“ There’s a complexion beats the *rouge* of Warren !

“ See those red lips, oh la ! they are so nice !

“ What rosy cheeks then, Cousin, to entice !——

“ Compar’d to this, all other heads are carrion.—

“ Cousin, this limner quickly will be seen

“ Painting the Princess Royal, and the Queen :

“ Pray, don’t you think as I do, *Cox* ?

“ But we’ll be painted first, that’s *poz*.”

Such was the very *pretty* conversation

That pass’d between the *pretty* misses,

Whilst unobserv’d, the glory of our nation,

Close by them hung Sir JOSHUA’s matchless pieces——

Works ! that a TITIAN’s hand could form alone——

Works ! that a REUBENS had been proud to own.

Permit me, Ladies, now to lay before ye

What happen’d lately—therefore a true story.

A STORY.

A

S T O R Y.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,
My wond'ring eyes did suddenly expand

Upon a pretty leath of country lasses.—

“Heav'ns! my dear beauteous angels, how d'ye do?”

“Upon my soul, I'm monstrous glad to see ye.”

“Swinge! PETER, we are glad to meet with *you* :

“We're just to London come—well, pray how be ye?”

“We're just a going, while 'tis light,

“To see St. PAUL's before 'tis dark.—

“Lord! come, for once, be so polite,

“And condescend to be our spark.”

“With all my heart, my angels.”—On we walk'd,
And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd :

Now did I hug myself to think

How much that glorious structure would surprise—

How from its awful grandeur they would shrink
With open mouths and marv'ling eyes!

As near to Ludgate-Hill we drew,

St. PAUL's just op'ning on our view ;

Behold! my lovely strangers, one and all,

Gave, all at once, a diabolic squawl,

As

As if they had been tumbled on the stones,
And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
And sticking to a ribbon-shop their eyes——
They all rush'd in, with sounds enough to stun——
And clattering all together, thus begun :

“ Swinge ! here are colours, then, to please !

“ Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n !

“ Why, not to see such things as these,

“ We never should have been forgiv'n !

“ Here, here are clever things—good Lord !

“ And, Sister, here, upon my word——

“ Here, here !—look ! here are beauties to delight ;

“ Why ! how a body's heels might dance

“ Along from Launceston to Penzance,

“ Before that one might meet with such a fight !”

“ Come, Ladies, 'twill be dark,” cry'd I, “ I fear ;

“ Pray let us view St. PAUL's, it is so near.”——

“ Lord ! PETER (cry'd the girls) don't mind St.

“ Sure, you're a most *incurious* soul— [PAUL !—

“ Why, we can see the church another day,

“ Don't be afraid—St. PAUL's can't *run away*.”

Reader,

IF e'er thy bosom felt a thought *sublime*,
Drop tears of pity with the man of rhyme !

ODE

O D E XIV.

PETER DISCLAIMETH FLATTERY—DESCRIBETH THE GRAND
MONARQUE—AND PROMISETH CRITICAL CANDOUR.

'TIS very true, that flattery's not my *fort*—
I cannot to stupidity pay court,
And swear a face *looks sense* (the picture puffing,)
That boasts no more *expression* than a muffin.

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,
And think he doth not act amiss;
Although he tells a most confounded lie—
KING LOUIS leads me into this remark,
Call'd by his people all, LE GRAND MONARQUE—
A demi-god in every Frenchman's eye.

His portrait by some famous hand was done,
And then exhibited at the *Saloon*—
At once a courtly critic *criticises*—
“Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,
“The sense profound that marks the royal face—
“The *soul* of LOUIS, that so very *wise* is?”

Yet when he bawl'd for sense, he bawl'd, I wot,
For furniture the head had never *got*.
Reader, believe me, that this *Gentleman*
Was form'd on Nature's very homely plan.—

Clumfy

Clumsy in legs and shoulders, head and gullet,
 His mouth abroad in seeming wonder lost,
 As if its meaning had giv'n up the ghost :
 His eye far duller than a leaden bullet ;
 Nature so slighting the poor royal nob,
 As if she bargain'd for it by the *job*.

Therefore, should mighty G * * * * *, or great LORD
 Both *gentlefolks* of high condition, [NORTH,
 Think it worth while to send their faces forth,
 To stare amidst the ROYAL EXHIBITION——

If likenesses, I'll not condemn the pictures,
 To compliment those mighty people's polls——
 I scorn to pass unfair and cruel strictures,
 By asking for the *Graces*, or their *souls*.

O D E XV.

PETER PRAISETH MR. STUBBS, AND ADMINISTERETH WHOLE-
 SOME ADVICE — SURPRISETH MR. HONE WITH A COM-
 PLIMENT — CONCLUDETH WITH SUSPECTING THE INGRA-
 TITUDE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

WELL-PLEAS'D, thy horses, *Stubbs*, I view,
 And eke thy dogs, to nature true :
 Let modern artists match thee if they can——

Such

Such animals thy genius suit——
Then stick, I beg thee, to the brute,
And meddle not with woman, nor with man.

And now for Mr. *Nathan Hone*——
In portraiture thou'rt as much *alone*,
As in his landscape stand th' unrival'd *Claude*——
Of pictures I have seen enough,
Most vile, most execrable stuff!
But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the cause of painting loyal,
Sublime I've sung to artists royal——
With labour-pains the muse hath fore been torn!
And yet each academic face,
I fear me, hath not got the grace
To smile upon the bantling, now 'tis born.

MORE

MORE
LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR

1783.

ODE I.

PETER PUFFS AWAY—DISPLAYS HIS LEARNING—PRAISES
THE REVIEWERS—DESCRIBES HIMSELF MOST PATHETI-
CALLY—CONSOLES HIMSELF—DISLIKES THE ROAD TO
THE TEMPLE OF FAME BY MEANS OF A PISTOL, POISON,
OR A ROPE—ADDRESSES GREAT FOLKS—GIVES THE
KING A BROAD HINT—ASKS A QUEER QUESTION—MAKES
AS QUEER AN APOSTROPHE TO GENIUS.

SONS of the brush, I'm here again !
At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine !
For hang me, if my last year's Odes
Paid rent for lodgings * near the gods,
Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

* *i. e.* The garret.

For

For odes, my Cousin hath rump-steaks to eat !
 So says Pausanias—loads of dainty meat !
 And this, the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit :
 The best historians, one and all, declare,
 With the most solemn air,
 The poet might have guttled till he split.

How different far, alas ! *my* worship's fate
 To soothe the horrors of an empty plate,
 The grave possessors * of the critic throne,
 Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat——
 Of flattery, mind me, not of meat ;
 For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no ! with all my lyric pow'rs,
 I'm not like Mrs. COSWAY's † *Hours*,
 Red as cock-turkies, plump as barn-door chicken :
 Merit and I are miserably off——
 We both have got a most consumptive cough ;
 Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,
 Are like the little children in the wood——
 And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die !

* See the Reviews for the last year.

† A sublime picture this ! The expression is truly Homerial.—
 The fair artist hath, in the most surprising manner, communi-
 cated to canvass the old Bard's idea of the *Brandy-fac'd hours*.—
 See the *Illiad*.

May some good Christian Bard, in pity strong,
Turn red-breast kind, and with the sweetest song
Bewail our hapless fate with wat'ry eye!

Poor Chatterton was starv'd—with all his art!
Some consolation this to my lean art——
Like him, in holes too, spider-like, I mope;
And there my rev'rence may remain, alas!
The world will not discover it, the afs!
Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees;
Then each my pow'rs with adoration fees——
Nothing their kind civilities can hinder——
When, like an Otho, I am found;
Like Jacob's sons, they'll look one t'other round,
And cry, "Who would have thought this a young
"Pindar?"

Hanging's a dismal road to fame——
Pistols and poison just the same——
And, what is worse, one can't come back again——
Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
We can't display it to mankind,
Tho' won with such wry mouths and wrigling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes so clever, say,
(For you have much to give away,
And much your gentle patronage I lack,)

Speak,

Speak, is it not a crying sin,
That Folly's guts are to his chin,
Whilst *mine* are slunk a mile into my back?

Oft as his sacred Majesty I see,
Ah! George, (I figh,) thou hast good things with
Would make me sportive as a youthful cat; [thee,
It is not that my soul so loyal
Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,
Or be Archbishop—no! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace,
To wish for laureat Whitehead's place;
Whose Odes Cibberian—sweet, yet very manly,
Are set with equal strength by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one swear, that Heav'n lov'd fools,

There's such a number of them made?
Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools—

No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade:
Yet, take a peep into those fellows' breeches,
We stare like congers, to observe the riches.

O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
That canst not keep a mare nor cow,
With all thy compliments of wit so frisky!
Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
Beside his compter gold can find,
And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky*.

O D E II.

PETER BEGINS TO CRITICISE—ADDRESSES THE BRITISH RA-
 PHAEL—PROMISES MR. WEST GREAT THINGS, AND, LIKE
 GREAT FOLKS, BREAKS HIS WORD—LAUGHS AT THE FI-
 GURE OF KING CHARLES—LASHES THAT OF OLIVER CROM-
 WELL—AND RIDICULES THE PICTURE OF PETER AND
 JOHN RUNNING TO THE SEPULCHRE—UNDERSTANDS
 PLAIN-WORK, AND JUSTLY CONDEMNS THE SHORTNESS OF
 THE SKIRTS OF MR. WEST'S ANGELS—CONCLUDES WITH
 MAKING THAT ARTIST A HANDSOME OFFER OF AN AME-
 RICAN IMMORTALITY.

Now for my criticism on paints,
 Where bull-dogs, heroes, sinners, faints,
 Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet!—
 Behold the works of Mr. WEST!—
 That artist first shall be address'd—
 His pencil with due rev'rence I greet—

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
 Which from my doughty lance he found;
 Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,
 "Why dost thou persecute me *Saul*?"

West, let me whisper in thy ear—
 Snug as a thief within a mill,
 From me thou hast no cause to fear:
 To panegyric will I turn my skill;

And

And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
I'll say most *handsome* things about the *frame*.

Don't be cast down—instead of gall,
Molasses from my pen shall fall:
And yet I fear thy gullet it is such,
That could I pour all Niagara down,
Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,
Nor think the thund'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye gods! the portrait of the king!
A very *Saracen*! a glorious *thing*!
It shews a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye——
Methinks I see the people stare,
And, anxious for his life, declare,
“ King George hath got a fire-ship in his belly.”

Thy Charles!—What must I say to that?
Each face unmeaning, and so flat!
Indeed, first cousin to a piece of board——
But, Muse, we've promis'd in our lays,
To give our *Tankey* painter praise,
So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well, then, the Charles of Mr. *West*,
And Oliver, I do protest,
And eke the witnesses of resurrection *;

* Peter and John.

Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,
And make a properer window-blind,
Than great Coreggio's *, us'd for horse protection.

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylor's measures,
For table coverings be treasures,
With butchers, form for flies, most charming flappers ;
And Monday mornings at the tub,
When queens of fuds their linen scrub,
Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers.

Well, I forgot last year to say,
Thy *angels* did my delicacy hurt ;
Their linen so much coarseness did display :
What's worse, each had not above half a shirt.
I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of spiders,
Ought to have deck'd that brace of heav'nly riders.

Could not their saddle-bags, pray, jump,
To somewhat longer for each rump ?
I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop,
By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a flop !
Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme :

* Coreggio's best pictures were actually made use of in the royal stables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.

Sublimely tow'ring 'midst th' Atlantic roar,
 I'll waft thy praises to thy native shore * ;
 Where *Liberty's* brave sons their Pœans sing,
 And every scoundrel convict is a *king*.

* America.

O D E III.

THE POET ADDRESSES MR. GAINSBOROUGH—SHEWS GREAT
 SCRIPTURE ERUDITION—CONDEMNS MR. GAINSBOROUGH'S
 PLAGIARISM—GIVES THE ARTIST, WHOLESOME ADVICE—
 PRAISES THE CORNISH BOY—AND SAYS FINE THINGS TO
 JACKSON.

NOW, *Gainſborough*, let me view thy ſhining labours,
 Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
 On other brushmen look'ſt contemptuous down,
 Like our great admirals on a gang of ſwabbers.

My eyes, broad ſtaring wonder, leads
 To yon dear neſt of royal heads † :
 How each the ſoul of my attention pulls !
 Suppose, my friend, thou giv'ſt the frame
 A pretty little Bible name,
 And call'ſt it *Golgotha, the Place of Skulls* ?

† A frame full of heads, in moſt *bumble* imitation of the royal family.

Say,

Say, didst thou really paint them ? (to be free)
And angel finish'd Luke's transcendant line——
Perchance that civil angel was with thee——
For, let me perish if I think them thine.

Thy dogs* are good!—but yet, to make thee stare,
The piece has gain'd a number of deriders——
They tell thee, genius in it hath no share,
But that thou foully stol'st the curs from *Snyders*,

I do not blame thy borrowing hint,
For, to be plain, there's nothing in't——
The man who scorns to do it, is a log :
An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
Were modesty, one might suppose ;
But, z——ds ! thou must not smuggle the *whole dog*.

O *Gainborough* ! Nature 'plaineth fore,
That thou hast kick'd her out of door,
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
To cull such genius out for thee——
Lo ! all thy efforts without her are vain !
Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless head ?
The Cornish Boy †, in tin-mines bred ;

* A picture of boys setting dogs to fight.

† OPIE.

Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
 In secret, till chance gave him to the *sun*?
 'Tis *Jackson's* portrait—put the laurel on it,
 Whilst to that tuneful swan I pour a sonnet.

SONNET
 TO
 JACKSON,
 OF
 EXETER.

ENCHANTING harmonist! the art is thine,
 Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,
 That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
 Soothing the wounded bosom of Despair!

O say, what minstrel of the sky hath giv'n
 To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?

Declare, hath Dove-ey'd Pity left her heav'n,
 And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad—thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
Love, from his Cyprian isle, prepares to fly;

He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
 And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

ODE

O D E V.

THE GREAT PETER, BY A BOLD PINDARIC JUMP, LEAPS
FROM SONNET TO GULL CATCHING.

READER, dost know the mode of catching gulls?

If not, I will inform thee:—Take a board,
And place a fish upon it for the fools——
A sprat, or any fish by gulls ador'd:

Those birds, who love a lofty flight,
And sometimes bid the sun good-night;
Spying the glittering bait that floats below;
Sans cérémonie, down they rush,
(For gulls have got no manners,) on they push,
And what's the pretty consequence, I trow?
'They strike their gentle jobbernols of lead,
Plump on the board—then lie like boobies dead.

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,
To make so plain an application out——
There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his silly head against a *board*——
That might have help'd the state—made a good jailor,
A night-man, or a tolerable taylor.

ODE

O D E VI.

PETER DISCOVERS MORE SCRIPTURAL ERUDITION—GROWS
SARCASTIC ON THE EXHIBITION—GIVES A WONDERFUL
ACCOUNT OF ST. DENNIS—BLUSHES FOR THE HONOUR OF
HIS COUNTRY—TALKS SENSIBLY OF THE DUC DE CHAR-
TRES AND THE FRENCH KING.

“FIND me in Sodom out,” (exclaim’d the Lord,)

“Ten gentlemen, the place sha’n’t be un-*town’d*—

“That is, I will not burn it ev’ry board.”—

The dev’l a gentleman was to be found!

But this was rather hard, since Heav’n well knew

That ev’ry fellow in it was a *Few*.

This house is nearly in the same condition——

Scarce are *good things* amid those wide abodes——

Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition,

That ought not to be d—n’d, I’ll burn my Odes!

And then the world will be in fits and vapours,

Just as it was for poor Lord *Mansfield’s* papers*.

St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,

Hugg’d it, and kiss’d it, carried it a mile——

This was a pleasant miracle enough,

That maketh many an unbeliever smile.

* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great law expounder, burnt! burnt in Lord George Gordon’s religious conflagration.—The newspapers howled for months over their ashes.—*Obe jam satis est.*

“’Sblood!

“ ‘Sblood! ’tis a lie !” you roar—Pray do not fwear,
 You may believe the wond’rons tale, indeed !
 Speak, hav’n’t you said that many a picture here,
 Was really done by folks without a *head* ?
 And hav’n’t you sworn this instant, with surprise,
 That he who *did* that *thing* had neither hands nor eyes?

How is it that such miserable stuff
 The walls of this stupendous building stains ?
 The Council’s ears with pleasure I could cuff ;
 Mind me—I don’t say, batter out their *brains*.
 What will Duke *Chartres* say when he goes home,
 And tells King *Louis* all about the room ?

Why, viewing such a set of red-hot heads,
 Our exhibition he will liken *Hell* to ;
 Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,
 Give hand-bills of the wond’rous *Katterfelto* * ;
 Swearing th’ academy was all so flat,
 He’d rather see the *wizard* and his *cat*.

* An ignorant and impudent German mountebank, who juggled the town out of some thousands, by his *hocus pocus* tricks, contemporary with the famous Dr. Gr—h—m, of Pall-Mall. He amused the town for a long time with the wonderful virtues of his great black TOM CAT.

ODE

O D E VII.

THE BRITISH PETER ELEGANTLY AND HAPPILY DEPICTS
HIS GREAT COUSIN OF THEBES—TALKS OF FAME.—
HORSE-WHIPS THE PAINTERS, FOR TURNING THEIR OWN
TRUMPETERS.

A Defultory way of writing,
A hop and step and jump mode of indicting,
My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted:
Or, (for I love the bard to flatter)
By jerks, like boar-pigs making water,
Whatever first came in his sconce,
Bounce, out it flew, like bottl'd ale, at once,
A cock, a bull, a whale, a foldier roasted.

What sharks we mortals are for fame!
How, poacher-like, we hunt the game!
No matter, for it, how we play the fool—
And yet, 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,
And really, very natural to prefer
One grain of praise to pounds of ridicule.

I've lost all patience with the trade—
I mean the painters—who can't stay
To see their works by criticism display'd,
And hear what *others* have to say;

VOL. I.

I

But

But calling Fame a vile old lazy strumpet,
Sound their own praise from their own * *penny trumpet*.

Amidst the hurly-burly of my brain,
Where the mad lyric muse, with pain,
Hammering hard verse her skill employs,
And beats a tin-man's shop in noise;
Catching wild tropes and similes,
That hop about like swarms of fleas—
We've *lost* Sir JOSHUA—Ah! that charming elf,
I'm griev'd to say, hath this year *lost himself*.

Oh! *Richard*, thy † *St. George* so brave,
Wisdom and Prudence could not save
From being foully murder'd, my good friend;
Some weep to see the woeful figure,
Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee accept th' advice I give with sorrow—
Of poor *St. George* the useless armour borrow,
To guard thy own poor corpse—don't be a mule—
Take it—ev'n now thou'rt like a hedge-hog *quill'd*,
(*Richard*, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd*,)
By the dire shafts of merciless ridicule.

* At the beginning of the exhibition, the public papers
swarmed with those self-adulators.

† See Mr. Cofway's picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and
Valour, arming *St. George*.

Pity

Pity it is! 'tis true 'tis pity!
 As Shakspeare lamentably says;
 That thou, in this observing city,
 Thus run'st a wh-r-ng after PRAISE:
 With *strong desires* I really think thee fraught;
 But, *Dick*, the nymph, so coy, will not be caught.
 Yet, for thy consolation, mind!
 In this thy wounded pride may refuge find—
 Think of the *sage* who wanted a fine *piece*:
 Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at least,
 On *Lais*, a sweet *fille de joie*, to feast—
 The Mrs. Robinson of Greece.

Prithee give up, and save the paints and oil,
 And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil:
 Thou'lt say, "Lord! many hundreds do like *me*."
 Lord! so have fellows *robb'd*—nay, further,
 Hundreds of villains have committed *murther*;
 But, *Richard*, are these precedents for *thee*?

O D E VIII.

PETER GROWS IRONICALLY FACETIOUS.

NATURE'S a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
 I've said it often, and repeat it—
 She doth not understand her trade—
 Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it*.

But calling Fame a vile old lazy strumpet,
Sound their own praise from their own * *penny trumpet*.

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I've said it often, and repeat it—
 She doth not understand her trade—

Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it*.

Look now, for Heav'n's sake at her skies !
 What are they ?—Smoke, for certainty, I know ;
 From chimney-tops, behold ! they rise,
 Made by some sweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes—
 From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' bums—
 Then tell me, *Decency*, I must request,
 Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast* ?

Paint by the yard—your canvass spread,
 Broad as the main-sail of a man of war—
 Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,
 Ev'n as the sun licks up each sneaking star !

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick—
 By bulky *things* both *men* and *maids* are taken—
 Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
 And make your picture look as red as bacon.
 All folks love *size* ; believe my rhyme,
Burke says, 'tis *part* of the *sublime*.

A Dutchman, I forget his name,—*Van Grout*,
Van Slabberchops, *Van Stink*, *Kan Swab*,
 No matter, though I cannot make it out—
 At calling names I never was a dab.

This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,
 Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
 Thus, like a burgomaster, spoke with judgment *vast*,
 " No poet like my broder step de ground :

" He

" He be de bestest poet, look !
 " Dat all de vorld must please ;
 " Vor he heb vrite von book,
 " So *big* as all dis *cheese* ! "

If at a *distance* you would paint a pig,
 Make out each single bristle on his back ;
 Or if your meaner subject be a wig,
 Let not the caxon a *distinctness* lack ;
 Else, all the lady critics will so stare,
 And, angry vow, " 'Tis not a bit like hair ! "

Be smooth as glass—like DENNER, finish high ;
 Then every tongue commends—

For people judge not *only* by the eye,
 But *feel* your merit by their finger ends :
 Nay ! closely *nosing*, o'er the picture dwell !
 As if to try the *goodness* by the *smell*.

Claude's distances are too confus'd—
 One floating scene—nothing made out—
 For which he ought to be abus'd,
 Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil, whose amazing style
 Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;
 And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
 With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike, for Nature's *wild*—
 Fond of variety, a wayward child—

To blame your taste some block-heads may presume ;
 But, mind, that ev'ry one be like a broom.
 Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
 And make your clouds like rocks and aligators.

Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
 To gain applause—why, paint her like a shilling :
 Or SOL's bright orb—be sure to make him glow
 Precisely like a guinea, or a * Jo.

In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold,
 Convert, like Midas, *ev'ry thing to gold.*

» I see, at excellence you'll come at *last*—
 Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff ;
 The blues on China mugs are now surpass'd,
 Your sun-sets yield not to brick-walls, nor buff.

In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,
 They really look like golden-hafted knives !

Go on, my lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,
 And she, ere long, will come and copy *you.*

O D E IX.

THE SUBLIME PETER CONCLUDES IN A SWEAT.

THUS have I finish'd, for this time,
 My Odes, a little wild and rambling—
 May people bite like gudgeons at my rhyme !
 I long to see them scrambling—

* A Portuguese Johannes.

Then

Then very soon I'll give them more (God willing)
But this is full sufficient for a * *shilling*.

For such a trifle, *such a heap!*

Indeed, I sell my goods too *cheap*.

Finis'd a disappointed artist cries,
With open mouth and straining eyes;
Gaping for praise, like a young crow for meat—
“ Lord! why, you have not mention'd *me!*”

Mention *thee!*

Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat*—

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be *d—n'd*, than mention'd *not at all!*

* Since raised to eighteen-pence, with additions.

SOME MORE
LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR

1785.

ODE I.

THE DIVINE PETER GIVETH AN ACCOUNT OF A CONFERENCE HE HELD LAST YEAR WITH SATIRE, WHO ADVISED HIM TO ATTACK SOME OF THE R. A.'S, TO TEAR MR. WEST'S WORKS TO PIECES, ABUSE MR. GAINSBOROUGH, FALL FOUL OF MRS. COSWAY'S SAMPSON, AND GIVE A GENTLE STROKE ON THE BACK OF MR. RIGAUD—THE POET'S GENTLE ANSWER TO SATIRE—THE ODE OF REMONSTRANCE THAT PETER RECEIVED AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LYRICS—SATIRE'S REPLY—PETER'S RESOLUTION.

“NOT, not this year the lyric Peter sings—
“ The great R. A.'s have wish'd my song to cease ;
“ I will not pluck a feather from your wings,
“ So, fons of canvass ! take your naps in peace.”

Such was my last year's gracious speech,
Sweet as the Kings to Commons and to Peers,
Always with sense and tropes as plum-cake rich ;
A luscious banquet for his people's ears !

“ Not

- " Not write ! " cry'd Satire, red as fire with rage,
 " This instant glorious war with dulness wage ;
 " Take, take my supple-jack,
 " Play St. Bartholomew with many a back !
 " Flay half the academic imps alive !
 " Smoke, smoke the drones of that stupendous hive.]
 " Begin with George's idol, West ;—
 " And then proceed in order with the rest :
 " This moment knock me down his Master Moses*,
 " On Sinai's Mountain, where his nose is
 " Cock'd up so pertly plump against the Lord,
 " Upon my word,
 " With all that ease to Him who rules above,
 " As if that Heaven and he were *hand and glove*."
 " Indeed," quoth I, " the piece hath points of merit,
 " Though not possess'd throughout of equal spirit."
 " What ! " answered Satire, " not knock Moses down ?
 " O stupid Peter ! what the devil mean ye ?
 " He looks a poor pert barber of the town,
 " With paper sign-board out,—' Shave for a penny.'
 " Observe the pit'ous Israelite once more—
 " Wears he the countenance that should *adore* ?
 " No ! 'tis a son of lather,—a rank prig ;
 " Who, 'stead of fetching the most sacred law,
 " With *sober* LOOKS, and *reverential* AWE,
 " Seems pertly tripping up to fetch a WIG.

* Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai.

" With

-
- “ With all her thunder bid the Muse
 “ Fall furious on the group of Jews,
 “ Whose shoulders are adorn’d with *Christian faces*;
 “ For by each phiz, (I speak without a gibe,)
 “ There’s not an Israelite in all the tribe,—
 “ Not that they are encumber’d by the GRACES.
 “ Strike off the head of Jeremiah *,
 “ And break the bones of old Ifaiah † ;
 “ Down with the duck-wing’d angels ‡, that abreast
 “ Stretch from a thing called *cloud*, and, by their
 “ Wear more the visage of young rooks [looks,
 “ Cawing for victuals from their nest.
 “ Deal Gainsborough a lash, for pride so stiff,
 “ Who robs us of such pleasure for a miss:
 “ Whose pencil, when he chuses, can be chaste,
 “ Give Nature’s form, and please the eye of TASTE.
 “ Of cuts on Sampson § don’t be sparing,
 “ Between two garden-rollers staring,
 “ Shown by the lovely Dalilah foul play !
 “ To atoms tear that || Frenchman’s trash,
 “ Then bountifully deal the lash
 “ On *such* as *dar’d* to dub him an R. A.”

* A picture by West.

† Another picture by West.

‡ In the Apotheosis, a picture by West.

§ A picture by Mrs. Cowway.

|| Rigaud.

Thus

Thus Satire to the gentle poet cry'd—
And *thus*, with lamb-like sweetness, I reply'd:—

“ Dear Satire ! pray consult my life and ease ;
“ Were I to write whatever you desire,
“ The fat would all be fairly in the fire,—
“ R. A.'s surround me like a swarm of bees,
“ Or like a flock of small birds round a fowl
“ Of *solemn speculation*, call'd an OWL.”

Quoth I, “ O Satire, I'm a simple youth,
“ Must make my fortune, therefore not speak truth,
“ Although as sterling as the Holy Bible,—
“ *Truth* makes it (Mansfield says) the more a libel :
“ I shall not sleep in peace within my hutch ;
“ Like Doctor Johnson *, I have wrote TOO MUCH.”

When Mount Vesuvius † pour'd his flames,
And frighten'd all the Naples dames,
What did the ladies of the city do ?
Why, order'd a fat cardinal to go
With good St. Januarius's head,
And shake it at the MOUNTAIN, 'midst his riot,

* The story goes, that Sam, before his *political conversion*, replied to his present Majesty, in the library at Buckingham-house, on being asked by the Monarch, “ Why he did not write more ? ” — “ Please your Majesty, I have witten *too much*.” So candid a declaration, of which the sturdy moralist did not believe one syllable, procured him a pension, and a muzzle.

† See Sir William Hamilton's account.

To

To try to keep the *bully* quiet :

The parson went, and shook the jowl, and sped ;
Snug was the word—the flames at once kept house,
The frighten'd mount was mute as any mouse.

Thus, should Lord Mansfield from his bench agree
To shake his lion mane-like wig at *me*,

And bid his grim-look'd myrmidons assail :—
With heads Medusan, and with hearts of bone ;
Who, if they did not *turn* me into *stone*,
Might *turn* my limbs, *so gentle*, into *jail*.

Read, read this Ode, just come to hand,
Giving the muse to understand
That cruelty and scandal swell her song,
And that 'twere better far she held her tongue.

T O

PETER PINDAR, Esq.

A THOUSAND frogs, upon a summer's day,
Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting every face ;—
They shew'd their gold-lac'd cloaths with pride,
In harmless fallies frequent vy'd,
And gambold through the water with a *grace*.

It happen'd that a band of boys,
Observant of their harmless joys,

Thoughtless,

Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport ;
 One frenzy seiz'd both GREAT and small,
 On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
 Meaning to *splash* them, not to do them *hurt*.

As Milton quaintly sings, ' the stones 'gan pour,'
 Indeed an Otaheite show'r !

The consequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye ;
 ONE's eye was beat out of his head—
 This limp'd away, that lay for dead,
 Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongst the *smitten*, it was found,
 Their beauteous Queen receiv'd a wound ;
 The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,
 And drew a tear from ev'ry eye :—
 At length King CROAK got up, and thus begun—
 " My lads, you think this very pretty FUN !

" Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,—
 " Have *warmly* complimented all our chops !—
 " To *you* I guess that these are *pleasant stones* !
 " And so they might be to *us frogs*,
 " You d—n'd, young, good-for-nothing dogs,
 " But that they are so *hard*,—they break our bones."

PETER ! thou mark'lt the meaning of this fable—
 So put thy Pegasus into the stable !
 Nor wanton thus with cruel pride,
 Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmless people ride.

To drop the metaphor,—the Fair *,
 Whose works thy muse forbore to spare,
 Is blest with talents *Envy* must approve :
 And didst thou know her heart, thou sure wouldst
 “ PERDITION catch the IDLE LAY !” [say—
 Then strike thy lyre to INNOCENCE and LOVE.

“ Poh ! poh ! cried Satire, with a smile,
 “ Where is the glorious freedom of our isle,
 “ If not permitted to call names ?”
 Methought the argument had weight—
 “ Satire,” quoth I, “ you’re very right”—
 So once more forth volcanic Peter flames !

O D E II.

THE POET CORRECTETH THE MUSE’S WARMTH, WHO BE-
 GINNETH WITH LITTLE LESS THAN CALLING NAMES—
 HINTETH AT SOME ACADEMIC GIANTS—AND CONCLU-
 DETH WITH A PAIR OF APT AND ELEGANT SIMILIES.

“ TAG-RAGS and Bob-tails of the sacred brush !”
 For Heav’n’s sake, Muse, be prudent :—Hush ! hush !
 The Ode with too much violence begins : [hush !
 The great R. A.’s, so jealous of their fame,
 Will all declare, of *them* we make a game,
 And then, the Lord have mercy on our skins !

* Mrs. Colway.

Think

Think what a formidable phalanx, Muse,
Strethen'd by Messieurs Garvay and Rigaud, and Co,
How *dangerous* such a body to abuse !

Then there's among the academic crew,
A MAN*, that made the president look blue ;
Brandish'd his weapon—with a whirlwind's forces,
Tore by the roots his flourishing discourses :
And swore his own sweet Irish howl could *pour*
A half a dozen such, in half an hour.

Be prudent, Muse !—once more I pray—
In vain I preach ! th' advice is thrown away :
Ev'n now you turn your nose up with a sneer,
An cry—" Lord ! Reynolds hath no cause to fear :
When Barry dares the president to fly on,
'Tis like a mouse, that, work'd into a rage,
Daring most dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan lion.

Or like a louse, of mettle full,
Nurs'd in some giant's skull—
Because Goliath scratch'd him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the GIANT'S HEAD !

* Mr. Barry.

O D E III.

THE POET ADDRESSETH SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, A GENTLEMAN OF CONSEQUENCE IN THE ELECTION OF R. A.'S—HE ACCUSETH THE KNIGHT OF A PARTIAL AND RIDICULOUS DISTRIBUTION OF THE ACADEMIC HONOURS—THREATENETH HIM WITH RHYME—ADVISETH A REFORMATION.

ONE minute, gentle irony, retire——

Behold! I'm graver than a *mustard-pot*;
The Muse, with bile hot as fire,
Could call *fool, puppy, blockhead*, and what not?
As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur* :——
Nor in *her* angry progrefs will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan hath been long at work
To bring th' academy into disgrace;
Oh! may that member's b—ck—de feel his fork,
Who dares to violate the sacred place!
Who dares the devil join
In so nefarious a design?
Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!
I leave their works to tell their name,

Th' academy is like a microscope——
For by the magnifying pow'r are seen
Objects, that for *attention* ne'er could hope;
No more, alas! than if they ne'er had *been*.

So

So rare a building, and so grac'd
With monuments of ancient taste,
Statues and busts, relievos and intaglios;
For *such poor things* to watch the treasure,
Is laughable beyond all measure,—
'Tis just like eunuchs put to guard seraglios.

Think not, Sir William, I'm in jest—
By Heav'n! I will not let thee rest:
Yet thou may'st bluster like bull-beef so big;
And of thy own importance full,
Exclaim—"Great *cry* and little *wool*!"
As Satan holla'd, when he shav'd the pig.

Yes, thou shalt feel my tomahawk of satire,
And find that *scalping* is a serious matter:
Shock'd at th' abuse, how rage inflames my veins!
Who can help *swearing*, when such wights he sees
Crept to th' academy by ways and means,
Like mites and skippers in a Cheshire cheese?

What beings will the next year's choice disclose,
The academic list to grace?
Some *skeletons of art*, I do suppose,
That ought to blush to show their face.

Sir William! tremble at the muse's tongue;
Parnassus boasts a formidable throng!
All people recollect poor Marfyas' fate,
Save such as are dead, drunk, or fast asleep:

Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,

And flay'd him as a butcher flays a sheep :
 And why ?—Lord ! not as history rehearſes,
 Becauſe he ſcorn'd his *pipi*ng,—but his *verſes* :
 In vain, like a poor pillor'd punk he bawl'd,
 And kick'd, and writh'd, and ſaid his pray'rs, and
 'Twas all in vain—the god purſu'd his ſport, [*ſpawl'd*;
 And pull'd his *hide* off,—as you'd pull your *ſhirt* !
 Then bid not rage the Muſe's ſoul inflame,
 Whoſe thundering voice *damnation* makes or *fame*.

You'll aſk me, perhaps, “ Good Maſter Peter, pray
 “ What right have *you* to ſpeak ? ”—then pertly
 I'll tell you, Sir—My pocket help'd to pay [*ſmile* :

For building that expenſive pile,
 A pile that credit to the nation gains,
 And does *no* honour to your worſhip's brains.
 It made a tax on candles and ſhoe-leather,
 Of monſtrous uſe in dirty weather :
 It alſo made a tax on butcher's ſhops,
 So ſpread its influence o'er *poetic chops* ;
 A moſt alarming tax to ev'ry poet,
 Whoſe poor lank greyhound ribs with ſorrow ſhew it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners,
 And don't chuſe coblers, blackſmiths, tinkers, tanners :
Some people love the converſe of low folks,
 To gain broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes—
 Tho' *thou*, 'midſt dulneſs, may'ſt be pleas'd to *ſhine*—
 REYNOLDS ſhall ne'er fit cheek-by-jowl with SWINE.

O D E

O D E IV.

THE POET AGAIN PAYETH HIS RESPECTS TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS—COMPLAINETH OF HIS ILLIBERALITY IN HIS CHOICE OF R. A.'S—ADVISETH HIM TO KEEP COMPANY WITH PRUDENCE, WHOM HE DESCRIBETH MOST NATURALLY—HE THREATENETH THE KNIGHT—AND CONCLUDETH WITH A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

THE Muse is in the fidgets—can't sit still—
She must have t'other talk with you, Sir Will.
Since her last Ode, with sorrow hath she heard
You want not men with heav'nly *genius* blest,
But wish the title of R. A. conferr'd

On such as catch the bugs, and sweep the spiders best,
Wash off the larger statues best, the faces,
And clean the dirty linen of the GRACES :
Scour best the skins of the young marble brats,——
Trap mice, and clear th' academy from rats.

You look for men whose heads are rather *tulbish*,
Or, drum like, better form'd for *sound* than *sense* ;—
Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to dispense,
You want the *big-bon'd drayhorse* for your *rubbish*.

Raise not the Muse's anger, I desire ;
High-born, she's hotter than the lightning's fire,
And proud ! (believe the poet's word)
Proud as the lady of a new-made lord ;

Proud

Proud as, in all her gorgeous trappings drest,
 Fat Lady Mayorefs at a city-feast ;
 Whose spouse makes wigs, or some such glorious thing,
 Shoes, gloves, hats, night-caps, breeches, for the King !

PRUDENCE, Sir William, is a jewel,—
 Is cloaths, and meat, and drink, and fuel !
 PRUDENCE ! for man the very best of *wives*,
 Whom BARDS have *seldom* met with in their lives ;
 Which, *certés*, doth account for, in some measure,
 Their grievous want of worldly treasure,
 On which the *greatest blockheads* make their *brags* ;
 And sheweth why we see, instead of lace,
 About the poet's back, with little grace,
 Those fluttering *French-like* followers,—call'd RAGS.

PRUDENCE ! a sweet, obliging, curtsying lass,
Fit through this hypocritic world to *pass* !
 Who kept at first a little peddling shop,
 Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,
 Wash'd her own smocks, caught her own fleas,
 And rose to fame and fortune by degrees ;
 Who, when she enter'd other people's houses,
 Till spoke to, was as silent as a mouse is ;
 And of opinions, though possess'd a store,
 She left them with her pattens—at the door.

Sir William, you're a *hound* ! and hunting FAME ;—
 Undoubtedly the *woman* is fair game :
 But, *Nimrod*, mind—my Muse is WHIPPER-IN !

So

So that, if ever you disgrace,
By turning *cur*, your noble race,
The Lord have mercy on your *curship*'s skin!

O D E V.

THE POET OPENETH HIS ACCOUNT OF THE EXHIBITION AT
THE ACADEMY—PRAISETH REYNOLDS—HALF DAMNETH
MR. WEST—COMPLETELY DAMNETH MR. WRIGHT OF
DERBY—MENTIONETH MR. FUSELI—COMPLIMENTETH
MR. OPIE.

MUSE, sing the wonders of the present year:
Declare what works of sterling worth appear,
REYNOLDS, his heads divine, as usual, gives,
Where Guido's, Rubens', Titian's genius lives!
Works! I'm afraid, like beauty of *rare quality*,
Born soon to fade!—too subject to mortality!

WEST most judiciously my counsel takes,
Paints by the acre—witness Parson PETER*:
For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,
Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not *good*,—
Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood:
Nor of the figures dare I praise th' *expression*,
With *some folks* thought a *trifle of transgression*.

* Peter preaching, by West.

WEST, your *Last Supper* is a hungry piece ;—
 Your Tyburn saints will not your fame increase :
 With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper !
 Were they for sale, as Heav'n's my Judge,
 To give five farthings for them I should grudge,
 Nay, ev'n my old tobacco-stopper.

Candour must own, that frequently thy paints
 Have play'd the *devil* with the *saints* :
 For me ! I fancy them like *doves* and *throffles* !
 But *thou*, if we believe *thy* art,
 Enough to make us pious Christians *start*,
 Have very scurvy notions of *Apostles*.

What of thy landscape * shall I say,
 Holding the old white sow, and sucking litter ?
 Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,
 Thou gav'st the Muse such reason to be bitter !
 But, Muse, be soft, and *gently*, *gently* sigh—
 “ More damned stuff was never seen by eye.”

Yet mind thy *landscape* equals Derby WRIGHT's †,
 Whose canvass gives us very *dismal* nights :
 O'er *woollen* hills, where *gold* and *silver* moons,
 Now mount like *sixpences*, and now *balloons* ;

* A most pitiable performance, indeed.—It may be fairly called the *Dotage*.

† A painter of moon-lights.

Where curling wild, in different directions,
Nice *vermicelli* represents *reflections* !
In short, where ev'ry thing we see appear,
Seems to exclaim—"What bus'ness have we here?"

FUSELI resumes the brush, to please the few :
He deems the MILLION, senseless, arrant crew——
For *ridicule*—just *fit* to make a *feast*——
A Caliban—a great unjudging beast
Whose crab-like soul to no great heights can climb,
And therefore cannot feel the *true* SUBLIME.

OPIE this year (so say his forms and faces)
Hath deign'd to pick acquaintance with the GRACES.
But where are all his *old* heads flown ?

Pray, Master OPIE, leave your tricks,
And let our eyes sometimes on pictures fix
That REMBRANDT had been *proud* to own.

O D E VI.

THE POET ADDRESSETH HIS MAJESTY—PLEADETH THE CAUSE
OF POOR STARVING POETRY—HE ACKNOWLEDGETH IN A
FORMER ODE THE KINDNESSES OF FAME, YET THROWETH
OUT A HINT TO HIS MAJESTY, THAT HIS FINANCES MAY
BE IMPROVED—HE RELATETH A MARVELLOUS STORY OF
A JESUIT—RECOMMENDETH SOMETHING SIMILAR TO HIS
SOVEREIGN.

AN'T please your Majesty, I'm overjoy'd

To find your family so fond of Painting :
I wish her sister POETRY employ'd——

Poor, dear, neglected girl ! with hunger fainting.
Your royal grandfire, (trust me, I'm no fibber,)
Was vastly fond of COLLY CIBBER,

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt !

And if a battle grac'd the Rhine or Weser,
He'd cry, "*Mine poet sal mak Ode upon't !*"

Then forth there came a flaming Ode to CÆSAR.

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit,

Some glorious action of your life ;
And then your humble poet's wit,

Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,
Shall mount you on her glorious balloon odes,
Like Rome's great CÆSAR, to th' immortal GODS*.

* Divisum Imperium, cum Jove, Cæsar habet.

A Naples' Jesuit, HISTORY declares,
 On slips of paper scribbl'd pray'rs,
 Which shew'd of wisdom great profundity;
 Then fold them to the country folks,
 To give their turkies, hens, and ducks,
 To bring increase of fowl-fecundity :—

It answer'd—On their turkies, ducks, and hens,
 The country people all were full of brags—
 Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
 Squat down, and laid like conjuration-bags.

I with this *sage* experiment was try'd
 Upon the Muse, my gentle bride;
 And slips of paper given her, with this *pray'r*—
 “ Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at sight.”
 Her sweet prolific pow'rs 'twould so *delight*!
 She'd breed like a *tame rabbit* or a *bare*!
 Thine idle supplication, Muse, give o'er,
 And know, that Avarice is always poor.

O D E VII.

PETER'S ACCOUNT OF WONDERFUL RELIQUES IN FRANCE,
 WITH THE DEVOTION PAID TO THEM—THE SENSIBLE
 APPLICATION TO PAINTERS AND PAINTING, BY WAY
 OF SIMILE.

IN France, some years ago—some twenty-three—
 At a fam'd church, where hundreds daily jostle,
 I wisely paid a priest six sous to see
 The *thumb* of Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,
 The rabble rais'd its eyes—like ducks in thunder;
 Because in virtues it was vastly rich,
 Had cur'd possess'd of devils, and the itch;
 Work'd various wonders on a scabby pate.—
 Made little sucking children straight,
 Though crook'd like ram's horns by the rickets;
 Made people see, though blind as moles—
 And made your sad, hyfteric souls,
 As gay as grafshoppers and crickets;
 Brought noses back again to faces,
 Long stol'n by *Venus* and her *Graces*;
 And eyes to fill their parent sockets,
 Of which sad love had pick'd their pockets:
 And had the priest *permitted*, with their kisses,
 The mob had smack'd the holy thumb to pieces.
 Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apostle's thumb,—
 But mum!——
 It play'd as well of *miracles* the trick,
 Although a *painted* piece of rotten *slick*!
 For six sous more, behold! to view, was bolted
 A *feather* of the Angel Gabriel's wing!
 Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,
 No holy legends tell, nor poets sing.
 But *was* it Gabriel's feather, heav'nly Muses?
 It was *not* Gabriel's feather, but a *goose's*!
 But stay! from truth we should not wish to wander,
 For, possibly, the owner was a *gander*.

Painters!

Painters! you take me right:—The muse supposes
 You make your *coup-de-maitre* dashes,
 Christen them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noses,
 Beards, chins, and whiskers, and eye-lashes;
 As like, p'rhaps, as a *horse* is like a *plumb*,
 Or 'foresaid stick, St. Tom th' Apostle's thumb.

With purer eyes the British vulgar sees:
 We are no *craw-thumper's*, no *devotees*;
 So that whene'er your fingers are *mere wood*,
 Our eyes will never think 'em *flesh* and *blood*.

O D E VIII.

THE GENEROUS PETER RESCUETH THE IMMORTAL RAPHAEL
 FROM THE OBLOQUY OF MICHAEL ANGELO—THE POET
 MORALIZETH—TELLETH A STORY NOT TO THE CREDIT
 OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AND NOBLY DEFENDETH RAPHAEL'S
 NAME AGAINST HIS INVIDIOUS ATTACK—CONCLUDETH
 WITH A MOST SAGE OBSERVATION.

How difficult in artists to allow
 To brother brushmen ev'n a grain of merit!
 Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,
 They shew a sniv'ling, diabolic spirit.

So 'tis, however moralists may chatter—
 What's worse still—nature will be always nature.

We can't brew Burgundy from four small beer,
Nor make a filken purse of a sow's ear.

Sweet is the voice of *Praise*!—from eve to morn,
From blushing morn to darkling eve again,
My Muse the brows of Merit could adorn,
And, lark-like, swell the panegyric strain.

PRAISE, like the balm which evening's dewy star
Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower,
Lifts modest pining Merit from despair,
And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

P—x take me, if ever I read the story
Of *Michael Angelo* without much swearing;
'Tis such a slice cut off from *Michael's* glory,
He surely had been brandying it, or beering:
That is, in plainer English, he was drunk,
And candour from the man with horror shrunk.

Raphael did honour to the Roman school,
Yet Angelo vouchsaf'd to call him *fool*!
When working in the Vatican, would stare,
Threw down his brush, and stamp and swear,
If e'er a porter let him in—he'd *stone* him,
And—if he Raphael caught—most surely *bone* him.

He swore the world was a rank ass
To pay a compliment to Raphael's *stuff*;
For that he knew the fellow well enough,
And that his paltry metal would not *pass*.

Such

Such was the language of this false Italian :
 One time he christen'd Raphael a Pygmalion,
 Swore that his Madams were compos'd of stone ;
 Swore that his expressions were like owls so tame,
 His drawings, like the lamest cripple, lame ;
 That, as for composition, he had none,

Young artists ! these assertions I deny——
 'Twas vile ill manners—not to say a *lie* :
 RAPHAEL did *real* excellence inherit ;
 And if you ever chance to paint as well,
 I, *bona fide*, do foretell,
 You'll certainly be men of *merit*.

O D E IX.

THE GOSSIPING PETER TELLETH A STRANGE STORY, AND
 TRUE, THOUGH STRANGE—SEEMETH TO ENTERTAIN NO
 VERY ELEVATED OPINION OF THE WISDOM OF KINGS—
 HINTETH AT THE NARROW ESCAPE OF SIR JOSHUA
 REYNOLDS—MR. RAMSAY'S RICHES—A RECOMMENDATION
 OF FLATTERY AS A SPECIFIC IN FORTUNE-MAKING.

I'M told, and I believe the story,
 That a fam'd Queen of Northern brutes,
 A GENTLEWOMAN of *prodigious* glory,
 Whom *ev'ry* sort of epithet *well suits* ;
 Whose husband *dear*, just happening to *provoke* her,
 Was shov'd to heaven upon a *red-hot poker* !

Sent to a certain KING, not King of *France*——

Desiring by SIR JOSHUA's hand his PHIZ——

What did the royal Quiz?

Why, *damn'd genteelly* fat to Mr. DANCE *!

Then sent it to the Northern Queen——

As sweet a bit of *wood* as e'er was seen!

And *therefore* most *unlike* the PRINCELY HEAD——

He might as well have sent a PIG OF LEAD.

Down ev'ry throat the piece was cramm'd,

As done by REYNOLDS, and deserv'dly damn'd;

For as to Master Dance's art,

It ne'er was worth a fingle * * * *!

Reader, I BLUSH!—*am delicate this time!*

So let thy IMPUDENCE supply the RHYME.

Thank God! that kings cannot our taste controul,

And make each subject's poor submissive soul

Admire the TASTE that JUDGEMENT oft cries fie on:

Had *things been so*, poor Reynolds we had seen

Painting a BARBER'S POLE—an ALE-HOUSE QUEEN,

The CAT and GRIDIRON, or the OLD RED LION!

* The true reason that induced his Majesty to sit to Mr. DANCE, was *laudable royal* œconomy. Mr. DANCE charged fifty pounds for the picture.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS's price was somewhat more than a hundred—A very great difference in the market-price of paint and canvass; and, let me say, that justified the preference given to the man who worked *cheapest*.

At

At Plympton *, p'rhaps, for some grave Doctor Slop,
 Painting the pots and bottles of the shop;
 Or in the DRAMA to get meat to munch,
 His brush divine had pictur'd scenes for PUNCH!
 Whilst WEST was whelping 'midst his paints,
 Moses and Aaron, and *all sorts* of saints!
 Adams and Eves, and snakes and apples,
 And dev'ls, for beautifying *certain* CHAPELS:
 But Reynolds is no *favourite*, that's the *matter*,
 He hath not learnt the noble art—to *flatter* †.

Thrice happy times, when MONARCHS find them
hard things

To teach us *what* to view with *admiration*;
 And, like their heads on *halfpence* and *brass-farthings*,
 Make their OPINIONS *current* through the nation!

I've heard that RAMSAY ‡, when he died,
 Left just nine rooms well stuff'd with queens and kings;
 From *whence* all nations might have been supply'd,
 That *long'd* for *valuable things*.

Viceroy's, ambassadors, and plenipos,
 Bought them to join their raree-shows.

In foreign parts,
 And shew the PROGRESS of the BRITISH ARTS.

* Sir Joshua's native spot, in Devonshire.

† This Ode was composed before Sir Joshua was dubbed King's Painter. Possibly the great artist *dreamt* of my BEAUTIFUL LYRIC, and pursued its advice.

‡ Late painter to his Majesty.

Whether

Whether they purchas'd by the *pound* or *yard*,
 I cannot *tell*—because I never *heard*;
 But *this* I *know*, his *shop* was like a *fair*,
 And dealt most *largely* in this ROYAL WARE.
 See what it is to gain a Monarch's smile! —
 And hast thou miss'd it, Reynolds, all this while?
 How stupid! pr'ythee, seek the COURTIER'S SCHOOL,
 And learn to manufacture OIL OF FOOL.

FLATTERY's the turnpike-road to FORTUNE's door—
 TRUTH is a *narrow lane*, all full of quags,
 Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags,
 And work-houses—sad refuge for the poor! —
 FLATTERY's a MOUNTEBANK so *spruce*—gets riches;
 TRUTH, a plain SIMON PURE, a QUAKER PREACHER,
 A *moral mender*, a disgusting teacher,
 That never got a six-pence by her SPEECHES!

O D E X.

THE LOFTY PETER BEGINNETH WITH AN ORIGINAL SIMILE
 —DISPLAYETH A DEEP KNOWLEDGE OF HOMER AND
 MODERN DUCHESSES—CONCLUDETH WITH A PROPHECY
 ABOUT HIS SOVEREIGN.

PAINTERS who figure in the Exhibition,
 Are pretty nearly in the same condition
 With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the season gathers;
Flung

Flung at by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,
That has the sense to throw a bat,
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This little difference, however, lies

Between the *painter* and the *fowl*, I find :——
The artist for the post of danger *tries*——

The fowl is fasten'd much against his *mind* ;
Who, d—ns his sentence, would annul it,——
Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and instead
Of being beat with bats about the head,
Make handsome love to a smart pullet.

And yet the painter like a booby groans,
Who courts the very bats that break his bones.

But *who* from scandal is exempt ?

Who doth not meet at times, contempt ?

Great Jove, the god of gods, in *figures* rich,
Oft call'd his bosom queen a *saucy bitch* !
Achilles * call'd great Agamemnon *hog*,
An impudent, deceitful, dirty *dog* !

Behold our lofty duchesses pull caps,
And give each other's reputations raps,
As *freely* as the drabs of Drury's school ; [king,
And who, pray, knows that GEORGE, our gracious
(Said by his courtiers to know *every* thing,)
May not, by *future times*, be call'd a FOOL !

* Vid. HOMER.

O D E XI.

THE BARD SENSIBLY REPROVETH THE YOUNG ARTISTS FOR
THEIR PROPENSITY TO ABUSE—MOST WITTILY COM-
PARETH THEM TO HORSE-LEECHES, GAME-CKOCKS, AND
CURS.

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealousies that swell
In some sad artists' souls, I do despise :
Instead of nobly *striving* to excel,
You *strive* to pick out one another's eyes.
To be a PAINTER was Coreggio's glory——
His speech should flame in gold—"SONO PITTORE!"

But what, if truth were spoke, would be *your* speeches?
This—"We're a set of fame-sucking horse-leeches,
" Without a *blush*, the *poorest* scandal speaking——
" Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking !
" As if the globe we dwell on were *so small*,
" There really was not *room enough* for ALL."

Young men !——

I do presume that *one* of you in *ten*
Hath kept a dog or two, and hath remark'd,
That when you have been comfortably feeding,
The curs, without one atom of court-breeding,
With wat'ry jaws, hath win'd, and paw'd, and bark'd ;
Shew'd

Shew'd anxiousness about the mutton-bone,
And, 'stead of *your* mouth, wish'd it in their *own* ;
And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
Heav'ns ! what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother !
This, perhaps, has often touch'd you to the quick,
And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick* ;
And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing,
An eloquence of wond'rous use in wars,
Amongst sea-captains and the brave jack tars.

Now tell me honestly—pray don't you find
Somewhat in Christians just of the same kind
That you experienc'd in the curs,
Causing your anger and demurs ?
As, for example, when your mistress, FAME,
Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,
Takes up her trumpet to give the just applause,
How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wish'd, and
whin'd ;
And growl'd, and curs'd, and swore, and pin'd,
And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws !
The dogs deserv'd *their* kicking to be sure ;
But *you* ! O fie, boys ! go and sin no *more*.

O D E XII.

THE COMPASSIONATE PETER LAMENTETH THE DEATH OF
MR. HONE, AN R. A.—RECOMMENDETH HIM TO OBLIVION,
THE GREAT PATRON OF A NUMBER OF GENIUSES.

THERE's one R. A. more dead! stiff is poor HONE!
His works be buried with him under the same stone;
I think the sacred art will not bemoan 'em;
But, Muse! *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*——
As to his host a traveller, with a sneer,
Said of his DEAD *small-beer*.

Go then, poor HONE! and join a numerous train
Sunk in OBLIVION's wide pacific ocean;
And may its *whale-like* stomach feel no motion
To cast thee, like a JONAH, up again.

O D E XIII.

THE POET EXHIBITETH THE INCONSTANCY OF THE WORLD
BY A MOST ELEGANT COMPARISON OF A FLOCK OF
STARLINGS.

YOUNG artists! it may so fall out,
That folks shall make a grievous rout;

Follow

Follow you—praise your painting to the skies ;
When, perhaps, a ribband, (hie upon it !)
A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,
Caught, by its *glare*, their *wonder-spying* eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* suppose that you inherit
Mountains of unexampl'd merit ;
That *always* you *shall* be pursu'd,
And like a *wond'rous* beauty woo'd.

Great is the world's inconstancy, God knows !
Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows* ;
Next year the million pitches on a ruff,
A balloon-cap, a shawl, a muff ;
For *you*, no longer cares a fingle-ruff,
Following *some other brother* of the brush.

To raise to nobler flights the Muse's wing,
A *simile's* a very pretty thing ;
To whose sweet aid I'm oft a humble debtor,
T'illustrate with more force the thing I mean ;—
And if the *simile* be neat and clean,
Tant mieux—that is—*so much the better*.

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
Accept one just imported from the mint.

You've seen a flock of starlings, to be sure,
A hundred thousand in a *mess*, or more ;
Who fortunately having found
A lump of horse-litter upon the ground,

Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung.
 Then, Lord, what *doings* ! Heav'ns, what *admiration* !
 What *joy*, what *transport*, 'midst the speckl'd nation !
 How busy ev'ry *beak*, and ev'ry *tongue* !
 All talking, gabbling, but none list'ning,
 Just like a group of gossips at a christ'ning ;——
 Let but a *cow-dab* show its grass-green face,
 They're *up*, without so much as saying grace ;
 And lo ! the busy flock around it pitches !
 Just as upon the lump before,
 They gabble, wonder, and adore !
 And equal *brother MARTYN's* * speeches.
 These starlings show the world, with great propriety,
 Mad as March-hares, or curlews for VARIETY.

O D E XIV.

THE GREAT PETER DESPISETH FRENCHMEN.

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,
 You will not copy, monkey-like, the French,
 Whose pictures, justly, are all standing jokes,
 Whether they represent a man or wench.

* A much-admired speaker in the House of Commons, who
mem. con. was baptized the *Starling* MARTYN.

If

If Monsieur paints a man of fashion,
 Making an *obeissance* well bred,
 The gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a passion,
 His back all crumpl'd o'er his head :
 Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel,
 And bone-breaking's no *trifling thing*, G—d knows!
 Amidst his pains the fellow's so *genteel* !
 He *feels* with such *decorum* all the blows.
 Or, if a culprit's going to the *devil*,
 Which some folks also deem a serious *evil*,
 So *dégagé* you see the man advance,
 His arms, hands, shoulders, turn'd-out toes,
 Madona-lifted eyes, and cock'd up nose,
 Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.
 I've seen a sleeping VENUS, I declare,
 With hands and legs stretch'd out with *such* an air !
 Her neck and head *so* twist'd on one shoulder,
 With *such* an *heav'nly* smile, that each beholder
 Would swear, (disdaining DANCING's *vulgar* track,)
 The dame was walking minuets on her *back* !
 E'en an old woman yielding up her breath
 By means of cholic, stone, or gravel,
 How smirkingly she feels the pangs of death !
 With what a *grace* her soul prepares to *travel* !

A Frenchman's angel is an OPERA PUNK ; —
 His Virgin Marys—milliners half drunk ;
 Our blest Redeemer, a rank *petit maître*,
 In every attitude and feature ;

The humble Joseph, so *genteelly* made,
 Poor gentleman!—as if above his trade,
 And only fit to *compliment* his wife,—
 So *delicate*! as if he scarcely knew
 Oak from deal-board—a gimblet from a screw;
 And never made a *mouse-trap* in his life.

Think not I wantonly attack those people:—
 In prejudice that I'm as stiff's a steeple;
 No!—yet, I own, I hate the shrugging dogs—
 I've liv'd among them, eat their frogs,
 And vomited them up, thank God, again!
 So that I'm able now to say,
 I've carried nought of *theirs* away,
 Which otherwise had made the puppies *vain*.

ODE XV.

THE CONCEITED PETER TURNETH AN ARRANT EGOTIST—
 MENTIONETH A NUMBER OF FINE FOLKS—THIS MINUTE
 CONDEMNETH WILL WHITEHEAD'S VERSES; AND THE
 NEXT, EXCULPATETH THE LAUREAT, BY CLAPPING THE
 RIGHT SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE.

NO giant more rejoiceth in his course,
 Not Count O'Kelly in a winning horse,
 Not Mrs. Hobart * to preserve a box,
 Not George the Third to triumph o'er Charles Fox!

* The contest between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Salisbury,
 with their seconds, about a box at the Opera, is a subject for
 the most *sublime* epic.

Not

Not Spain's *wife* monarch to bombard Algiers——

Not pillories, order'd by the law's stern voice,

Can more rejoice

To hold Kitt Atkinson's two ears ;

Not more rejoiceth patriotic Pitt,

By patriotic grocers to be fed ;

Not Mother Windfor* in a fair young tit,

Nor gaping deans, to hear a bishop's dead :

Not more reform'd John Wilks, to *court* the crown ;

Nor Skinner in his aldermanic gown,

Nor common-council-men on turtle feeding :

Not more rejoice old envious maids, so stale,

To hear of weeping beauty *a sad tale*,

And tell the world a reigning toast is *breeding* :—

Than I, the Poet, in a lucky Ode,

That catches at a hop the Cynic face ;

Kills by a laugh its grave Bubonic face ;

And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there such grave dons that read my rhymes?

All-gracious Heav'n, forgive their crimes !

Oh ! be their lot to have *wife-talking* wives ;

And if in reading they delight,

To read, ye gods ! from morn to night,

Will Whitehead's † birth-day sonnets all their lives.

* A Priestess of the Cyprian Goddess.

† This Ode was written before a late Laureat resigned his earthly crown for a heavenly one. May Mr. Tom Warton be more successful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the Latin adage—*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*.

Perhaps, Reader, thou'rt a tinker or a tanner,
 And mendest kettles in a pretty manner;
 Or tanneft hides of bulls, and cows, and calves:
 But if the faucepan, or the kettle,
 Originally be bad metal,
 Thou'lt fay, "It only can be done by *halves*;"
 Or if by *nature* bad the bullocks' skins,
 "They'll make vile shoes and boots for people's *skins*."

Then, wherefore do I thus abuse
 Will Whitehead's *hard-driv'n* Muse?
 Who merits rather *Pity's* tend'rest sigh:
 For what the devil can he do,
 When forc'd to praise—the *Lord knows who*!
 Verse *must* be dull on subjects so damn'd dry.

O D E XVI.

THE CLASSIC PETER ADVISETH PAINTERS TO CULTIVATE
 TASTE—LASHETH SOME OF THE IGNORANT—ACCUSETH
 PAINTERS OF AN AFFECTION FOR VULGARITY, WHOM
 HE HORSE-WHIPPETH—RECOMMENDETH A CHARMING SUB-
 JECT—TELLETH THE SECRET OF HIS LOVE, AND GIVETH
 A DIE-AWAY SONNET OF FORMER DAYS—PERSECUTETH
 TENIER'S DEVILS, BUT APPLAUDETH THE EXECUTION.

PAINTERS! improve your education;
 That surely stands in need of reformation.
 I've heard that some can neither write nor read,
 Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many,

Many, I know, would rather paint a *bear*,
Or *monkey* playing his quaint tricks,
Than some sweet damsel, whom all hearts revere,
Whose charms the eye of admiration fix——
Would rather see a *stump* with strength express,
Than all the snowy fulness of her breast,
Or *lip*, that innocence so sweetly moves,
Or *smile*, the fond Elysium of the Loves.
This brings those days to mem'ry when my tongue,
To Cynthia's beauty pour'd my soul in song;
When on the margin of the murmuring stream,
My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream
Of Cynthia's grace—of Cynthia's smiles divine,
And made those smiles and peerless beauty *mine*.

It brings to mem'ry, too, those dismal times,
When nought my sighs avail'd, and nought my rhymes;
When at the silent, solemn close of day,

My pensive steps would court the darkling grove,
To hear, in Philomela's lonely lay,

The fainting echoes of my luckless love;
Till night's encreasing shades around me stole,
And mingl'd with the gloom that wrapp'd my soul.

Reader! dost chuse a sonnet of those days?
Take it—and say not I'm a foe to *praise*.

TO

CYNTHIA.

O THOU ! whose love-inspiring air
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes ;
My day declines in dark despair,
And night hath lost her sweet repose :

Yet who, alas ! like me was blest,
To *others* ere thy charms were known ;
When fancy told my raptur'd breast,
That Cynthia smil'd on *me* alone ?

Nymph of my soul ! forgive my sighs ;
Forgive the jealous fires I feel ;
Nor blame the trembling wretch who dies
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo ! theirs is every winning art,
With Fortune's gifts unknown to *me* !
I only boast a simple heart,
In love with *innocence* and *thee*.

BUILD

BUILD not, alas! your popularity
On that beast's back yclep'd *Vulgarity* ;
A beast that many a booby takes a pride in,—
A beast beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How should the man who loves to be *unchaste*,
To feed on carrion dread his hound-like paunch,
Judge of an ortolan's delicious taste,
Or feel the flavour of a fine fat haunch ?
Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,
How should he judge of claret or tokay ?

Tenier's devils, witches, monkies, toads,
That make me shudder whilst I pen these Odes,
Most *truly painted*, to be sure, you'll find :—
How greater far the excellence, to paint
With heav'n-directed eye, the beauteous *saint*,
And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind !
Envy not such as have in *dirt* surpass ye ;—
'Tis very, very easy to be *nafty* !

O D E XVII.

THE MORALIZING BARD EXPOSETH THE UNFAIRNESS OF
MANKIND IN THE ARTICLE OF LAUGHING—DESCANTETH
UPON WIT—DISCLAIMETH PRETENSION TO IT—MAKETH
LOVE TO CANDOUR, AND MODESTLY CONCLUDETH.

HOW dearly mortals love to laugh and grin !
Just as they love to stuff themselves to *chin*
With other people's meat—good saving sense !
Because at other folks' expence ;
But turn the laugh on *them*—how chang'd their notes !
“ O damn 'em ! this is *serious*—cut their throats !”

WIT, says an author that I do not know,
Is like TIME's scythe—cuts down both friend and foe ;—
Ready each object, tyger-like, to *leap on* !

“ Lord ! what a butcher this same *Wit* ! thank God !

“ (A critic cries,) in Master Pindar's Ode,

“ We spy th' effects of no such *dangerous weapon*.”

No, Sir ! 'tis dove-ey'd CANDOUR's charms

I woo to these desiring arms ;

She is my *goddeſs*—to her shrine I bend :

NYMPH of the voice ! that beats the morning lark,

Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park *,

Be thou my soft companion and my friend !

* Two brothers of the most distinguished merit on the oboe.

Thy

Thy lovely hand my Pegasus shall guide,
 And teach thy *modest* pupil how to ride :
 Thus shall I hurt not any *groupe-composers*,
 From Sarah Benwell's *brush*, to Mary Mozer's *.

O D E XVIII.

THE JUDICIOUS PETER GIVETH MOST WHOLESOME ADVICE
 TO LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

W HATE'ER your wish in landscape to excel,
 London's the very place to mar it ;
 Believe the *oracles* I tell,
 There's very little landscape in a *garret*.
 Whate'er the flocks of *fleas* you keep,
 'Tis badly copying *them* for goats and *sheep* ;
 And if you'll take the Poet's honest word,
 A *bug* must make a miserable *bird*.

A *rust-light* winking in a bottle's neck,
 Ill-represents the glorious *orb* of *morn* !
 Nay, though it were a candle with a *wick*,
 'T would be a *representative* *forlorn*.

* The last of those ladies, an R. A. by means of a *sublime* picture of a plate of GOOSEBERRIES—the other in *hopes* of academic honours, through an equal degree of merit.

I think,

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
 For *trees*, to copy legs of a *joint-stool* ;
 Or ev'n by *them* to represent a *stump* :
 As also *broomsticks*—which, though well he rig
 Each with an old *fox-colour'd wig*,
 Must make a very poor *autumnal clump*.

You'll say—" Yet *such ones*, oft a person sees
 " In many artist's trees ;
 " And in some paintings, we have all beheld,
 " Green bays hath surely fat for a green field :
 " Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows ;
 " Cats for ram-goats—and curs for bulls and cows."

All this, my lads, I freely grant ;—
 But better things from you I want.
 As SHAKESPEARE says, (a bard I much *approve*,)
 " *Lift, lift, Oh ! lift !*"—if thou dost painting love.

CLAUDE painted in the open air !——
 Therefore to Wales at once repair ;
 Where scenes of *true* magnificence you'll find :
 Besides this great advantage—if in debt,
 You'll have with creditors no *tête à tête* :
 So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all *behind* :
 Who, *hunt* you with what noise they may,
 Must hunt for *needles* in a *stack of hay*.

O D E XIX.

THE POET HINTETH TO ARTISTS THE VALUE OF TIME.

THE man condemn'd on Tyburn's tree to *swing*,
 Deems such a show a very *dullish* thing ;
 He'd rather a *spectator* be, I ween,
 Than the sad *actor* in the scene.

He blames the *law's* too rigid resolution :
 If with a beef-steak stomach—in his prime,
 Lord, with what *reverence* he looks on time !

And, most of all—the *hour of execution* !
 And as the cart doth to the tree advance,
 How *wond'rous willing* to postpone the *dance* !

Believe me, Time's of monstrous use ;
 But, ah ! how subject to abuse !
 It seems that with him folks were often *cloy'd*.
 I do pronounce it, Time's a *public good*,
 Just like a youthful beauty—to be *woo'd*,
 Made *much* of, and be *properly* enjoy'd.

Time's sands are wonderfully small ;
 They slip between the fingers in a hurry ;
 Therefore, on each young artist let me call,
 To prize them as an Indian does his *curry* * ;
 Whether his next rare *exhibition* be
 Amidst the great R. A.'s—or on a *tree*.

* An universal food in the East-Indies.

O D E XX.

THE UNFORTUNATE PETER LAMENTETH THE LOSS OF AN
IMPORTANT ODE BY RATS—HE PRAYETH DEVOUTLY FOR
THE RATS.

HIATUS maxime deflendus;

I've lost an ODE of charming praise;
From like misfortune Heav'n defend us!

The sweetest of my lyric lays!
Where many a youthful artist shone with fame,
Like his own pictures in a fine gilt frame.
Perdition catch the roguish rats!
Their trembling limbs should fill the maws of cats
Were I to be their sole adviser.

Vermin! like trunk-makers and pastry-cooks,
Dealing in legions of delightful books,
Yet with the *learning* not a whit the *wiser*.
Thank G—d! the ODE unto MYSELF they *spar'd*,
And, lo! the labour of the lucky bard.

ODE

O D E XXI.

TO

MYSELF.

THE EXALTED PETER WISHETH TO MAKE THE GAPING
WORLD ACQUAINTED WITH THE PLACE OF HIS NATIVITY
—BUT BEFORE HE CAN GET AN ANSWER FROM HIMSELF,
HE MOST SUBLIMELY BURSTETH FORTH INTO AN AD-
DRESS TO MENNYGIZZY AND MOUSE-HOLE, TWO FISHING
TOWNS IN CORNWALL—THE FIRST CELEBRATED FOR
PILCHARDS, THE LAST FOR GIVING BIRTH TO DOLLY
PENTREAIIH—THE POET PRAISETH THE HONCRABLE
DAINES BARRINGTON, AND PILCHARDS—FORGETTETH
THE PLACE OF HIS NATIVITY, AND, LIKE HIS GREAT
ANCESTOR OF THEBES, LEAVETH HIS READERS IN THE
DARK.

O THOU! whose daring works fublime
Defy the rudeft rage of time,
Say!—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,
Did Moufe-hole give thee birth, or Mennygizzy?

HAIL, Mennygizzy! what a town of note!

Where boats, and men, and flinks, and trade, are
stirring;

Where pilchards come in myriads to be caught!

Pilchard! a thousand times as good's a herring.

Pilchard! the idol of the Popish nation!

Hail, little instrument of vast salvation!

Pilchard, I ween, a most soul-saving fish,

On which the Catholics in Lent are *cramm'd*;

Who, had they not, poor souls, this lucky dish,

Would *flesh* eat, and be, consequently, *damn'd*.

Pilchards! whose bodies yield the fragrant oil,

And make the London lamps at midnight smile;

Which lamps, wide spreading salutary light,

Beam on the wandering BEAUTIES of the night,

And shew each gentle youth their cheek's deep roses,

And tell him whether they have eyes and noses.

Hail, Mouse-hole! birth-place of old Doll Pentreath*,

The *last* who jabber'd Cornish—so says Daines,

Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,

With Will-o'-Wisp, to brighten up his brains.

Daines!

* A very old woman of Mouse-hole, supposed (*falsely*, however,) to have been the *last* who spoke the Cornish language. The honorable antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Esq. journeyed,
some

Daines ! who a thousand miles, unwearied, trots
 For bones, brags farthings, ashes, and old pots,
 To prove that folks of old, like *us*, were made
 With heads, eyes, hands, and toes, to drive a trade.

O D E XXII.

PETER CONCLUDETH HIS ODES—SEEMETH HUNGRY—EXPOSTULATETH WITH THE READER—AND GETTETH THE START OF THE WORLD, BY FIRST PRAISING HIS OWN WORKS.

TOM Southern to John Dryden went one day,
 To buy a head and tail-piece for his play : —
 “ Thomas,” quoth John, “ I’ve fold my goods *too*
 cheap,
 “ So, if you please, my price shall take a *leap.*”

some years since, from London to the Land’s End, to converse with this wrinkled, yet delicious *morceau*. He entered Mouse-hole with a kind of triumph, and peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured lover, in the language of the famous Greek Philosopher—“ EUREKA !” The couple kissed—Doll soon after *gabbled*—Daines listened with admiration—committed her speeches to paper, not venturing to trust his memory with *so much treasure*. The transaction was announced to the Society—the Journals were *enriched* with their dialogues—the old lady’s picture was ordered to be taken by the most eminent artist, and the honorable member to be publicly thanked for the DISCOVERY !

O Reader ! look me gravely in the face ;
Speak, is not that with *me* and *thee* the case ;
For this year's Odes I charge thee half-a-crown ;
So, without grumbling, put thy money down ;
For things have desperately ris'n, good Lord !
Fish, flesh, coals, candles, window-lights, and board :
Why should not charming POETRY then rise ?
That comes so dev'lish far, too—from the *skies* !
And lo ! the verses that adorn *this* page,
Beam, comet-like, alas ! but once an age.

FAREWEL

FAREWEL
LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR

1786.

ODE I.

PETER TALKETH OF RESIGNING THE LAUREATSHIP—HE PROPHESETH THE TRIUMPH OF THE ARTISTS ON HIS RESIGNATION—THE ARTISTS ALSO PROPHESEY TO PETER'S DISADVANTAGE—PETER'S LAST COMFORTS, SHOULD THEIR PROPHESEY BE FULFILLED.

PETER, like fam'd CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden,
Who thought a *wicked* court was not an *Eden*,
This year, resigns the laurel crown for ever!

What all the fam'd *academicians* wish;

No more on painted fowl, and flesh, and fish,
He shews the world his carving skill so clever.

Brass, iron, wood-work, stone, in peace shall rest—

“Thank God!” exclaim the works of Mr. WEST.

“Thank

“ Thank God ! ” the WORKS of Louthembourg ex-
For guns of critics, no ignoble game— [claim—

“ No longer now afraid of rhyming praters,

“ Shall we be christen'd *tea-boards*, *varnish'd waiters* :

“ No verse shall swear that ours are *paste-board* rocks

“ Our trees, *brass twigs*; and *mops*, our fleecy flocks.

“ Thank Heav'n ! ” exclaims RIGAUD, with sparkling

“ Then shall my pictures in importance rise, [eyes—

“ And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder.”

Monfieur Rigaud,

It may be so,

To think thy stars have made so strange a blunder,

That bred to *paint*—the genius of a glazier :

That spoil'd, to make a *dauber*, a good brazier.

None by thy partial tongue, (believe my lays,)

Can dare stand forth the herald of thy praise :

Could FAME applaud, whose voice my verse reveres,

JUSTICE should break her trump about her ears.

“ Thank Heav'n ! ” cries Mr. GARVY; and, “ Thank
Cries Mr. COPLEY, “ that this man of Ode, [“ God ! ”

“ No more, barbarian-like, shall o'er us ride :

“ No more, like beads, in nasty order strung,

“ And round the waist of this vile MOHAWK hung,

“ Shall *academic scalps* indulge his pride.

“ No more hung up in this dread fellow's rhyme,

“ Which he most impudently calls *sublime*,

“ Shall we, poor, inoffensive souls,

“ Appear just like so many moles,

“ Trapp'd

-
- " Trapp'd in an orchard, garden, or a field ;
 " Which *Mole-catchers* suspend on trees,
 " To shew their titles to their fees,
 " Like *Doctors*, paid too often for the *kill'd*."

Pleas'd that my verses no more shall annoy ;
 Glad that my blister odes shall cease their stinging ;
 Each wooden figure's mouth expands with joy—
 Hark ! how they all break forth in fingering !

In boasting sounds the grinning *Artists* cry,

- " LO ! PETER's hour of insolence is o'er:
 " His Muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry— [score.
 " His Odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a
 " Art thou, then, weak, like us, thou snarling sniv'ler ?
 " Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driv'ler ?
 " Our Kings and Queens in glory now shall lie,
 " Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame ;
 " Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and sky,
 " No longer, scouted, shall be put to shame :
 " No poet's rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,
 " And swear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings :
 " Fame shall proclaim how well our plum-trees bud,
 " And sound the merits of our marle and mud.
 " Our oaks, our brushwood, and our lofty elms,
 " No jingling tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,
 " Now this vile FELLER is laid low :
 " In peace shall our stone-hedges sleep,

" Our

“ Our huts, our barns, our pigs, and sheep,
“ And wild fowl, from the eagle to the crow.”

They who shall see this PETER in the street,
With fearless eye his front shall meet,
And cry,—“ Is this the man of keen remark?
“ Is this the wight?” shall be their taunting speech;
“ A dog! who dar’d to snap each artist’s breech;
“ And bite Academicians like a shark?

“ He whose broad cleaver chopp’d the sons of paint:
“ Crush’d, like a marrow-bone, each lovely saint;
“ Spar’d not the very clothes about their backs:
“ The little duck-wing’d cherubim abus’d,
“ That could not more inhumanly be us’d,
“ Poorlambkins! had they fall’n amongst the *Blacks*.
“ *He*, once so furious, soon shall want relief,
“ Stak’d through the body, like a paltry thief.

“ How art thou fall’n, O Cherokee!” they cry;
“ How art thou fall’n!” the joyful roofs resound;
“ Hell shall thy body, for a rogue, surround,
“ And there, for ever roasting, may’st thou lie:
“ Like Dives may’st thou stretch in fires along,
“ Refus’d one drop of drink to cool thy tongue.”

Ye goodly gentlemen, repress your yell,
Your hearty wishes for my *health* restrain;
For if our *works* can put us into h-ll,
Kind Sirs! we certainly shall meet again:

Nay,

Nay, what is worfe, I really don't know whether
We muft not lodge in the *ſame* room together.

O D E II.

PETER FLOGS ACADEMICIANS AND DINNER—PITIES THE
PRINCE OF WALES, DUKE OF ORLEANS, DUKE FITZJAMES,
COUNT LAUZUN, LORDS CAERMARTHEN AND BESBOROUGH,
&c. AND PRAISES MR. WELTJIE—EXCULPATES THE PRE-
SIDENT—CONDEMNS SIR W. CHAMBERS AND THE COM-
MITTEE FOR THEIR BAD MANAGEMENT—PETER TALKS
OF VISITING THE FRENCH KING AND THE DUKE OF
ORLEANS.

WHENE'ER ACADEMICIANS run aſtray,
Such ſhould the moral PETER's ſong reclaim—
Of *paint*, this Ode ſhall nothing ſing or fay,
My eagle fatire darts at *diff'rent* game—
Againſt *decorum*—I abhor a *ſinner* ;
And therefore laſh the academic dinner.

Th' ACADEMY, though marvellouſly poor,
Can once a-year afford to *eat* :
By means of kind donations at the door,
The members make a comfortable treat.
Like *Gipſies* in a barn, around their *King*,
That annual meet, to eat, and dance, and ſing.
A feaſt was made of fleſh, fiſh, tarts, creams, jellies,
To ſuit the various qualities of bellies :

Mine

Mine grumbl'd to be ask'd, and be delighted ;
But *wicked* PETER's paunch was not invited.

Yet though no message waited on the *bard*,
With compliments from academic names,
The PRINCE OF WALES receiv'd a civil card,
His GRACE OF ORLEANS too and DUKE FITZ-
Count de Lauzun, and Count Conflan, [JAMES;
A near relation to the man,
In whose poor sides old HAWKE once fix'd his claws,
Were welcom'd by the Academic Lords,
Either by writing, or by words,
To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modest DUKES,
The nimble artists, all with greyhound looks,
Fell on the meat, with teeth prodigious able ;
Seiz'd, of the *synagogue*, the *highest* places,
And left the poor forlorn, their GALLIC GRACES,
To nibble at the bottom of the table !

There sat, too, my good Lord Caermarthen,
As one of the *Canaille*, not worth a farthing !
But what can *titles*, *virtues*, at a feast,
Where *glory* waits upon the *greatest* beast ?

To see a stone-cutter and mason
High mounted o'er those men of quality ;
By no means can our annals blazon
For feats of *courtly* hospitality.

I've

I've heard, however, one or two were *tanners* :
Granted—it doth not much *improve* their manners.

They probably, in answer, may declare,
They thought the feast just like a *hunt* ;
In which, as soon as ever starts the hare,
Each *Nimrod* tries to be first in upon't :
As he's the *greatest*, 'midst the *howling fufs*,
Who *first* can triumph o'er poor dying *russ*.

PETERS* most justly rais'd his eyes of wonder,
And wanted decently to give them *grace* ;
But bent on *ven'son* and on *turbot-plunder*,
A clattering peal of knives and forks took place :
Spoons, plates, and dishes, rattling round the table,
Produc'd a *new* edition of *old Babel*.

They had no *stomach*, o'er a *grace* to nod ;
Nor *time enough* to offer thanks to *God* :
That might be done, they wisely knew,
When they had nothing else to *do*.

His *HIGHNESS* entering somewhat rather late,
Could scarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate :
But not one single *maiden dish*,
Poor gentleman ! of flesh or fish.

Most woefully the *pastry* had been *paw'd*,
And trembling jellies barbarously *claw'd*.

* A respectable clergyman, and one of the academicians.

In short, my gentle readers, to *amaze*,
His HIGHNESS pick'd the bones of the R. A.'s.

O * Weltjie, had thy lofty form been there,
And seen thy PRINCE so serv'd with scrap and slop,
Thou surely would'st have brought him better fare—
A warm beef-steak, perchance, or mutton-chop,
Thou would'st have said, "*De Prence of Wales,*
"*Do too musß honour to be at der feast; [“ by Got,*
"*Vera he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,*
"*But treated wid de bones just like a beast.*
"*De Prence, he was too great to sit and eat*
"*De bones and leafings of de meat;*
"*And munß wat dirty low-lif'd rogues refuse,*
"*By Got! not fit to wipe de Prence's shoes!”*

Great Besborough's Earl, too, came off *second best*;
His murmuring stomach had not *half* a feast;
And therefore it was natural to *mutter*:
To rectify the fault, with joyless looks,
His Lordship bore his belly off to *Brookes*,
Who fill'd the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs! those manœuvres were extremely coarse—
This really was the essence of ill-breeding:
Not for your souls could you have treated worse,
Bum-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

Grant, you eclips'd a pack of hounds, with glee
Pursuing, in full cry, the fainting game—

* Prince's German cook.

Surpafs'd

Surpass'd them, too, in gobbling down the prey :

Still, *great R. A.'s*, I tell you, 'twas a *shame*:

Grant, each of you the wond'rous man excell'd,

Who beat a butcher's dog in eating tripe ;

And that each paunch with guttling was so *swell'd*,

Not one bit more could pass your swallow-pipe :

Grant, that you dar'd such *stuffing feats* display,

That not a soul of you could walk away :

Still, 'midst the triumph of your gobbling fame,

I tell you, *great R. A.'s*, it was a *shame*.

Grant, you were greas'd up to the nose and eyes,

Your cheeks all shining like a lantern's horn,

With tearing hams and fowls, and giblet pies,

And ducks, and geese, and pigeons newly born :

Though great, in your opinion, be your fame,

I tell you, *great R. A.'s*, it was a *shame*.

This, let me own—the candour-loving *Muse*,

Most willingly SIR JOSHUA can excuse,

Who tries the nation's glory to encrease ;

Whose genius rare is very seldom nodding,

But deep on painting subjects plodding,

To rival Italy and Greece.

But pray, SIR * WILLIAM, what have *you* to say ?

No such impediment is in *your* way ;

† Sir W. Chambers.

Genius can't hurt *your etiquette* attention ;
And, Messieurs Tyler, Wilton, and Rigaud,
Have *you* a genius to impede you ?—No !
Nor many a one besides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I shall visit FRANCE, [prog :
And taste of LOUIS, GRAND MONARQUE! the
His GRACE OF ORLEANS, so kind, *perchance*,
May ask me to his house to pick a frog.
And yet, what right have *I* to visit *there* ?
To see a man so vilely treated *here*.

Ye ROYAL ARTISTS, at your *future* feasts,
I fear you'll make their GRACES downright DA-
NIELS:

And as the PROPHET din'd amongst *wild beasts*,
The *Dukes* will join your *pointers* and your *spaniels*.

O D E III.

PETER GIVETH SAGE ADVICE TO MERCENARY ARTISTS, AND
TELLETH A MOST DELECTABLE STORY OF A COUNTRY
BUMPKIN AND A PERIPATETIC RAZOR-SELLER.

FORBEAR, my friends, to sacrifice your fame
To fordid gain, unless that you are starving :
I own that hunger will indulgence claim
For hard stone-heads, and landscape carving,
In order to make haste to sell and eat ;
For there is certainly a charm in meat :
And in rebellious tones, will stomachs speak,
That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,
Who value fame no more than an old shoe ;
Provided for their daubs they get a sale ;
Just like the man——but stay—I'll tell the tale.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence :
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard ;
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
o 3 That

That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose;
With chearfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
“ This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.”

No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave*;
It certainly will be a monstrous prize.
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart, and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to eyes and ears.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
’Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—“ Ah,” Hodge sigh’d!
“ I wish my eighteen pence within my purse.”

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut and dug, and winc’d, and stamp’d and swore;
Brought blood, and danc’d, blasphem’d, and made wry
And curs’d each razor’s body o’er and o’er. [faces,

His *muzzle*, form’d of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge in a passion stretch’d his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench’d claws,
On the vile *cheat*, that sold the goods.

“ Razors!

“ Razors! a d—n’d confounded dog,

“ Not fit to scrape a hog!”

Hodge fought the fellow—found him, and begun—

“ P’rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you ’tis fun,

“ That people flea themselves out of their lives:

“ You rascal!—for an hour have I been grubbing,

“ Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,

“ With razors just like oyster knives:

“ Sirrah! I tell you, you’re a knave,

“ To cry up razors that can’t *shave*.”

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “I’m not a knave:

“ As for the razors you have bought,

“ Upon my soul, I never thought

“ That they would *shave*.”

“ Not think they’d shave!” quoth Hodge, with
wond’ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell:

“ What were they made for then, you dog?” he cries:

“ Made!” quoth the fellow, with a smile—“ *to sell*.”

O D E IV.

PETER OBSERVETH THE LEX TALIONIS.

WEST tells the world that PETER cannot *rhyme*—
 PETER declares *point blank* that WEST can't *paint*—
 WEST swears I've not an atom of *sublime*—
 I swear he hath no notion of a *saint* :

And that his cross-wing'd cherubims are fowls,
 Baptiz'd by naturalists, *owls* :
 Half of the meek apostles, gangs of robbers :
 His angels, sets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The Holy Scripture says, " All flesh is grass : "—
 With Mr. West, all flesh is brick and brass ;
 Except his horse-flesh, that I fairly own,
 Is often the choicest Portland stone.
 I've said too, that this artist's faces
 Ne'er paid a visit to the *Graces* :

That on *Expression* he can never brag :
 Yet for this article hath he been studying ;
 But in it, never could surpass a pudding—
 No, gentle reader, nor a *pudding-bag*.

I dare not say that Mr. West
 Cannot sound criticism impart :
 I'm told the man with *technicals* is blest,
 That he can talk a deal upon the art :

Yes,

Yes, he can talk, I do not doubt it—
 “About it, goddess, and about it!”

Thus, then, is Mr. *West* deserving praise—
 And let my justice the fair *laud* afford :
 For, lo ! this far-fam'd artist cuts *both ways* ;
 Exactly like the ANGEL GABRIEL'S *sword* :

The beauties of the art his *converse* shews :
 His *canvass* almost ev'ry thing that's *bad* !
 Thus, at th' academy, we must suppose,
 A man more *useful* never could be had :
 Who in himself, a *host*, so much can *do* ;
 Who is both *precept* and *example* too !

O D E V.

GREAT ADVICE IS GIVEN TO GENTLEMEN AUTHORS—TO
 MR. WEBB AND MR. H. WALPOLE PARTICULARLY—PETER
 TAKETH THE PART OF LADY LUCAN—SHEWETH WONDER-
 FUL KNOWLEDGE IN THE ART OF PAINTING—ADMINI-
 STERETH OIL OF FOOL, VULGARLY CALLED PRAISE, TO
 THE 'SQUIRE OF STRAWBERRY-HILL.

ASTRONOMERS should treat of stars and comets,
 Physicians of the bark and vomits :
 Of apoplexies, those light troops of Death,
 That use no ceremony with our breath ;

Ague

Ague and dropfy, jaundice and catarrh,
The grim-look tyrant's heavy horfe of war.

Farriers should write on farcys and the glanders :

Bug-doctors only on bed-disorders :

Farmers on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geese, and

Nightmen alone on aromatic *odours* : [ganders :

The artists should on painting solely write :

Like David, then they may 'good things indite.'

But when the mob of *gentlemen*

Break on their province, and take up the pen,

The Lord have mercy on the art !

I'm sure their goose-quills can no light impart.

This verse be thine, * 'Squire Webb—it is thy due.

Pray, Mr. Horace Walpole †, what think *you* ?

HORACE, thou art a man of taste and sense,

Then don't, of *folly*, be at such expence :

Do not to ‡ LADY LUCAN pay such court—

Her wisdom surely will not thank thee for't—

Ah ! don't endeavour *thus* to dupe he,

By swearing that she equals § COOPER.

* Author of a *Treatise on Painting*, who seems to display more erudition than science.

† A gentleman well known in the literary world, an *amateur* in the graphic line.

‡ A lady of great ingenuity in the miniature department.

§ A famous miniature painter in the time of Cromwell.

So

So gross the flattery, it seems to shew
That verily thou dost not know

The pow'rs requir'd for copying a *picture*,
And those for copying *Dame Nature* :
Alas ! a much more arduous matter !

So don't expose thyself, but mind my stricture.

Thou'lt say it were mere compliment :
That nothing else was thy intent,

Although it might disgrace a boy at school ;
I grant the fact, and think that no man
Says or writes sillier things to women ;
But still 'tis making each of you a fool.

Yet, HORACE, think not that I write
Through spite :

Think not I read thy works with jealous pain
Lord ! no, thou art a fav'rite with *me* :
I think thee one of *us*—*un bel esprit*—

By Heav'ns ! I like the windmill of thy brain :
It is a pretty and ingenious mill :
Long may it grind on Strawb'ry-Hill.

O D E VI.

PETER STILL CONTINUETH TO GIVE GREAT ADVICE, AND
TO EXHIBIT DEEP REFLECTION—HE TELLETH A MIRACU-
LOUS STORY.

THERE is a *knack* in doing many a thing,
Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring :
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,
Pray do not hints from other folks despise :

A *fool* on something great, at times may stumble,
And consequently be a good adviser :
On which, for ever, your *wife men* may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiser.

Yes ! I advise you, for there's wisdom in't,
Never to be superior to a hint—
The genius of each man with keenness view—
A *spark*, from this, or t'other, caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious *bonfire* up, in you.

A question of you, let me beg—
Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,
Pray, have you heard ? “ Yes.”—O then, if you *please*,
I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

THE
PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of sinners, for no *good*,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who, at Loretto, dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel
With something in their shoes much worse than *gravel*;
In short, their toes, so gentle, to *amuse*,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes :

A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes :
A sort of apostolic salt,

That Popish parsons for its powers exalt
For keeping souls of sinners *sweet*,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*,

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray ;
But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot :
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun ;
The other limp'd, as if he had been *shot*.

One saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul white-wash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with saints above, to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way—
Hobbling with out-stretch'd bum and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“How now!” the light-toed, white-wash'd pilgrim
“You lazy lubber!” [broke—
“Ods curse it,” cried the other, “’tis no *joke*—
“My feet, once hard as any rock,
“Are now as soft as *blubber*.

“Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
“As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
“No! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go,
“For damme if I ha'n't lost ev'ry toe.
“But, brother sinner, do explain
“How 'tis that you are not in pain;
“What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes:
“Whilst *I*, just like a snail, am crawling,
“Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
“Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

“How

" How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,
 " Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!"
 " Why," cried the other, grinning, " you must *know*,
 " That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
 " To walk a little more at ease,
 " I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

O D E VII.

PETER GRINNETH.

YOUNG men, be cautious of each critic word,
 That blasphemous may much offence afford—
 I mean, that wounds an ancient master's fame:
 At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veronese,
 Your length'ning phiz, let admiration seize,
 And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Ev'n by a printshop should you chance to pass,
 Revere their effigy inside the glass:

Just as with Papists, the religious care is
 In churches, lanes, to bend their marrow-bones
 To bees-wax faints, bon-dieux of stones,
 And beech, or deal, or wainscot Virgin Marys.

What'er their errors, they no more remain,
 For time, like fullers'-earth, takes out each stain;

Nay more—on faults that *modern works* would tarnish,
Time spreads a sacred coat of varnish.

Spare not on brother artists' backs, the lash;
Put a good wire in't—let it *flash*;

Since ev'ry stroke with int'rest is repaid:
For though you cannot kill the *man* outright;
Yet by this effort of your rival spite,

Fifty to one if you don't spoil his *trade*.
His ruins may be feathers for your nest—
The maxim's not amiss—*probatum est*,

O D E VIII.

THE POET ENQUIRES INTO THE STATE OF THE EXHIBITION
—LASHES FATHER TIME FOR MAKING GREAT GENIUSES,
AND DESTROYING THEM—PRAISES REYNOLDS—FANCIES
A VERY CURIOUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN KING ALEXANDER
AND THE DEER, THE SUBJECT OF MR. WEST'S PICTURES—
TURNS TO MR. WEST'S RESURRECTION.

WELL, Muse! what is there in the exhibition?

How thrive the beauties of the graphic art?
Whose racing genius seems in best condition

For GLORY's plate to *start*?

Say what sly rogues old Fame *cajole*?

Speak,—who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who *stole*?

For much is *prais'd* that ought in fires to *mourn*—

Nay, what would ev'n *disgrace* a fire to *burn*.

What

What artist boasts a work sublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging Time?

Old fool! who, after he hath form'd with pains,

A genius rare,

To make folks *stare*,

Knocks out his brains :

Like children, *dolls* creating with high brags;

Then tearing all their handy works to rags.

Lo! REYNOLDS shines with *undiminish'd* ray!

Keeps, like the Bird of Jove, his distant way—

Yet, simple portrait strikes too oft our eyes,

Whilst HIST'RY, anxious for his pencil, sighs.

We don't desire to see on canvass live,

The *copy* of a jowl of lead;

When for th' *original* we would not give

A small pin's head.

This year, of picture, Mr. WEST

Is quite a Patagonian maker—

He knows that *bulk* is not a *jest*;

So gives us painting by the *acre* :

But ah! this artist's brush can never brag

Upon KING ALEXANDER and the STAG.

For as they play'd at loggerheads, a rubber,

We surely ought to see a handsome battle,

Between the MONARCH and the PIECE OF CATTLE :

Whereas, each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His MAJESTY, upon his breech laid low,
Seems *preaching* to his horned foe ;
Observing what a very wicked thing
To hurt the sacred person of a KING :

And seems, about his business, to entreat him
To *march*, for fear the hounds should *eat him*.
The STAG appears to say, in plaintive note,

“ I own, KING ALEXANDER, my offence :
“ True ! I’ve not shew’d my loyalty, nor sense ;
“ So bid your huntsmen come and cut my throat.”

The cavalry, adorn’d with fair stone bodies,
Seem on the dialogue with wonder staring ;
And on their flinty backs, a set of NODDIES,
Not one brass farthing for their MASTER, *caring*.

Behold ! *one* fellow lifts his mighty spear
To save the owner of the Scottish crown ;
Which harmless hanging o’er the gaping deer,
Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another on a *Pegasus*, comes flying !
His phiz, *his errand much belying* ;
For if he means to *baste* the beast so cruel,
God knows, ’tis with a face of *water-gruel*.

So then, sweet Muse, the picture boasts no merit—
As flat as dish-water, or dead small-beer—
Or, what the mark is tolerably near,
As heads of aldermen, devoid of spirit.

Well

Well then! turn round—view t'other side the room,
 And see his SAVIOUR mounting from the tomb:
 Is *this* piece too with painting fins so cramm'd—
 Born to encrease the number of the *damn'd*?

My sentiments by no means I refuse—
 Was our REDEEMER like that *wretched thing*,
 I do not wonder that the cunning Jews
 Scorn'd to acknowledge him for KING.

O D E IX.

PETER MORALISETH, AND GIVETH GOOD ADVICE.

ENVY and JEALOUSY, that pair of devils,
 Stuff'd, like Pandora's box, with wond'rous evils,
 I hate, abhor, abominate, detest:
 Like CIRCE, turning *man* into a *beast*.

Beneath their cankering breath no bud can blow;
 Their black'ning pow'r resembles *smut* in corn,
 Which kills the rising ears that should *adorn*,
 And bid the vales with golden plenty glow.

Yet, fierce in yonder dome each demon reigns:
 Their poison swells too many an artist's veins:
 Draws from each lab'ring heart the fearful sigh,
 And casts a sullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

BRUSH.

BRUSHMEN ! accept the counsel PETER sends,
 Who scorns th' acquaintance of this brace of fiends:
 Should any with *uncommon* talents tow'r ;
 To any, is *superior* science giv'n——
 O, let the *weaker* feel their happy pow'r ;
 Like plants that triumph in the dews of Heav'n.
 Be pleas'd like REYNOLDS to direct the blind ;
 Who aids the feeble, fault'ring feet of youth ;
 Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,
 With genius stor'd, and Nature's simple truth :
 Who, though a SUN, resembles not his *brother*,
 Whose beams, so full of jealousy, conspire,
 Whene'er admitted to the *room*—to *smother*
 The humble *kitchen* or the *parlour* fire.

O D E X.

PETER SPEAKETH FIGURATIVELY—ACCOMMODATETH HIM-
 SELF TO VULGAR READERS—LASHETH PRETENDERS TO
 FAME—CONCLUDETH MERRILY.

A MODEST love of praise I do not blame——
 But I abhor a rape on MISTRESS FAME——
 Although the lady is exceeding *chaste*,
 Young forward bullies seize her round the waist ;
 Swear,

Swear, *nolens volens*, that she shall be *kiss'd*;
And though she vows she does not *like 'em*,
Nay, threatens for their impudence to *strike 'em*,
The saucy rascals still *persist*.

Reader!—of images here's no confusion—
Thou, therefore, understandst the bard's allusion;
But possibly thou hast a *thickish head*;
And, therefore, no vast quantity of brain—
Why, then, my precious **PIG OF LEAD**,
'Tis necessary to *explain*.

Some *artists*, if I so may *call 'em*,
So ignorant, (the foul fiend *maul 'em*!)
Mere driv'lers in the charming art,
Are vastly fond-of being *prais'd*;
Wish to the stars, like Blanchard, to be *rais'd*;
And *rais'd* they should be, Reader—from a *cart*.

If disappointed in some **STENTOR's** tongue;
Upon *themselves* they pour forth prose or song;
Or *buy* it in some venal paper,
And then *heroically* vapour.

What *prigs* to *immortality* aspire,
Who stick their trash around the room!—
Trash meriting a very *diff'rent* doom—
I mean the warmer regions of the *fire*!

Heav'n

Heav'n knows that I am anger'd to the foul,
 To find some blockheads of their works *so vain*—
So proud to see them hanging *cheek-by-jowl*,

With *his* *, whose pow'rs the *art's* high fame sustain :
 To wond'rous merit, their pretension
 On such *vicinity—suspension* ;
 Brings to my mind a *not unpleasant* story,
 Which, gentle Readers, let me lay before ye :

A *shabby fellow* chanc'd, one day, to meet
 The BRITISH ROSCIUS in the street :

GARRICK, on whom our nation justly brags——
 The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace——
 “ Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,”
 Quoth Garrick.—“ No !” reply'd the man of rags.

“ The boards of Drury *you* and *I* have trod
 “ Full many a time together, I am sure.”——
 “ When ?” with an oath, cry'd GARRICK—“ for,
 “ by G——
 “ I never saw that face of *yours* before !——
 “ What characters, I pray,
 “ Did *you* and *I* together play ?”

“ Lord !” quoth the fellow, “ think not that I *mock*—
 “ When *you* play'd HAMLET, Sir,——*I* play'd the
 “ COCK †.”

* The President.

† In the Ghost Scene.

ODE

O D E XI.

PETER TALKETH SENSIBLY, AND KNOWINGLY—RECOMMENDETH IT TO ARTISTS TO PREFER PICTURES FOR THEIR MERIT—DISCOVERETH MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE, AND SHEWETH, THAT HE NOT ONLY HATH KEPT COMPANY WITH FID-LEERS, BUT FIDDLE-MAKERS—HE SATIRIZETH THE PSEUDO-COGNOSCENTI—PRAISETH HIS INGENIOUS NEIGHBOUR SIR JOSHUA.

BE not impos'd on by a *name* ;

But bid your eye the picture's *merit* trace :
 Poussin, at times, in outline may be *lame*,
 And Guido's angels destitute of *grace*.

Yet lo ! a picture of some famous school ;
 A warranted *old daub* of reputation,
 Where charming PAINTING's *almost ev'ry* rule
 Hath suffer'd *almost ev'ry* violation ;
 Oft hath been gaz'd at by devouring eyes,
 Where NATURE, banish'd from the picture, sighs.

So some old Duchefs, as a badger grey ;
 Her snags, by TIME, *sure DENTIST*, *snatch'd away*,
 With long, lank, flannel cheeks ;
 Where AGE in ev'ry wrinkl'd feature,
 Unto the poor, weak, shaking creature,
 Of death, unwelcome tidings, speaks ;

Draws

Draws from the gaping mob the *envying* look,
Because her *owner* chanc'd to be a *duke*.

How many *paste-board* rocks, and *iron* seas ;
How many torrents *wild*, of *still stone* water ;
How many *brooms* and *broomsticks* meant for *trees*,
Because the *fancy'd* labours of SALVATOR *,
Whose pencil, too, most grossly may have blunder'd,
Have brought the blest *possessor* many a hundred.

Thus prove a *crowd*, a STAINER†, or AMATI ‡ ;
No matter for the fiddle's *sound* :
The fortunate *possessor* shall not bate ye
A doit of fifty, nay a hundred pounds :
And though what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,
Shall in an hundred pounds be deem'd *dog-cheap*.

It tickles one excessively to hear,
Wise prating pedants the *Old Masters* praise ;
Damning by wholesale, with sarcastic sneer,
The *wretched* works of *modern* days ;
Making at *living* wights such fatal pushes,
As if not good enough to *wipe their brushes*.

* Salvator Rosa.

† A German fiddle-maker.

‡ A maker of the fiddles called Cremonas.

And yet on each wise *cognoscenté* ass,
Who shall for hours on paint and sculpture din ye;
A person with facility may pass
RIGAUD for RAPHAEL—BACON for BERNINI;
Or little as an oven to VESUVIUS,
WILL TYLER for PALLADIO or VITRUVIUS!

One would imagine, by the mad'ning fools
Who talk of *nothing* but the *ancient* schools,
And vilify the works of *modern* brains;
They think poor Mother Nature's art is fled,
That now she cannot make a head,
Who took with old Italian nob's such pains;
Nay, to a *driv'ler* turn'd, her pow'r so sunk is,
Tame soul! that nothing now she makes but *monkies*:

“Look at your fav'rite REYNOLDS,” is their strain,—
“Allow'd by all, the *first* in Europe's eyes:
“One atom of repute can Reynolds gain, [nigh?
“When TITIAN, RUBENS, and VANDYKE, are
“Can REYNOLDS live near RAPHAEL's matchless
Yes, blinckards! and with *equal* lustre shine! [line?”

O D E XII.

PETER ENCREASETH IN WISDOM AND ADVISETH WISELY—
SEEMETH ANGRY AT THE ILLEBERALITY OF NATURE
IN THE AFFAIR OF HIS GOOD ACQUAINTANCE, THE LORD
HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND AND MR. PEPPER
ARDEN—PETER TREATETH HIS READERS WITH LOVE-
VERSES OF PAST TIMES.

COPY not Nature's form *two closely*,
Whene'er she treats your *fitter grossly*:
For when she gives deformity for *grace*,
Pray shew a little mercy to the face.
Indeed, 'twould be but *charity* to flatter
Some dreadful works of *seeming drunken Nature*.

As, for example—let us now suppose
THURLOW's *black scowl*, and PEPPER ARDEN's *nose*:
But when your pencil's pow'rs are bid to trace
The smiles of DEVONSHIRE—DUNCANNON's *grace*—
To bid the blush of beauteous CAMPBELL rise,
And wake the radiance of AUGUSTA's * eyes,
(*'Gad! Muse, thou art beginning to grow loyal,*)
And paint the graces of the PRINCESS ROYAL:
Try all your art—and when your toils are done,
You shew a *flimsy meteor* for a *sun*.

* Second daughter of the King.

Or

Or should your skill attempt *her* face and air,
 Who fir'd my heart, and fix'd my roving eye——
 The LOVES, who robb'd a *world* to make her *fair*,
 Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

Sweet NYMPH!—but, Reader, take the song
 Which CYNTHIA's charms alone inspir'd;
 That left of yore the poet's tongue,
 When LOVE his raptur'd fancy fir'd.

SONG.

FROM *her*, alas! whose smile was *love*,
 I wander to some lonely cell:
 My sighs *too weak* the maid to move,
 I bid the *flatterer* HOPE farewell!

Be all her Syren arts forgot,
 That fill'd my bosom with alarms:
 Ah! let her crime—a *little* spot,
 Be lost amidst her *llaze* of charms.

As on I wander slow, my sighs,
 At ev'ry step for Cynthia mourn:
 My anxious *heart* within me dies,
 And, sinking, whispers, "Oh, return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know—
 Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame——
 By *absence* thou shalt lose thy woe,
 And *only flutter* at her name.

READERS! I own the song of *love* is *sweet*:
Most *pleasing* to the soul of *gentle* PETER:
Your eyes, then, with *another* let me treat,
O *gentle* Sirs, and in the same sweet metre.

SONG

TO

DELIA.

SAY, lonely MAID with down-cast eye——
O DELIA, say, with cheek so *pale*,
What gives thy heart the length'ned sigh,
That tells the world a *mournful* tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chace,
Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe:
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
Which souls like *thine* should never know.

O! tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
With virtue tir'd, thy beauty slight;
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and bosom of delight?

Perhaps to *nymphs* of other shades,
He feigns the soft impassion'd tear,
With songs their easy faith invades,
That treach'rous won *thy* witless ear.

Let

Let not *those* maids thy envy move,
 For whom his heart may seem to pine——
 That *heart* can ne'er be blest with *love*,
 Whose *guilt* could force a pang from *thine*.

O D E XIII.

PIOUS PETER ACKNOWLEDGETH GREAT OBLIGATIONS TO
 THE REVEREND MR. MARTIN LUTHER—YET LAMENT-
 ETH THE EFFECTS OF THIS PARSON'S REFORMATION, ON
 PAINTING.

WE *Protestants* owe much to MARTIN LUTHER,
 Who found to heav'n a *shorter* way, and *smoother*;
 And shall not soon repay the obligation:——
 MARTIN against the Papiſts got the laugh;
 Who, as the butchers bleed and bang a *calf*
 To whiteness—bled and bang'd unto *salvation*:
 As if such drubbings could expel their sins;
 As if that Pow'r, whose works with awe we view,
 Grac'd all our backs with sets of *comely* skins,
 Then order'd us to beat them *black* and *blue*.
 Well, then, we must confess for certain,
 That much we own to Mr. Martyn,
 Who alter'd, for the better, our religion——
 Yet, by it, glorious PAINTING *much* did lose——
 Was pluck'd, poor GODDESS! like a *goose*;
 Or, for the rhyme-sake, like a *pigeon*.

Mad at the *Whore of Babylon*, and *Bull*,
 Down from the churches men began to pull
 Pictures, that long had held a lofty station—
 Pictures of Saints, of pious reputation,
 For curing, by a *miracle*, the ills,
 That now so stubborn yield not to *devotions*,
 But unto blisters, bolusses, and potions,
 That make such handsome 'pothecary's bills,

Down tumbl'd ANTHONY, who preach'd to *sprats*—
 And *he* * who held discourses with a *bog*,
 That, grunting after him, so us'd to jog,
 Came down by *favour* of long sticks and bats.

The *saints* who grin'd on spits, like ven'son roasting,
 Broiling on gridir'ns—baking in an oven ;
 Or on a fork, like cheese of Cheshire, *toasting*,
 Or kick'd to death, by Satan's hoof so cloven,
 All humbl'd, to the ground were forc'd to fall—
 Spits, forks, and gridir'ns, ovens, dev'l and all.

Even faints of poor Old England's *breeding*:
 In wonders many *foreign ones* exceeding ;
 Our hot *reformers* did as *roughly* handle :
 In troth, poor harmless souls ! they met no quarter ;
 But down they tumbl'd, *miracle* and *martyr* :
 Put up in *lots*, and sold by inch of candle.

* Commonly known by the name of *PIG ANTHONY*.

Had we been Papists—Lord ! we still had seen

Devils, and devils mates, young pimping lyars,
Tempting the *blushing* NUNS of frail fifteen,

With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton FRIARS :
Which NUNS so pure, no love-speech could cajole—
Who *starv'd* the body to *preserve* the soul.

Then had we seen St. DENNIS with his head

Fresh in his hand, and with affection, *kissing* ;
As if the nob, that from his shoulders fled,

By knife or broad-sword, never had been *missing* :
Then had we seen, upon their friendly *coating*,
Saints on the waves, like gulls and wigeons, floating.

I've seen a *saint* on board a ship,

To whom, for a fair wind, the Papists pray,
Well flogg'd from stem to stern, by birch and whip,
Poor wooden fellow ! twenty times a-day :

Pull'd by the nose, and kick'd—call'd lubber, owl,
To make him turn a wind, to *fair* from *foul* !
And often *this* hath brought a prosp'rous gale,
When pray'rs and curses have been found to *fail*.

This, had we Papists been, had grac'd our churches,
Saint, seamen, nose-pulling, kicks, whips, and birches.

O D E XIV.

PETER ATTACKETH THE EXOTIC R. A.'S.

YE ROYAL SIRs! *before* I bid *adieu*,
 Let me inform you, *some* deserve my praise;
 But trust me, gentle 'Squires, ye are but few
 Whose names would not *disgrace* my lays:
 You'll say, with grinning, sharp, sarcastic *face*,
 We must be *bad indeed*, if that's the case——
 Why, if in truth I must declare.
 So, gentle 'Squires, you really are.

I'm greatly pleas'd, I must allow,
 To see the *foreigners* beat *bellow*:
 Who stole into that *dome* the Lord knows how:
 I hope to God no more will follow:
 Who, curs'd with a poor sniv'ling spirit,
 Were never known to vote for *merit*——

Poor narrow-minded imps,
 Hanging together just like shrimps.
 I own, (so little they have merited,)
 That from yon noble dome,
 Made almost an Italian and French home,
 I long to see the vermin ferretted.

Yet where's the house, however watch'd by cats,
 That can get rid of all its rats?

Or,

Or, if a prettier simile may please,
Where is the bed that hath not fleas?
Or, if a *prettier still*—what London rugs
Have not, at times, been visited by *bugs*?

O D E XV.

PETER TAKETH LEAVE—DISPLAYETH WONDERFUL LEARNING—SEEMETH SORRY TO PART WITH HIS READERS—ADMINISTERETH CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

MY dearest Readers! 'tis with grief I tell,
That now for ever I must bid farewell!

Glad, if an Ode of mine, with *grins*, can treat ye,

Valete :

And if you like the Lyric PETER's *oddity*;

Plaudite.

Rich as a Jew am I in *Latian lore*——

So, classic Readers, take a sentence *more* :

Pulchrum est monstrari digito et dicier hic est !

Says JUVENAL, who lov'd a bit of fame——

In English—Ah! 'tis sweet amongst the thickest

To be found out, and pointed at by *name*.

To hear the *sbrinking* GREAT exclaim, “that's PETER,

“ Who makes much immortality by *metre* :

“ Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,

“ And cares no more for *Kings*, than *Kings* for *him*!”

Yet

Yet one word more, before we part——
Should any take it grievously to heart ;
Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,
Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin,
Put on a poor desponding face, and pine,
Because that PETER the *Divine*
Resolves to give up Painting Odes :——
By all the rhyming *Goddeffes* and *Gods*,
I here, upon a poet's word, protest,
That if it is the world's request,
That I again in Lyrics should appear,
Lo ! rather than be guilty of the sin
Of losing GEORGE THE THIRD *one SUBJECT's skin*,
My *Lyric Bagpipe* shall be tun'd *next year*.

THE
L O U S I A D.

Prima Syracosio, dignata est ludere Versu
Nostra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia;
Cum Canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthia Aurem
Vellit et admonuit — VIRG.

CANTO I.

THE LOUSE I sing, that from some head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down—(so will'd the dread decree of Fate,)
With legs wide sprawling, on the M——ch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a WIFE's embrace;
Far from the gambols of a tender RACE,
Whose little feet, with care, he taught to tread
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food, with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wand'ers *where* to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails;
Far from those pleasing scenes ordain'd to roam,
Like wife Ulysses, from his native home;

Yet,

Yet, like that SAGE, tho' forc'd to roam and mourn—
 Like *him*, alas! not fated to *return* ;
 Who, full of rags and glory, saw his BOY *
 And WIFE † again, and dog ‡ that died for joy.
 Down dropp'd the luckless LOUSE, with fear appall'd,
 And wept his wife and children as he sprawl'd.
 Thus on a promontory's misty brow,
 The POET's eye, with sorrow, saw a cow
 Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,
 By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep :
 No more to reign a queen amongst the cattle,
 And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle ;
 She fell §, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
 With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
 Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,
 The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity, arose :
 He wanted not a *motive* to *entreat* him—
Beside the horror that the K * * * might eat him—
 The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,
 Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork ;
 Or drowning midst the sauce in dismal dumps,
 Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.
 Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away !
 He might as well have tarried where he lay.

* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whose history see the *Odyssæy*.

§ ————— *moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.*

Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood
 Our hungry K—— amus'd himself with food;
 Which proves, (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)
 That kings have appetites like common men;
 And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
 They feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.
 Paint, heav'nly Muse, the look, the *very* look,
 That of the S—v'r—gn's face possession took,
 When first he saw the LOUSE, in solemn state,
 Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!
 Yet, could a LOUSE a British King surprise,
 And, like a pair of faucers, stretch his eyes?
 The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,
 Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?
 Good Lord! (as somebody sublimely sings,)
 What great effects arise from *little things*!
 As many a loving nymph and swain can tell,
 Who, following Nature's law, have *lov'd too well*!

Not with more *horror* did his eyes behold
 Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
 When triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
 And dear PREROGATIVE was just in chains:
 Not with more *horror* did his eye-balls work
 Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,
 When guilty of œconomy, the *crime*!
 Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,
 And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,
 Cribb'd from the r-y-l table many a dish——

Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,
 Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;
 And gaug'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)
 The Monarch's belly, like a cask of ale;
 Convinc'd that, in his scheme of state-salvation,
 To *starve* * the PALACE, was to *save* the NATION:
 Not more *aghast* he look'd, when, 'midst the course,
 He tumbld, in a stag-chace, from his horse,
 Where all his nobles deem'd their M——ch dead,
 But, luckily, he pitch'd upon his HEAD!

Not VENISON EATERS at the vanish'd FAT,
 With stomachs wider than a Quaker's hat:
 Not with more *horror* Mr. Serjeant PLIANT
 Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
 Not with more *horror* stares the rural MAID,
 By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,
 Who sees her ticket a *dire blank* arise,
 Too fondly thought the twenty-thousand prize,
 With which the simple damsel meant, no doubt,
 To bless her faithful fav'rite, COLIN CLOUT.

* His M——y was really reduced, some time since, to a most mortifying dilemma: The apples at dinner-time having been, by too great a liberality to the Royal children, *expended*, the K—g ordered a supply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would *positively allow no more*. Enraged at the unexpected and *unroyal* disappointment, he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out six-pence, sent a PAGE for two-penny-worth of pippins, and received the *change*!

Not

Not with more *horror* stares each lengthen'd feature,
 Of some fine, fluttering, mincing, *petit maître*,
 When of a wanton chimney-fweeping wag,
 The beau's white vestment feels the footy bag :
 Not with more *horror* did the Devil look,
 When Dunstan by the nose the dæmon took,
 (As gravely say our legendary songs)
 And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs :
 Not Lady WORSLEY, chaste as *many* a nun,
 Lock'd with more *horror* at Sir Richard's fun,
 When rais'd on high, to view her naked charms,
 He held the peeping Captain in his arms ;
 Like David, that most am'rous little dragon,
 Ogling sweet Bathsheba without a rag on.

Not more the great SAM HOUSE * with *horror* star'd
 By mob affronted to the very beard ;
 Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)
 Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,
 And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,
 Full in the center of Sam's gaping jaws,
 That forcing down his patriotic throat,
 Of " Fox and Freedom !" stop'd the glorious note.

* In Westminster-Hall, where the *sense* (the Author was just about to say *nonsense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

Not with more *horror* BILLY RAMUS * star'd,
When PUFF †, the P—ce's hair-dresser, appear'd
Amidst their eating-room, with dread design,
To *fit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine* !

Not with more *horror* GLO'STER'S DUCHESS star'd,
When (blest in metaphor!) the K—— declar'd,
That not of all her *mongrel-breed*, *one whelp*
Should in the royal kennel ever *yelp* :

Not more that man so *sweet*, so *unprepar'd*,
The *gentle* 'SQUIRE of LEATHERHEAD ‡, was *scar'd*,
When after pray'rs so *good*, and *rare* a sermon,
He found his FRONT attack'd by fierce Miss VERNON;

* Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by his M——y *Billy Ramus*. One of the pages who shave the S——n, airs his shirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his R-y-l H-ghn-fs's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the P—nce, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the K—— and the P—ce, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The petition was treated with the *proper* contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have lost their *Cass*, have not held up their heads *since*.

‡ Kynaston is the name of the gentleman assailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for his disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

Who,

Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear!)
 To pour her FOOT in thunder on his REAR;
 Who, in GOD's house *, without one grain of grace,
 Spit, like a VIXEN, in his WORSHIP's face;
 Then shook her nails, as sharp's a taylor's shears,
 That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears:
 Not Atkinson † with stronger terror started,
 (Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted,)
 When JUSTICE, a sly dame, one day thought fit
 To pay her serious compliments to KIT;
 Ask'd him a few short questions about corn,
 And whisper'd, she believ'd he was *forsworn*;
 Then hinted, that he probably would find,
 That though she sometimes *wink'd*, she was not *blind*.

Not more Asturias' Princess ‡ *look'd affright*,
 At breakfast, when her spouse, the *unpolite*,
 Hurl'd, *madly* heedless both of time and place,
 A cup of boiling coffee in her face;

* Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surrey, did this profane *salival* assault take place on the phiz of 'Squire Kynaston, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

† Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory is sufficiently known to the public.

‡ This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

Because the fair one eat a butter'd roll,
 On which the *selfish* prince had fix'd his soul :
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd that prince to find
 His royal father to his face unkind ;
 Who, to the cause of injur'd beauty won,
 Seiz'd on the proud proboscis of his son,
 (Just like a TYGER of the Lybian shade,
 Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade,)
 And led him, till *that* son its durance freed,
 By asking pardon for the brutal deed ;
 Led him thrice round the room (the story goes,)
 Who follow'd, with great gravity, his nose,
 Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are *stiff* stuff)
 To ask *no* pardon, though the *snout* came off :
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* Spanish King *,
 Whene'er he miss'd a snipe upon the wing :
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* King of Spain,
 To see his gun-boats blazing on the main :
 Not Dr. Johnson more, to hear the tale
 Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale ;

* His Most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother kings, as a *shot* : and it is well known, that even on those days when the royal robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun-flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

Nor

Nor Doctor Wilson, child of am'rous folly,
When young Mac Clyster bore off Kate M'Aulay*.

What dire emotions shook the M——ch's soul!
Just like two billiard-balls his eyes 'gan roll,
Whilst anger all his royal HEART possess'd,
That, swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast,
Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might so stout,
As resolutely bent on jumping out,
T'avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire disgrace,
And nobly spit in the offender's face.
Thus, a large dumpling, to its cell confin'd,
(A very apt allusion to my mind,)
Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then buffles 'midst the tempest of the pot:
In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

“ O dearest partner of my throne !” he cries,
(Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes,)
“ Thou brightest gem of G——ge's Royal House,
“ Look there, and tell me if that's not a LOUSE !”
The Q—— look'd down, and then exclaim'd,
“ Good la !”

And with a smile the dappled STRANGER saw :
Each P——ceis strain'd her lovely neck to see,
And, with another smile, exclaim'd, “ Good me !”
“ Good la ! Good me ! is that all you can say ?”

* The Fair Historian.

(Our gracious M——ch cried, with huge dismay.)
 “ What ! what a silly vacant smile take place
 “ Upon your M——y’s and children’s face,
 “ Whilst that vile LOUSE (foon, foon to be unjointed!)
 “ Affronts the presence of the LORD’S ANOINT-
 “ ED !”

Dash’d, as if tax’d with hell’s most deadly sins,
 The Q—— and P——sles drew in their chins,
 Look’d prim, and gave each exclamation o’er,
 And very prudent, ‘ *word spake never more.*
 Sweet MAIDS ! the beauteous boast of Britain’s isle,
 Speak—were those peerless LIPS forbid to smile ?
 LIPS ! that the soul of simple nature moves—
 Form’d by the bounteous hands of all the LOVES !
 LIPS OF DELIGHT ! unstain’d by Satire’s call !
 LIPS ! that I never *kiss’d*—and *never shall.*

Now, to each trembling Page, as mute’s a mouse,
 The *pious* M——CH cried, “ Is this *your* LOUSE ?”
 “ Ah ! Sire,” replied each page, with pig-like whine,
 “ An’t please your M——y, it is not *mine.*”
 “ *Not thine ?*” the hasty Monarch cried again, [then ?”
 “ What ? what ? what ? what ? what ? who the devil’s,

Now, at this sad event the S——n, fore
 Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more :
 His *wifer* Q——, her gracious stomach studying,
 Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding ;

For

For GERMANS are a very *heartly* SORT,
 Whether begot in HOG-STYES, OR a COURT,
 Who bear (which shews their hearts are not of *stone*)
 The ills of *others* better than *their own*.

Grim TERROR seiz'd the souls of all the pages,
 Of different sizes, and of different ages;
 Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,
 They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's sons!

Now, to a PAGE, but *which* we can't determine,
 The growling M——ch gave the plate and vermin:
 " Watch, watch that blackguard animal, he cries,
 " That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, *dies*!
 " Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,
 " Or G——GE shall play the devil in the house.
 " Some SPIRIT whispers, that to *cooks* I owe
 " The *precious* VISITOR that crawls below;
 " Yes, yes! the *whisp'ring* SPIRIT tells me true,
 " And soon shall vengeance all their locks pursue.
 " Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,
 " Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig."
 Thus roar'd the K—G—not Hercules so big;
 And all the palace echo'd—" WEAR A WIG!

FEAR, like an ague, struck the pale nos'd cooks—
 And dash'd the beef and mutton from their looks;
 Whilst from each cheek OLD PORT withdrew his RED,
 And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But

But lo! the great COOK MAJOR comes! his eyes
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roasts* and *fries*;
His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high passion glowing,
Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER's, when *blowing*:
A neat white APRON his huge corps embrac'd,
Tied by two comely strings about his waist:
An APRON! that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches—
An APRON! that he in Monmouth-street high hung,
Oft to the winds with *sweet deportment* swung.

“ Ye sons of dripping, on your MAJOR look!
(In founds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the cook)
“ By this white APRON, that no more can hope
“ To join the piece in Mr. INKLE's shop;
“ That oft hath held the best of palace-meat,
“ And from this forehead wip'd the briny sweat;
“ I swear *this* HEAD *disdains* to lose its locks,
“ And *those* that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS:
“ *Whose* head, my cooks, such vile disgrace endures?
“ Will it be *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*?
“ Ten thousand crawlers *in that* HEAD *be hatch'd*,
“ For ever *itching*, but be never *scratch'd*.
“ Then may the charming perquisite of grease,
“ The mammon of your pocket ne'er *increase*;—
“ GREASE! that so frequently hath brought you coin,
“ From VEAL, PORK, MUTTON, and the GREAT SIR-
“ O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks— [“ LOIN.
“ Lo! to *no* KING on earth I yield these locks.

“ Few

" Few are my hairs *behind*, by age endear'd!

" But *few* or *many*, they shall not be *shear'd*.

" Sooner shall Madam SCHWELLINGBERG*, the jade,

" Yield up her fav'rite perquisites of trade,

" Give up her sacred Majesty's old GOWNS,

" CAPS, PETTICOATS, and APRONS, without FROWNS:

" SHE! who for ever studies MISCHIEF—She!

" Who soon will be as busy as a bee,

" To get the liberty of locks *enslav'd*,

" And every harmless cook and scullion *shav'd*—

" She, if by chance, a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,

" By some insinuating tongue betray'd,

" Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taste,

" Grows (luckless) somewhat *bigger in the WAIST*;

" Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,

" Grac'd with the pretty names of b—ch and w—,

" To range a prostitute upon the town,

" Or, if the weeping wretch think better, *drown*:

" But if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER *fails*,

" Whose *nose* grows *sharper*, and whose *shape* tells *tales*,

" *Husb'd* is th' affair!—the Q—, and SHE, good dame,

" Both club their wits, to hide the growing shame;

" To wed her, get some fool—I mean some *wife man*;

" Then dub the prudent cuckold an *exciseman*:

" SHE! who hath got more insolence and pride,

" God mend her heart! than half the world beside:

" SHE! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,

" Heav'n help her stomach! than ten men can eat!

* Mistress of the robes to her Majesty.

“ *Ten men! aye, more than ten, the hungry HAG!*
 “ Why, zounds! the WOMAN’S stomach’s like a BAG:
 “ SHE! who will swell the uproar of the house,
 “ And tell the K—g d—n’d lies about the LOUSE;
 “ When probably that louse (a vile old trull!)
 “ Was born and nourish’d in her own grey scull.

“ Sooner the room shall buxom NANNY * *quit,*
 “ Where oft she charms her master with her *wit*—
 “ Tells tales of ev’ry *body*, ev’ry *thing*,
 “ From honest courtiers, to the thieves why *swing*—
 “ Waits on the S——n while he reads *dispatches*,
 “ And wisely winds up STATE-AFFAIRS OR WATCHES:

“ Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav’n his income
 “ mend!)

“ Shall quit his bottle, mistress, and his friend—
 “ Laugh at the drop on MISERY’S languid eye,
 “ And hear her sinking voice without a sigh:
 “ Break, for the wealth of REALMS, his sacred word,
 “ And let the world write *coward* on his sword:
 “ Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part!
 “ And STUFFING leave a calf’s or bullock’s heart!
 “ Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard!
 “ And from the codlin-tart be torn the custard:
 “ Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,
 “ And all our melted butter turn to oil:

* Buxom-Nanny—a female servant of the Palace, who *constantly* attends the K—g when he reads the dispatches.

“ Sooner

" Sooner our pious K—G, with pious face,
 " Sit down to dinner without saying grace;
 " And ev'ry night salvation-pray'rs put forth,
 " For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North:
 " Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,
 " And dish-clouts stick eternal to our tails!
 " Let G—GE view MINISTERS with *furly* LOOKS,
 " *Abuse* 'em, *kick* 'em—but *revere* his COOKS!"

" What, lose our locks!" (reply'd the roasting crew)
 " To barbers yield 'em—Damme if we *do*!
 " Be *shav'd*, like *foreign* DOGS one daily meets,
 " Naked and blue, and shiv'ring in the streets?
 " And from the palace be *asham'd* to *range*,
 " For fear the world should think we had the *mange*;
 " By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
 " Broad grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!"

" Rouze, OPPOSITION!" (roar'd a *tipsy* COOK,
 With hands *a-kimbo*, and bubonic look,)
 " 'Tis SHE alone our noble curls can keep—
 " Without HER, MINISTERS would fall asleep:
 " 'Tis SHE, who makes great men—our FOXES, PITTS,
 " And sharpens, whetstone-like, the NATION'S WITS:
 " Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
 " And, broom-like, sweeps the COBWEBS of the STATE:
 " In casks, like sulphur, that expels *bad air*,
 " And makes, like thunder-claps, *foul* weather *fair*;
 " Acts like a gun, that, fir'd at gather'd foot,
 " Preserves the chimney, and the house to boot:

- “ Or, like a school-boy’s WHIP, that keeps up TOPS:
 “ The sinking realm, by FLAGELLATION, props.
 “ Our M—ch must not be indulg’d *too far* :
 “ Besides, I love a little bit of war.
 “ Whether to crop our curls he boasts a right,
 “ Or not, I do not care the louse’s *bite*—
 “ But then, *no force-work*! No! *No force*, by Heav’n!
 “ *COOKS! TEOMEN! SCOW’RERS!* we will
 “ not be *driv’n*.
 “ Try but to force a PIG *against his will*,
 “ Behold! the *sturdy GENTLEMAN stands still*!
 “ Or, p’rhaps, (his pow’r to let the driver know,)
 “ Gallops the *very* road he should not go—
 “ *No force for me!*—the FRENCH, the fawning dogs,
 “ E’en let *them* lose their *freedom*, and eat frogs—
 “ Damme! I hate each pale soup-meagre thief—
 “ Give me my darling LIBERTY and BEEF.”

He spoke—and from his jaws a lump he slid,
 And, swearing, manful flung to earth his QUID.
 The swelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to rest,
 Whilst wild emotions labour’d in his breast—
 Now sounds confus’d his ANGER made him mutter,
 And, when he thought on *skaving*, curses sputter.
 Such is the *found* (the simile’s not weak)
 Form’d by what mortals BUBBLE * call, and SQUEAK,

When

* The modest Author of the LOUSIAD must-do himself the
 justice to declare here, that his simile of the Bubble and
 Squeak

When 'midst the FRYING-PAN, in accents savage,
The BEEF, *so furly*, quarrels with the CABBAGE.

“ Be shav'd,” a SCULLION loud began to bellow,
Loud as a PARISH-BULL, or poor OTHELLO,
Plac'd by that *rogue* IAGO upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a pair of HORNS :
Loud as th' EXCISEMAN *, struggling for his life ;
And panting in a most inglorious strife ;
When on his face the *smuggling Princess* sprung,
And, cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

“ Be shav'd like *pigs!*” rejoin'd the scullion's mate,
His dish-clout shaking, and his POT-CROWN'D PATE—
“ What BARBER dares it, let him watch his NOSE,
“ And, curse me ! dread the rage of these ten toes.”
So saying, with an oath to *raise* one's hair,
He kick'd, with threat'ning foot, the yielding air.—

Squeak is vastly more *natural* and more *sublime* than Homer's
black-pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the *motions* and *emotions*
of his hero ULYSSES. *Vide ODYSSEY.*

* This affair happened a few years since.—An exciseman
seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a princess, a rela-
tion of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor
Rat de Cave, and almost scratched his eyes out—the exciseman
made a *formal* complaint to the King, begging to be relieved
from the *disgrace*.—The gallant Monarch returned for answer,
that he gave up the duties to his cousin, the Princess, but could
not conceive how the hand of a *fair lady* could dishonour the
face of an exciseman.

Thus have I seen an *ASS* (baptiz'd a *JACK*)
 Grac'd by a *CHIMNEY-SWEEPER* on his back,
 Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,
 In imitation of a *HORSE* of *QUALITY*.

"Beslav'd!" an under-strapper *TURNEROCHE* cry'd,
 (In all the foaming energy of pride,)
 "Zounds! let *us* take his *M——Y* in hand!
 "The *K——* shall find he lives at *our* command:
 "Yes; let him know, with all his wond'rous state,
 "His teeth and stomach on *our wills* shall wait:
 "We rule the platters, *we* command the spit,
 "And *G——E* shall have his *mess* when *we* think fit;
 "Stay till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,
 "And then, if *we* think proper, have his *meat*."

Thus, having fed on ven'son rather coarse,
 A *COLT*, or *CROCODILE*, or *DISH OF HORSE*,
 The *TARTAR* quits his smoaky hut with scorn,
 Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;
 And treating *MONARCHS* like his slaves or swine,
 Informs them they have *liberty* to *dine*.

"Heav'ns!" (cry'd a *YEOMAN*, with much learning
 In *books*, as well as *meat*, a man of *taste*, [grac'd,)
 Who read with *vast* applause the daily *NEWS*,
 And kept a close acquaintance with the *MUSE*;
 Conundrum, rebus made—acrostic, riddle,
 And sung his dying sonnets to his fiddle,
 When *LOVE*, with cruel dart, the murd'ring *THIEF*!
 His heart had spitted, like a piece of *BEEF*:

"Are

" Are these (he said) of **KINGS**, the whims and jokes?
 " Then **KINGS** can be as *mad* as *common folks*.
 " **DAME NATURE**, when a **PRINCE**'s head she makes,
 " No more concern about the *inside* takes,
 " Than of the *inside* of a bug's or bat's,
 " A flea's, a grasshopper's, a cur's, a cat's!
 " As careless as the **ARTIST**, *trunks* designing,
 " About the trifling circumstance of **LINING**;
 " Whether of Cumberland he use the plays,
 " Miss Burney's Novels, or Miss Seward's Lays;
 " Or Sacred Dramas of Miss Hannah More,
 " Where all the **NINE**, with little **MOSES**, snore;
 " Or good'SQUIRE PINDAR's Odes, or Wharton's stick,
 " Or Horace Walpole's doubts upon King Dick,
 " Who furious drives, at times, his old goose-quill,
 " On *Strawb'rry*, (Reader!) not th' *Aonian Hill*;
 " Whether he doom the **ROYAL SPEECH** to cling,
 " Or *those* of Lords and Commons to the King!
 " Where **ONE** begs money, and the **OTHERS** grant
 " So *easy*, *freely*, *friendly*, *complaisant*,
 " As if the *cash* were really all *their own*,
 " To purchase *knick-knacks* * that disgrace a throne.

* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from *toys*—For an instance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-descript of a time-piece, at the Queen's House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds.—The same artist is also allowed 200l. per annum to keep the *bauble* in repair.

" Ah, me! did people know what *trifling things*
 " Compose those idols of the earth, call'd *K——s*.
 " Those counterpart of that *important fellow*;
 " The children's *wonder*—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO:
 " Who struts upon the stage his hour away;
 " His *outside*, gold—his *inside*, rags and hay;
 " No more as GOD's vicegerents would they shine,
 " Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE.

" Those LORDS of earth at dinner we have seen,
 " Sunk, by the merest trifles, with the spleen—
 " Oft, for an ill-dress'd egg, have heard them groan,
 " And seen them quarrel for a mutton-bone:
 " At salt or vinegar with passion fume,
 " And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room*.

" Alas! how often have we heard them *grunt*,
 " Whene'er the rushing rain hath spoil'd a HUNT!
 " Their sanguine wishes cross'd, their spirits clogg'd,
 " Mere RIDING DISH-CLOUDS, homeward they have
 " jogg'd; [pow'r)
 " Poor imps! the sport (with all their pride and
 " Of NATURE's diuretic stream—a SHOW'R!

* This is partly a picture of the *last* reign, as well as the
 PRESENT. The passions of George the Second were of the
 most impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite minister, Sir
 Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-
 humour—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his
 foot-benevolence—but he was a prince of virtues—*ubi plura ni-*
sent, non ego paucis offendar maculis.

" This

-
- " *This* we, the ACTORS in the *farce*, *perceive* ;
 " But *this* the *distant* world will ne'er believe,
 " Who fancy K—Gs to all the *virtues* born,
 " Ne'er by the vulgar storms of PASSION torn ;
 " But blest with souls so calm ! like summer seas,
 " That smile to Heav'n, unruffled by a breeze :
 " Who think that K—Gs on wisdom always fed,
 " Speak *sentences* like BACON's brazen HEAD ;
 " Hear from their lips the *vilest* nonsense fall,
 " Yet think some HEAVENLY SPIRIT dictates *all* ;
 " Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,
 " And though all *ailment*, *sacred* from *decay* ;
 " To nods and smiles their *gaping* homage bring,
 " And thank their GOD their eyes have seen a KING ?
 " Lord ! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER
 " Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,
 " To *country* 'squires, and *wives* of *country* 'squires ;
 " Like *stuck pigs* staring, how each oaf *admires* !
 " Lo ! ev'ry syllable becomes a GEM !
 " And if, by chance, the M——ch *cough*, or *hem*,
 " Seiz'd with the symptoms of a deep surprise,
 " Their joints with *rev'rence* tremble, and their eyes
 " Roll wonder first ; then, shrinking back with fear,
 " Would *hide* behind the *brains*, were any *there*.
 " How taken is this *idle* WORLD by *show* !
 " BIRTH, RICHES, are the BAALS to whom we bow ;
 " Preferring (ev'n with soul as black as foot)
 " A ROGUE on *horseback*, to a SAINT on *foot*.

" See

“ See FRANCE, see PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
“ And mark the *desert* of each DESPOT’s brain;
“ Whose tongues should never treat with taunts a FOOL;
“ Who *prove* that *nothing* is too mean to *rule*.
“ What could the PRINCE, high tow’ring like a steeple,
“ Without the MAJESTY of US, the PEOPLE?
“ Go, like the King of Babylon, to grafs,
“ Or wander, like a beggar, with a PASS!
“ However *modern* KINGS may COOKS despise,
“ WARRIORS and KINGS were COOKS, or HIST’RY lies.—
“ PATROCLUS broil’d *beef-steaks*, to quell his hunger:
“ The MIGHTY AGAMEMNON potted CONGER!—
“ And Charles of Sweden, ’midst his guns and drums,
“ Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
“ Be *shav’d*!—No!—sooner pill’ries, jails, the stocks,
“ Shall pinch this corps, than BARBERS snatch my locks.”
“ Well hast thou said, a SCOW’RER bold rejoin’d—
“ Damme! I love the man who speaks his mind.”
Then in his arms the *orator* he took,
And swore he was an *angel* of a *cook*.
A while he held him with a *Cornish* hug;
Then seiz’d, with glorious grasp, a *pewter mug*,
Whose ample womb nor cyder held, nor ale,
But nectar, fit for Jove, and brew’d by THRALE.
“ A health to *cooks*, (he cry’d, and wav’d the pot,)
“ And he who fights for TITLES, is a *foe*—
“ Let *dukes* and *lords* the world in *wealth* surpass—
“ Yet many a LION’s skin conceals an ASS.

“ Lo!

" Lo ! this is one amongst my golden rules,
 " To think the *greatest men the greatest fools* :
 " The GREAT are judges of an opera-song—
 " And fly a *Briton's* for an *eunuch's* tongue ;
 " Can starve their families to hear BABINIS,
 " Gaunt PACCHIAROTIS, *fat-rump'd*, *squat* RAUZZINIS.
 " Thus idly squand'ring for a *squawl* their riches—
 " To faint with rapture at those *cats in breeches*.
 " Accept this truth from *me*, my lads—the man
 " Who first found out a SPIT, or FRYING-PAN,
 " Did ten times more towards the PUBLIC GOOD,
 " Than all the *tawdry* TITLES since the flood :
 " TITLES ! that KINGS may grant to ASSES, MULES,
 " The scorn of SAGES, and the boast of FOOLS."

He ended—All the *cooks* exclaim'd, " *Divine !*"
 Then whisper'd one another, 'twas " *damn'd fine !*"
 Thus spoke the SCOW'NER like a MAN *inspir'd*,
 Whose speech the HEROES of the kitchen fir'd :
Grooms, master-scow'ners, scullions, scullions-mates,
 With all the *overseers* of knives and plates,
 Felt their brave souls, like *frisky cyder*, work,
 Whizzing in opposition to the *cork* :
 Earth's *potentates* appear'd *ignoble things*,
 And *cooks* of greater consequence than KINGS ;
Such is the pow'r of words, where TRUTH unites,
 And *such* the rage that injur'd WORTH excites !
 The SCOW'NER's speech, indeed, with reason blest,
 Inflam'd with god-like ardour all the rest :

Thus,

Thus, if a BARN Heav'n's vengeful light'ning draw,
The flame ethereal strikes the kindling straw :
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice, and rats,
And, (if unfortunately mousing,) cats ;
All feel the wide devouring fire in turn,
And, mingling in one conflagration, burn.

“ SONS of the SPIT,” the major cry'd again,
“ Your noble speeches prove you blest with *brain* ;
“ BRAIN! that *Dame Nature* gives not ev'ry head,
“ But fills the vast vacuity with lead !—
“ Yet ere for *opposition* we prepare,
“ And fight the *glorious cause* of heads, of hair,
“ Methinks 'twould be but *decent* to *petition*,
“ And tell the K—G, with *firmness*, our *CONDITION* ;
“ Soon as our *sad* complaint he hears us utter,
“ His gracious heart may melt away like butter ;
“ Fair *MERCY* shine amidst our gloomy house,
“ And anger'd M——y forget the LOUSE.”

THE
L O U S I A D.

“ ——— *Qualis ab Incepto.* ” HORACE.

“ As it ~~was~~ in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World
“ without End.”

CANTO II.

N YMPHS of the sacred fount, around whose brink
Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses, to drink ;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And, whilst they gulp it, with it ale or beer ;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's brew-house for their Hippocrene ;
And, blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chop-house their Aonian hill.
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE,
Assist me—ye who themes sublime pursue,
With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe,
Such pow'r have satires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods.

As

As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,
Where penn'd, like hapless cuckows, in a cage,
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage ;
Deck the damp walls with verse of various quality,
And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah ! tell me where is now thy blush, O SHAME !
Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to Fame ;
Like souls of Papists, in their way to glory,
Doom'd, at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,
To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
Like old tobacco-pipes, from black to white ?
Yet let me say again, that pow'rful rhyme
Hath lifted poets to a state sublime ;
To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred ears,
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops :
Blest state ! that gives each fair exalted mien,
To grace in print each monthly magazine ;
And deck the shops with sweet engravings drest,
Midst angels, sinners, saints of Mr. WEST ;
Where brave KING ALEXANDER and the DEER,
A noble, bustling hodge-podge shall appear
From that fam'd * picture which our wonder drew,
And pour'd its brazen splendors on the view ;

*A whole acre of canvass, so daubed by colour as to give it
the appearance of a brass-foundery.

Bright

Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
On penthouse high, in Piccadilly stare,
Where lions seem to roar, and tygers growl,
Hyænas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
And by their gogling eyes, and furious grin,
Inform what shaggy devils lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhyme,
And make him think, astride his braying hack,
He moves sublime on Pegasus's back :
Ye MUSES, oft by brainless poets sought,
To bid the stanza chime and swell with thought ;
Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would save
Their whining puppies from the fullen wave ;
Assist me !—ye who visit towns and hovels,
To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
And treat with scorn (far nobler knowledge studying)
The humble art of making pye or pudding :
Who make our Sapphos of their verses vain,
And fancy all Parnassus in their brain ;
And 'midst the bustle of their lucubrations,
Take downright madness for your inspirations ;
Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taste a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine ; [glass,
When, blest at DATCHET, though thy HERSCHELL'S
That brings from distant worlds a horse, an ass,
A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry;

Thine eyes at evenings late and mornings soon,
 Unfated feast on wonders in the moon;
 Where Herschell on volcanos, mountains, pores,
 And happy Nature's true sublime explores;
 Whilst thou, so modest, (wonderful to tell!)
 On LUNAR *trifles* art content to dwell,
 Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow spittle,
 In short, delighted with the world of *little*;
 Which West shall paint, and grave Sir Joseph Banks
 Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks;
 Then bid the vermin on the journals * crawl,
 Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuse us all.

And thou, great PATRON † of the double quill,
 That slays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
 A pretty kind of double-barrell'd gun,
 More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun;
 Auspicious PATRON of the paunch and back
 Of those all-daring rascals christen'd quacks,
 To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,
 Who, hawk-like, keep the human species under:

GOD of those gentlemen of gingling brains,
 Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains,
 Strains that ne'er soar'd beyond the beetle's flight,
 Save on the pinions of a school-boy's kite;

* Of the Royal Society.

† Apollo.

Bids spectres rise, not very like the Graces,
With gogling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;
With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing,
The *SOUL*, that sad offending little *being*;
That stubborn stuff of salamander make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O CONSCIENCE ! thou strait-jacket of the soul,
The madding fallies of the bard controul;
Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
Bring *TRUTH*'s neglected form before his eye;
Fair *MAID* ! to towns and courts a stranger grown,
And now to rural swains almost unknown,
Whose company was once their prudent choice;
Who once delighted, listen'd to her voice;
When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,
And *CONSTANCY* went hand in hand with *LOVE* !
Sweet *TRUTH*, who steals through lonely shades along,
And mingles with the turtle's note her song;
Whilst *FALSEHOOD*, rais'd by fycophantic tricks,
Unblushing, flaunts it in a coach and fix.

CONSCIENCE, who bid'st our monarch from the
Send sons to Gottingen for education, [nation,
Since hapless *CAM* and *ISIS*, lost to knowledge,
Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,

Where

Where simple science beams with orient ray ;
 The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day !
 So says the RULER of us English fools,
 Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's schools.

Dear Attic Gottingen ! to thee I bow,
 Of knowledge, Oh ! most wonderful milch cow !
 From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring,
 And give, we hope, a little to the —
 Through *thee*, besides the knowledge they may reap,
 The lads shall get their board and lodging cheap ;
 And learn, like their good parents, to subsist
 Within the limits of the Civil List ;
 Who seldom bid a minister implore
 A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE ! who, to the wonder of his SIRE,
 Bad'st from his wonted state a PRINCE retire,
 And, like a subject, humbly seek the shade,
 That not a tradesman might remain unpaid :
 An action that the soul of ENVY stings—
 A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS :

CONSCIENCE ! who mad'st a monarch by thy pow'r,
 Send pris'ner the fam'd * di'mond to the Tow'r ;
 So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
 And impudently fought to bribe his GRACE :

* Such is the story of the late fly bulse that stole into
 St. James's.

Where, too, the cradle and the bed shall rest,
That on the same d——'d errand left the East—
Thus fall of gems and pearl the treas'nous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would monarchs bribe!

CONSCIENCE! who mak'st our King (how very
strange!)

Keep a fair drawer of half-pence to give change:
Resolv'd (so strictly in his dealings true)
That none shall keep from CÆSAR, CÆSAR's due.

CONSCIENCE! who now can'st, like a cart-horse
Now lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a straw: [draw,
So different are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!
Thou! who at times can'st like a lion roar
For one poor six-pence, yet, like NORTH, can'st snore,
Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors rise:
Whose eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name.

O CONSCIENCE! who did'st bid to madness work,
(So great thy pow'r!) the brain of hapless YORKE,
And mad'st him cut from ear to ear his throat,
That luckless spoil'd his patriotic note;
Yet wanted'st strength to force from *his* hard eye
One drop—who *help'd* him to yon spangled sky; [art,
Whose d—ned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of
Won on the weakness of his honest heart!

Poor

Poor YORKE! without a stone whose reliques lie,
Though VIRTUE mark'd the murder with a sigh!

O CONSCIENCE! who to CLIVE did'st give the knife
That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;
Who, lawless plund'rer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd ASIA's eye with woe, and heart with fear;
Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd with
blood,

From gasping Nature forc'd the blushing flood;
Whilst HAVOCK, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend;
Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:
Give one a-piece to all the learn'd reviews,
And bid them sound the labours of the Muse:
Give to the magazines a trumpet each,
And let the swelling note to doomsday reach:
To daily newspapers a trumpet give:
Thus shall my epic strain for ever live:
Thus shall my book descend to distant times,
And rapt posterity resound my rhymes.
By future BEAUTIES shall each tome be prest,
And, like their lap-dogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest FAME, some mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good sale;
Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
Though deaf as adders to thy charms of song;

Just

Just as the hypocrites say pray'rs, sing psalms,
 Bestow upon the blind and cripple alms;
 Yield glory to the Pow'r who rules above,
 Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
 But, sneaking rascals! to obtain—when dead—
 A comfortable lodging over head,
 When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their spouses,
 The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,
 At length our glorious epic may go on—
 Lo! Madam SCHWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
 Was wond'rous busy o'er a plate of ham;
 A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
 Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass big;
 In Woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,
 And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say
 Somewhat of Madam SCHWELLENBERG, I pray:—
 If ancient poets mention but a horse,
 We read his genealogy of course:
 Oh! say, shall horses boast the deathless line,
 And o'er a *lady's* lineage sleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
 This woman saw the light without much pother;
 That is,—no grand commotions shook our earth—
 Apollo danc'd no horn-pipe at her birth,

To

To say to what perfection she was born,
What wit, what wisdom should the nymph adorn :
No bees around her lips in clusters hung,
To tell the future sweetness of her tongue;
Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
To mark the soul of innocence and love ;
No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
To shew the future conquests of the maid ;
Whose charms would make the jealous sex her foes,
And with their light'nings blast a thousand beaux.
Indeed, the Muse must own a trifling pother
Sprung up between the father and the mother ;
For, after taking methods how to gain her,
They knew not how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns ! what no prodigy attend *her* birth,
Who awes the greatest palace upon earth ?
Yes !—a black cat around the bantling squawl'd,
Join'd its young cries, and all the house appall'd :
Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,
And made a bold attempt to kiss the child ;
Bats pour'd in hideous hosts into the room,
And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a sudden gloom ;
Then to the cradle rush'd the dark'ning throng,
And, raptur'd, shriek'd congratulating song ;
Which song, in concert with the squawls of puffs,
Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"
In Strelitz first this dame the light espy'd,
Born to a good inheritance of pride ;

For,

For, howe'er paradoxical it be,
PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,
As well as with your folks of fortune struts ;
Like rats that live in palaces or huts ;
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwells in beds of straw, or beds of state ;
Or monkies vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,
Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.
Hail PROTEOUS PRIDE, whose various pow'rs of throat
Can swell the trumpet's loud and faucy note ;
And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
In panting, quiv'ring sounds of Jews-harps, mourn !
Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
So abject, who can't lick a patron's spittle ;
Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before ;
Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,
And wear it, Merry-Andrew like, about ;
Heed not the grinning world a fingle rush,
But bear its pointed scorn without a blush.
Yet fain would'st thou the crouching world bestride,
Just like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide ;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly stretch'd his legs from shore to shore,
And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
In dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride—great, little, humble, vain ;
And now for Madam SCHWELLENBERG again.

Whether

Whether the nymph could ever boast a grace,
 That deign'd to pay a visit to her face,
 The MUSE is ignorant, she must allow;
 Yet knows this truth, that not one sparkles *now*.
 If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
 Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.
 This nymph a mantua-maker was, I ween,
 And priz'd for cheapness by our saving Queen,
 Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
 Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
 And plac'd her in a most important sphere——
 INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the royal geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Loufe's tale,
 At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.
 But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbl'd,
 And then to seek the LORD'S ANOINTED hobbl'd:
 HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
 When Agamemnon took away his wh——,
 In all the bitterness of wrath she found;
 The Queen and royal children staring round.

“O *Schwelly*!” thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
 Whilst wild impatience wing'd the rapid word;
 For lo! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,
 The KING long since had bid to kiss his b——h.
 The broken language that his mouth affords
 Are heads, and tails, and legs, and wings of words,
 That give imagination's laughing eye
 A lively picture of a giblet pye.

“O

“ O *Schwelly*, *Schwelly* !” cry’d the furious King,
 “ What ! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing !—
 “ That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
 “ Indeed, is very, very, very, very kind.—
 “ What’s your opinion, hæ ?”—the Monarch rav’d :
 “ Yes, yes, the cooks shall ev’ry one be shav’d—
 “ What ! what ! hæ ! hæ ! now tell me, *Schwelly*, pray—
 “ Shan’t I be right in’t—What ! what ! *Schwelly*, hæ ?
 “ Yes, yes, I’m fure on’t, by the Loufe’s looks,
 “ That he belong’d to some one of the cooks.—
 “ Speak, *Schwelly* ; shan’t we shave each filthy jowl ?
 “ Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my soul.”

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,
 Wide staring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin :

“ Yes, fure as dat my soul is to be fav’d,
 “ So fure de dirty rascals fal be shav’d—
 “ Shav’d to de quick be ev’ry moder’s son—
 “ And curse me, if *I* do not see it done :
 “ De barbers soon der nasty locks fal fall on,
 “ Nor leave one standing for a loufe to crawl on.
 “ If on der sculls de razor do not shine,
 “ May gowns and petticoats no more be mine—
 “ Curls, clubs, and pig-tails, all fal go to pot
 “ For fush curs’d nastinefs, or I’ll be rot ;
 “ Or else to Strelitz let my quickly fly,
 “ Dat dunghill, dat poor pig-house to de eye ;
 “ Where from his own mock trone de Prince so great,
 “ Can jomp into anoder Prince estate—

“ Yes,

" Yes, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
 " No fingle lousy rascal sal go free."

Reader, thou raisth both thy marv'ling eyes,
 In all the staring wildness of surprise;
 As if the poet did not truth revere,
 And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear:
 Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,
 Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood,
 Nymphs, nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
 Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs;
 Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
 Whether fine *gentlewomen* ever swear:
 Nay, visit many of our courtly dames,
 When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames;
 Lo! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
 They use small ceremony with the Lord,
 In spite of all that godly books contain,
 That teach men not to take his name in vain.

" Thanks, *Schwelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks," the

" KING reply'd,

" Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

" Yes, yes, if I am master of this house;

" Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the louse."

He spoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
 His head he shook, that shook the dining-room.
 Thus JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND'RING GOD,
 Shook, when he swore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

“ Yes,” (cry’d the King)—“ yes, yes, their curls
 “ shall quake : [DRAKE?]”

“ But tell me, where, where, where’s SIR FRANCIS

O, Reader, think not ’twasthat DRAKE, SIR FRANCIS,
 Whose wond’rous actions seem almost romances ;
 Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,
 And rais’d the nation’s glory to the stars ;
 Who first in triumph sail’d around the world,
 And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl’d ;
 But HE who sculks around the royal kitchen,
 Which, if he catch a neighbour’s dog or bitch in,
 Lets fly, to strike the four-legg’d mumper dead,
 A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.
 Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore
 Fair freedom, science, to th’ Atlantic shore :
 To Pagans gave the Gospel’s saving grace,
 And planted virtue ’midst a barb’rous race ;
 Spread on the darken’d realms the blaze of light—
 But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are bright ;
 Sees that the knives before the King and Queen
 Arc, like the pair of royal stomachs, *keen* :
 Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,
 But he whose low’ring visage shakes a cook :
 Not he who pour’d on Mexico his tars,
 But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars ;
 Napkins and damask table-cloths affails
 With scissars, razors, knives, and teeth, and nails ;
 Who

Who dares with doylies desp'rate war to wage,
Such is *his* province and domestic rage,
If, like his predecessors, he hath grace,
And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place*——
'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew
Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
But that important DRAKE, in office big,
Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig:
Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose,
And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes;
But he who bids the geese, his pris'ners, die,
And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie:
He who, three times a-week, a green-cloth lord,
Sits, wisdom-fraught, at that important board
With wise compeers, in judge-like order studying,
Whether the King shall have a tart or pudding.
Not *he*, by virtues to the world endear'd,
By foes respected, and by friends rever'd;
Prompt to relieve the supplicating sigh,
Who never dash'd with tears the asking eye;
But wak'd of joy the long-departed beam,
Deep sunk in sorrow's unremitting stream:
But *he*, with greatness at eternal strife,
Who never gave a six-pence in his life;
Who, if he ever ask'd a friend to dine,
Requested favours that out-weigh'd his wine;
From lane to lane, who steals with wary feet,
Just like the cautious hare that seeks his seat:

Who, though a city *, near him rears her head,
 And wealthy villages around him spread,
 No friend, no neighbour near his mansion found,
 Like CAIN he walks in solitude around.

'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
 From him who round the world with glory ran :
 Forbid it, Heav'n ! that e'er the MUSE untrue
 Should give to any man another's due !

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance
 brewing,
 To take a peep at what the cooks were doing.

In that snug room †, the scene of shrewd remark,
 Whose windows stare upon the saunt'ring park,
 Where many an hungry bard, and gambling finner,
 In chop-fall n sadness, counts the trees for dinner ;
 In that snug room where any man of spunk
 Would find it a hard matter to get drunk ‡ ;
 Where coy tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
 Nor port nor claret shew their rosy faces ;
 But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
 From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide ;
 Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl, and fish,
 All club their joints, to make one *handsome* dish ;

* Exeter.

† The Larder.

‡ This will be deemed strange by my *country* readers—but it is nevertheless true.

Where

Where stew-pan covers serve for plates, I ween,
And knives and forks and spoons are never seen;
Where pepper issues from a paper-bag,
And for a crewet stands a brandy-cag;
Where Madam SCHWELLINGBERG too often fits
Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,
Demurely squinting with majestic mien,
To catch some fault to carry to the QUEEN:
In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID speaks—
Around the table, all with sulky looks,
Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the cooks:
At length, with phiz that shew'd the man of woes,
The sorrowing king of spits and stew-pans rose;
Like PAUL at Athens, very justly fainted,
And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
With out-stretch'd hands and energetic grace,
He fearless thus harangues the ROASTING RACE;
Whilst gaping round, in mute attention, sit
The poor forlorn disciples of the spit.
“Cooks, scullions, hear me ev'ry mother's son—
“Know that I relish not this royal fun.
“GEORGE thinks us scarcely fit ('tis very clear)
“To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear.”
“Guts to a bear!” the cooks, up springing cry'd—
“Guts to a bear!” the major loud reply'd.
“Guts to the devil!” roar'd the cooks again,
And toss'd their noses high in proud disdain;

The plain translation of whose pointed noses
 The reader needeth not, the bard supposes;
 But if the reason some dull reader looks,
 'Tis this—whatever kings may think of cooks,
 Howe'er crown'd heads may deem them low-born
 Cooks are possess'd of souls as well as *kings*, [things;
 Yet are there some who think (but what a shame!)
 Poor people's souls like pence of Birmingham.
 Adulterated brads—base stuff—abhor'd—
 That never can pass current with the LORD;
 And think, because of wealth they boast a store,
 With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor*:
 Witness the story that my Muse, with tears,
 Relates, O Reader, to thy shrinking ears.

With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,
 With fallow cheek and pity-asking eyes,
 A wretch, by age and poverty decay'd,
 For farthings lately to a NABOB pray'd:
 The NABOB, turkey-like, began to swell,
 And d—n'd the beggar to the pit of hell.

“ Oh! Sir,” the suppliant was heard to cry,
 (The tear of misery trickling from his eye,)

“ Though I'm in rags, and wond'rous, wond'rous

“ And *you* with gold and silver cover'd o'er, [poor,

“ There won't in heaven such difference take place,

“ When we before the LORD come face to face.”

“ *You* face to face with *me*!” the nabob cry'd,

In all the insolence of upstart pride;

“ You

" *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear?
 " Damme, I'll kick you, if I catch you there."
 Oh! shocking blasphemy! Oh, horrid speech!
 Where was the fellow born?—the wicked wretch!
 So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,
 A bulse of di'monds from a BEGUM's nose;
 Or make, like DOULAH, careless of his soul,
 A new edition of the old Black-hole.

" What's life," the major said, " my brethren,
 " If force must snatch our first delights away? [pray,
 " Relentless shall the royal mandate drag
 " The hairs that long have grac'd this silken bag;
 " Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,
 " Too few to make a fore-top for a wig?
 " Must razors vile these locks, so scanty, shave,
 " Locks that I wish to carry to my grave;
 " Hairs, look my lads, so wonderfully thin,
 " Old SCHWELLINGBERG hath more upon her chin!"
 " Yes, that she hath, (exclaim'd a cook,) by G—D,
 " A d—n'd old German good-for-nothing toad.
 " Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bristles—
 " Curse me, I'd rather kiss a bunch of thistles.
 " Oh! were it but his Majesty's commands
 " To give her gentle jaw-bones to these hands,
 " I'd shave her, like a punish'd soldier, *dry*—
 " No killing sow should make a sweeter cry—
 " I'd pay my compliments to Madam's chin—
 " I'll answer for't, I'd make the devil grin—

" The

“ The razor most deliciously should work—
“ I’d trim her muzzle—yes, I’d scrape her pork—
“ I’d teach her to some purpose to behave,
“ And shew the witch the nature of a shave——
“ Oh ! woman, woman ! whether lean or fat,
“ In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat*.”

He ended—when each mouth upon the stretch,
Crown’d with a loud horse-laugh the classic speech.

Too soon, alas ! resentment seiz’d the hour,
And JOKE resign’d his grin-provoking pow’r ;
RAGE dimm’d of mirth the sudden sunny sky,
And fill’d with gloomy oaths each scowling eye ;
Whilst GRIEF returning, took her turn to reign,
Sunk ev’ry heart, and sadden’d ev’ry mien :
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces—
For much is grief dispos’d to bring down faces.

“ Son of the spit !” the major, strutting, cry’d,
“ I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride :
“ I’d rather hear thee than a bishop preach,
“ For thou hast made a very pretty speech.
“ Such is the language that the gods should hear,
“ And such should thunder on the royal ear.
“ Yet, son of dripping, tho’ thou speak’st my notions,
“ We must not be too nimble in our motions——
“ Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt ;
“ Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make good malt.

“ And

“ And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,
“ And battle for the honour of your locks.
“ Lo! in these aged hairs is all my joy—
“ To shave them, is my *being* to destroy.
“ What’s life, if life has not a bliss to give—
“ And if unhappy, who would wish to live?
“ CONTENT can visit the poor spider’d room,
“ Pleas’d with the coarse rush mat and birchen broom;
“ Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,
“ With cheeks as round as apples, and as red;
“ Where health with vigor nerves their backs and hams,
“ Sweet souls! though ragged as young colts or rams,
“ Where calmly sleep the parents with their darlings,
“ Though nibbled by the fleas as thick as starlings;
“ Lull’d to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs,
“ Dead to the bitings of a thousand bugs.

“ CONTENT, mild maid! delights in *simple* things,
“ And envies not the state of queens or kings;
“ Can dine on sheep’s-head, or a dish of broth,
“ Without a table, or a table-cloth;
“ Nor wishes, with the fashionable group,
“ To visit HORTON’S shop for turtle soup;
“ Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,
“ And sit upon a chair without a back:
“ Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
“ And use a wooden skewer for a fork.
“ Sweet maid! who thinks not shoes of leather shocking,
“ Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking;

“ Her

“ Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,
“ Though for her lovely limbs it forms a smock ;
“ Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that shade,
“ No graves are robb'd for hair to make a braid :
“ Her breast, of native plumpness, ne'er aspires
“ To swelling *merry-thoughts* of gauze and wires,
“ To look like crops of ducks (with labour borne)
“ Stretch'd by a superfluity of corn.
“ With Nature's hips, she fights not for *cork-rumps*,
“ And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps ;
“ But pleas'd from whalebone prisons to escape,
“ She trusts to simple nature for a shape ;
“ Without a warming-pan can go to bed—
“ And wrap her petticoat about her head ;
“ Nor sigh for cob-web caps of Mecklin lace,
“ That shade of quality the varnish'd face ;
“ Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her straw-built nest,
“ And in a pair of minutes is undrest ;
“ Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,
“ Undressing, seem unloading caravans.
“ No matter from what source contentment springs ;
“ 'Tis just the same in cooks as 'tis in Kings ;
“ And if our souls are set upon our hair,
“ Let snip-snap barbers, nay, let *Kings*, beware,
“ Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
“ And clap, like fools, the edge-tool to our skulls.
“ Tread on a worm, he shews his rage and pain,
“ By turning on the wounding toe again :

“ Nay,

“ Nay, ev’n *inanimates* appear to feel :—
“ On the loose *stone*, if chance direct your heel,
“ Lo ! from its womb the sudden stream ascends,
“ To prove the foot was not among his friends ;
“ And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
“ O’er the fair stocking spouts the sable flood.”

So spoke the major, with resentment fir’d—
Spoke like a man—indeed, like man *inspir’d* !
Some critic cries, with sharp fastidious look,
“ Bard, bard, this is not language for a cook.”—
“ O snarler ! but I’ll lay thee any wager,
“ It is not too sublime for a *cook major*.”—

“ Behold ! to remedy our sad condition,”
The major cry’d, “ I’ve cook’d up a petition :
“ This carries weight with it, or I’m mistaken,
“ Shall shake the Monarch’s soul, and save our bacon.”—
Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
He read sonorous to the gaping crowd.

Thus reads a parish-clerk in church a brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—
Relief, alas ! that very rarely reaches
The poor petitioners, the ruin’d wretches ;
But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
To fat church-wardens and fat overseers ;
Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new spirit to the smutty tale.

THE
PETITION
OF THE
COOKS.

YOUR Majesty's firm friends and faithful cooks,
Who in your palace merry liv'd as grigs,
Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-cast looks,
That we must all be shav'd, and put on wigs:
You, SIRE, who with such honour wear your crown,
Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.

Dread Sir! we really deem our heads our own,
With ev'ry sprig of hair that on them springs——
In France, where men like spaniels lick the throne,
And count it glory to be cuff'd by Kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
Who swallows privileges like a shark.

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance——
We dare your sacred Majesty assure,
That there's a diff'rence between *us* and *France*;
And *long*, we hope, that *diff'rence* we'll endure.
We know KING LOUIS would, with pow'r so dread,
Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh!

Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty so true,
What dire designing raggamuffins said,
That we, your cooks, are such a nasty crew,
Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?
My Liege, you can't find one through all our house—
Not if you'd give a guinea for a louse.

What creature 'twas you found upon your plate
We know not—if a louse, it was not ours;—
To shave each cook's poor unoffending pate,
Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs;—
The act humanity and justice shocks:—
Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.

But grant upon your plate this louse so dread,
How can you say, Sir, it belongs to *us*?—
Maggots are found in many a princely head;
And if a maggot, why then not a louse?
Nay, grant the fact;—with horror should you shrink?
It could not eat your Majesty, we think.

Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,
As well as people of *inferior state*;—
Quarrels with cooks are therefore dang'rous things—
We cannot answer for your stomach's fate;
For by your size, we frankly must declare—
You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

My Liege, a universe hath been our foes ;

The times have look'd most miserably black—

America hath *try'd* to pull your nose— [back :

French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your

'Twould be a serious matter, we can tell ye,

Were *we* to buccanneer it on your *belly*.

You see the spirit of your cooks, then, Sire —

Determin'd nobly to support their locks :

And should your guards be order'd out to fire,

Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks :

Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a store,

And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

Nat Gardner, yeoman of the mouth, declares,

He'll join the standard of your injur'd cooks——

Each scullion, turnbroche, for redrefs prepares,

And puts on very formidable looks :

Your women, too—*imprimis*, *Mrs Dyer*,

Whose eggs are good as ever felt a fire.

Next sweeper-general, *Bickley*, *Mistress Mary*,

With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd *Mrs. Loman*—

Ann Spencer, guardian of the necessary—

That is to say, the necessary woman.

All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce, determine

To join us in the cause of hair and vermin.

There's

There's *Mistress Stewart*—*Mr. Richard Day*,

Who find your sacred Majesty in linen,
Are ready to support us in our fray——

You can't conceive the passion they have been in ;—
They swear so much your scheme of shaving hurts,
You sha'nt have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

The grocers, *Clarke* and *Taylor*, curse the scheme,
And say, whate'er we do, the world won't blame us—
So *Coomber* says, who gives you milk and cream—
And thus your old friend, *Mr. Lewis Ramus*.
We think your sacred Majesty would mutter
At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppose, an't please you, Sir, that *Mistress Knutton*
And *Mistress Maisfield*, fierce as tyger-cats,
One overseer of all the beef and mutton,
The other lady president of sprats——
Suppose, in opposition to your wish,
This locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish ?

Suppose *John Clarke* refuse supplies of mustard,
So necessary to your beef and bacon ?
Will Roberts all the apple-pye and custard ?
Your Majesty would growl, or we're mistaken——
Suppose that *Wells*, a stubborn temper studying,
Should take the plums from off the Sunday pudding ?

Suppose that *Rainsforth* with our *corps* unites?—

We mean the man who all the tallow handles—

Suppose he daring locks up all the lights—

How could your Majesty contrive for candles?

You'd be, (excuse the freedom of remark,)

Like *some* administrations—in the dark.

We dare assure you, that our grief is great—

And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,

To see your sacred Majesty beset

By such a graceless gang of idle pages—

And, with submission to your judgment, Sire,

We think old Madam SCHWELLENBERG a liar,

Suppose, GREAT SIR, that by your cruel fiat,

The barbers should attack our humble head,

And that we should not chuse to breed a riot,

Because we might not wish to lose our bread;

Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless cook

Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look?

Dread Sir! reflect on JOHNNY WILKES's fate,

Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble—

WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and state,

And got the better in that famous squabble:

Poor was the victory you wish'd to win,

That sat the mouth of EUROPE on the grin.

O KING,

O KING, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
All ready in rebellion now to rise—
They mock our humble method of imploring,
And bid us guard against a wig-surprise :
“ *Yours* is the hair (they cry) th’ Almighty gave ye,
“ And not a King in Christendom should shave ye.”

Lo! on th’ event the world impatient looks,
And thinks the joke is carried much too far—
Then pray, Sir, listen to your faithful cooks,
Nor in the palace breed a civil war :
Loud roars our band, and, obstinate as pigs,
Cry, “ Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs.”

THE
LOUSIAD.

Magna iter ascendo, sed dat mihi gloria vires—
Non juvat ex facili lecta corona iugo.

PROPERTIUS.

Bold is th' ascent, but glory nerves my pow'rs;
I like to pick on precipices, flow'rs.

CANTO III.

NIGHT, like a widow in her weeds of woe,
Had gravely walk'd for hours our world below:
Hobgoblins, spectres in her train, and cats;
Owls round her hooting, mix'd with shrieking bats,
Like wanton Cupids in th' Idalian grove,
That flickering sport around the Queen of Love.
Now like our quality, who darkling rise,
Each star had op'd its fashionable eyes;
Too proud to make appearance, too well-bred,
Till SOL, the *vulgar wretch*, had gone to bed.

His

His wisdom dead to sublunary things,
In leaden slumber snor'd the *best* of *****;
In slumber lifeless, with seraphic mien,
Close at his back, too, snor'd his *gentle* *****;
Unlike the pair of modern days, that weds,
And, in *one* fortnight, bawls for different beds!

Blest imp! now MORPHEUS o'er each Princess stole,
And clos'd those radiant eyes that vainly roll!
Eyes! Love's bright stars! but doom'd in vain
to shine;

For, ah! what youth shall say "those orbs are mine?"
Then, what are eyes, alas! the *brightest* eyes,
Forbid to languish on a Lover's sighs?
The pouting lip, the soft luxuriant breast,
If coldly fated never to be press'd?
Ah! vainly *those* like dew-clad cherries glow;
And *this* as vainly vies with Alpine snow!
The breath that gives of Araby the gales,
The voice that sounds enchantment, what avails?
The Juno form, the purple bloom of May,
Gift of the Graces, all are thrown away!

But, possibly, some German Duke may move,
And make a *tendre* of his heavy love!
His wide dominions—miles, p'rhaps, nine or ten;
His Myrmidonian phalanx—fifty men!
But lo! his *heart*, the fount whence honour springs,
Swell'd with the richest blood of ancient kings!

He

He comes ! not for high birth, his own before !
 Great Duke ! he comes to woo our golden ore,
 And add (how truly happy Britain's fate !)
 Another leech to suck the sanguine state ;
 To join (composing what a goodly row !)
 The place-broker, old SCHW—— and Co.

Now MORPHEUS (in compassion to mankind,
 Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind)
 Amus'd with dreams man's ambulating soul,
 To recompense him for the time he stole ;
 Bade the beau dance, his Delia melt away,
 Who box'd his ears so cruel through the day :
 Of ancient damsels eas'd the love-sick pains,
 Brought back lost charms, and fill'd their laps with
 Gave placid cuckoldom a constant dame ; [swains ;
 To brainless authors, bread and cheese and fame ;
 Made driv'ling monarchs schemes of wisdom plan,
 And Nature's rankest coward kill his man ;
 Gave to the chop-fall'n courtier wealth and power,
 Who felt no favour at the levee hour,
 Though tip toed, hawk like, watchful all the while,
 To seize the faintest glimpse of royal smile ;
 Bade happy aldermen assume new airs,
 Be-chain'd with all the splendour of Lord May'rs ;
 And bade them too (without a groat to pay)
 Re-gobble all the turtle of the day :
 Bade GL——r think his might could match a mouse,
 And CHAMBERS fancy he could build a house ;

And

And LADY MOUNT, th' antipodes of grace,
Think that she does not *frighten* with her face.—

Now SILENCE in the country stalk'd the dews,
As if she wore a flannel pair of shoes,
Lone list'ning, as the poets well remark,
To falling mill-streams, and the mastiff's bark;
To loves of wide-mouth'd cats, most mournful tales;
To hoot of owls amid the dusky vales,
To hum of beetles, and the bull-frog's snore,
The spectre's shriek, and ocean's drowzy roar.—
Lull'd was each street of London to repose,
Save where it echo'd to a WATCHMAN's nose;
Or, where a WATCHMAN, with ear-piercing rattle,
Rous'd his brave brothers from each box to battle;
To fall upon the CYNTHIAS of the night,
Sweet nymphs! whose sole profession is delight!
Thus the gaunt wolves the tender lambs pursue,
And hawks, in blood of doves, their beaks imbrue!
Thus on the flies of evening rush the bats,
And mastiffs fally on the am'rous cats!

Still was the palace, save where now and then
The tell-tale feet of love-designing men,
Night-wand'ring lords, soft patting on the floor,
Of maids of honour sought the chamber-door;
Obliging door! that, op'ning to the tap,
Admitted lords to take a social nap,
And chase most kindly from each timid maid
The ghosts that frightful haunt the midnight shade:

For

For very horrid 'tis, we all must own,
For poor defenceless nymphs to lie alone;
Since nights are often doleful, dark, and drear,
And raise in gentle breasts a world of fear.
Nay, were not lords ordain'd for lady's charms;
To guard from perils dire, and dread alarms?
Yes! and like lock'd-up gems those charms to keep,
Amidst the spectred solitude of sleep.
How wicked, then, to fly in NATURE's face,
And deal d—na—n on a kind embrace!
Pardon, ye grave divines, this doctrine strange,
Who think my morals may have caught the mange.
Still was the palace, save where some poor fly,
With thirst just ready to drop down and die,
Buzz'd faint petitions to his Maker's ear,
To shew him one small drop of dead small beer;
Save where the cat, for mice, so hungry, watching,
Swore the lean animals were scarce worth catching;
Save where the dog so gaunt, in grumbling tone,
By dreams deluded, mouth'd a mutton bone;
Save where, with throats to sounds of horror strain'd,
Crickets of coughs and rheumatisms complain'd,
Lamenting fore, amid a royal hold,
"How hard that crickets should be kill'd by cold!"—

Now FAME to DISCORD's dreary mansion flew,
To tell the beldame more than all she knew,
Who, at the devil's table, for her work,
For ever welcome finds a knife and fork:

DISCORD,

DISCORD, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
Lean, fallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supply'd,
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin;
DISCORD, who, pleas'd a universe to sway,
Is never half so blest as in a fray:
DISCORD, to deeds, indeed, most daring giv'n,
Who bade vile Satan raise a dust in heav'n:
Stirr'd up the sweetest angels to rebel,
And sunk the fairest forms to darkest hell;
Bade, by her din, the humblest spirits rise,
Bold to dethrone the Monarch of the skies;
For which they very *properly* were sent,
Unhappy legions! into banishment;
Doom'd, for such most abominable finning,
To broil on charcoal, with eternal grinning.—

DISCORD, who whisper'd to the jealous Cain,
“Go crack thy brother's box that holds his brain;”
Which Cain perform'd, in godliness unstable,
That foe to piety and brother Abel:
DISCORD, who haunts poor G——'s maudling DAME,
And makes her Duke of wisdom cry out “Shame!”
Who, *after* dinner, for her honours screams,
And grasps a British crown in drunken dreams;
Then roars as though (what richly she deserves)
The Duke had clapp'd a broom-stick to her nerves:

DISCORD,

DISCORD, who also often doth profane
 The goodly streets and courts of Drury lane ; [drunk,
 Where bawd meets bawd, blaspheming, swearing,
 Pimp knocks down pimp, and punk abuses punk :
 DISCORD, delighting in the wordy war,
 The pillar of the senate and the bar :
 DISCORD, who makes a ** delight in ode,
 Slight * Square of Hanover for Tott'nham Road ;
 Where, with the taste sublime of Goth and Vandal,
 He orders the worst works of heavy Handel ;
 † *Encores* himself, till all the audience gape,
 And suffers not a quaver to escape :
 DISCORD, all eye, all mouth, all ear, all nose
 For ever warring with a world's repose !—

When FAME arriv'd, the shaving tale to tell,
 Pleas'd was the red-ey'd fury in her cell, [fowl,
 Where scorpions crawl'd, where screech'd that noisy
 Known in Great Britain by the name of OWL ;
 Bat shriek'd, and grillatalpas join'd the sound,
 Cats squall'd, pigs whin'd, and adders hiss'd around.

Close to the restless wave her mansion lay,
 Receding from the beam of cheerful day :

* Gallini's rooms are in this square, in which is performed
 the celebrated professional concert.

† This was a most ludicrous circumstance, that happened
 not long since, when his ***** and the orchestra were left to
 themselves and *God save the King*.

Hence

Hence on black wing the HAG was wont to roam,
And join the witches 'mid the stormy gloom;
Howl with delight amid the thunder's roar;
Hang o'er the wrecks that crowd the billowy shore;
See, 'midst each flash, the heads of seamen rise,
And drink with greedy ears their drowning cries.—
Around her dwelling various portraits hung,
Of those whose noisy names in hist'ry rung.
Here, with spread arms, whom grace and fury fill,
Thund'ring d—na—n, star'd Stentorian HILL:
There curs'd, SIR JOSEPH BANKS, in quest of fame,
At finding fleas and lobsters not the same.
Here a prime fav'rite, of a fainted band,
Hell in his heart, and torches in his hand;
LORD GEORGE by mobs huzza'd, and, what is odd,
Burning poor Papists for the love of God;
Pleas'd as old NERO on each falling dome,
Sublimely fiddling to the flames of Rome!
There, in respect to kings, not over nice,
That revolution finner—DOCTOR PRICE;
Whose labours, in a most uncourtly style,
Win not, like *gentle* BURKE's, the royal smile;
Gain not from *good* DIVINES both praise and thanks,
Call'd, by the wicked, "Gospel Mountebanks,
" Mere quack pretenders, from their lofty station
" Puffing off idle *nostrums* of salvation;
" Who, where the milk and honey flows, resort,
" Like rooks in corn-fields, black'ning all the court."
Here, leading all her bears, so savage forth,
Wild rag'd the AMAZONIAN of the North,

With RuIN leagu'd, t' attack the Turkish hive,
 And leave not half a Mussulman alive :
 'There storm'd a VIXEN, far and near renown'd
 For *sweetness, meekness, piety profound* :
 Her sons abusing (in abuses old)
 With all the fury of a German scold !—
 These, with some scores, were seen, of equal fame,
 Thanks to a lonely taper's livid flame !
 The forms of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG she took,
 Her broken English, garb, and fin-like look ;
 Then fought the palace, and the royal ear,
 And whisper'd thus, " Mine God, Sir, nebber fear—
 " Oh, please your Majesty, you ver ver right :
 " Shave all de rascal, if but out of spite.
 " Lord ! Lord ! how will a mighty monarch look,
 " Not able, O mine God ! for shave a cook !
 " *Dat* like a king, I say, what can't do dat ?
 " Mine God ! pray half more spirit dan a cat.
 " Ser, in mine court, de prince be great as king—
 " He scorn to ax one word about a ting.
 " Mine God ! de cook mufs nebber dare make groan,
 " Nor dare to tell a prince der foul der own :
 * 'Tis de dam Englis only, dat can say,
 " ' Boh ! fig for king ! by God, I'll haf my way.'

" I haf see court enough—a prince and dook,
 " But nebber wish on fush as dis to look :
 " I say ver often to myself—Goode God !
 " I nebber wish a crown mine head for load !

" I do

" I do not with myself more greater evils—
 " A King of Englis be a King of defils :
 " To punishment de lousy rafal bring,
 " And show dem all vat 'tis for be a King.
 " America haf cover us vid shame ;
 " Jack Wilkes, too, be a dam, dam uglifh name ;
 " And fal de paltry cook be conquerer, too ?
 " No, God forbid ! as dat vill nebbber do.
 " De hair mufs fall before your royal eye,
 " 'Tis someting, fags ! to triumph 'pon poor fly."—

Pleas'd with her voice, the King of nations snil'd,
 For pow'r with monarchs is a fav'rite child :

" What ! what ! not shave 'em, shave 'em, shave
 " 'em, shave 'em ?

" Not all the world, not all the world shall save 'em.

" I'll sheer 'em, sheer 'em, as I sheer my sheep."—

Thus spoke the mighty Monarch in his sleep :

Which proves that kings in sleep a speech may make,
 Equal to what they utter broad awake.—

Charm'd with the mischief full on fancy's view,
 Quick to the major's room the FURY flew :

Put off the form of SCHWELLENBERG, and took

Of MADAM HAGGERDORN the milder look :

A woman, in whose soul no guile is seen,

The mistress of the robes to our *good* Queen :

A queen, who really has not got her peer.

A queen, to this our kingdom wond'rous *dear* :

Which shows, however folks are apt to sport,
That all the virtues may be found at court.—

Now, in the MAJOR's ear the beldame said,

“ YAN DIXON—YAN, you must not, man, be fraid.

“ I like mush your peteeshon to de King,

“ Though GEORGE will swear 'tis dam, dam faucy

“ And swear, dat as his soul is to be save, [ting ;

“ Dat ebbry von of you sal all be shave :

“ YAN DIXON, rader your dear life lay down,

“ Dan be de laugh (mine Gote !) of all de town.

“ De ver, ver littel boy an girl you meet,

“ Vill point and laugh and hoot you trow de street.

“ De fame (mine Gote !) vill chimney-sweep behave,

“ And cry, ‘ Dere go de blockhead dat vas shave :

“ ‘ Dere go von poor shave fellow !’ cry de trul,

“ Because he had de louse upon his scull.’

“ I know he say, dat you sal lose your lock,

“ Before to-morrow mornin twalfe o'clock.

“ I tink dere may be battle—nebber mind,

“ I hope dat Godamighty vill be kind.

“ What, if de King make noise about de house,

“ For noting but dis dam confounded louse :

“ He be but von, you know : and den for you,

“ Mine Gote ! YAN DIXON, you is fifty-two :

“ Tink, YAN, how GEORGE vas frighten by de mob,

“ When Lord GEORGE GORDON made dat burning

“ job.

“ Mine Gote ! YAN, mind me, rader lose dy place,

“ Dan suffer such dam nasty, dam disgrace.

“ I tell

“ I tell you true, indeed, ver true, dear YAN,
“ His Majesty be ver good fort of man ;
“ But ver ver like, indeed, as oder men,
“ Dat is, a leetel stubborn now and den.—
“ Tink, YAN, of dat ver ugly ting, a wig,
“ For pot-boy and de pot-girl run der rig !
“ Boh ! filthy ting, enough de deffil for scare ;
“ An made perhap of difmal dead man’s hair !
“ I sal not wonders if, dy foul for shock,
“ A ghost come feize upon der stolen lock.
“ No, fags ! nor wonders if dey come an pull
“ De wig vid mush, mush fury from dy scull.
“ Pon som poor strumpet head perhap dat grow’d,
“ Dat die of dam disorder, nasty toad ! ”—

Thus saying, lo ! the Fury made retreat,
And left the Lord of Saucepans in a sweat.
Just like King Richard in his tent, JOHN rear’d,
And verily a man of woes appear’d.
Now handling his small pig-tail, “ Now you’re here,”
Exclaim’d the MAJOR, “ but not long, I fear :
“ Perhaps some good may follow this same dream,
“ And resolution mar this shaving scheme.
“ Curs’d be the Loufe that so much mischief bred,
“ And yields to Barbers boys, the harmless head :
“ Curs’d be the razor-maker, curs’d the prig
“ Who thought upon that greasy thing—a wig.
“ Sure, ’twas some mangy beast, some scabby rogue,
“ Who brought a thing so filthy into vogue !

" Had NATURE meant the scare-crow to be worn,
 " Infants with wigs had certainly been born.—
 " But lo! with little hair, and that uncurl'd,
 " But not with *wigs*, they come into the world!
 " What shame, that sheep, that horses, cows, and bulls,
 " Should club their tails, to furnish Christian skulls!
 " But what a sacrilegious shame, the *dead*
 " Can't keep, poor souls, their locks upon their head!
 " What shame, the spectres, in the midnight air,
 " Should wander, screaming for their plunder'd hair!
 " Curs'd be the shaving plan, I say again,
 " Although the bantling of a Royal brain!"
 Thus curs'd the MAJOR to NIGHT's list'ning ear,
 Enough to turn a Christian pale to hear!
 Thus, heedless of hereafter, for a pin
 Will men and women run their souls in sin!
 Now paus'd the MAJOR, with a thoughtful air;
 And now soliloquied with solemn stare:—
 " Drunk with dominion, gorg'd with vicious thoughts,
 " With Folly teeming, doz'd by Flatt'ry's draughts,
 " Taught to admire their very maudlin dreams
 " And think their brains' dull mud-pools, WISDOM'S
 " streams,—
 " Too many a monarch lives; but, lo! not ours!
 " A King, who WISDOM'S very self devours;
 " Snaps at arts, sciences, where'er they rise,
 " With all the fire of boys at butterflies.—
 " *Such* cannot, surely, own a little heart;
 " Therefore our locks and we *may* never part."

Now,

Now, from a stool, a tinder-box he took,
And fiercely with the stone the steel he struck ;
And, after many unsuccessful shocks,
The sparks inflam'd the tinder in the box ;
Which, by a match which JOHN did sagely handle,
Gave sudden lustre to a farthing candle.
Thus, if small things with great we may compare,
We see hard pedagogues, with furious air,
Strike with the fist, and often with a stick,
Light through a scholar's scull, ten inches thick.

Now, full illuminated, DIXON stole,
Where lay a Master-cook within his hole :
From whence, to all th' inferior cooks they went,
Inclin'd to opposition's big intent ;
But, not so fierce, alas ! for opposition,
As in the threat'ning, bullying Petition ;
For men (it is reported) dash and vapour
Less on the field of battle, than on paper.
Thus, in the hist'ry of each *dire campaign*,
More carnage loads the newspaper than plain.
And now the cooks and scullions left each nest ;
And now, behold, they one and all were drest.

Lo ! fullen to the kitchen mov'd the throng,
Gloom on each eye, and silence on each tongue :
How much like crape-clad mourners round a bier !
But, ah ! impress'd with sorrow more sincere ;
For oft, at *tombs*, with joy the bosom burns—
There, 'tis the *sable back alone* that mourns,

Now

Now making, with a few dry chips, a fire,
 They fullen fat, their grief commix'd with ire;
 Sad ruminating all around the flame,
 Like Harry and his band, of deathless name,
 Near Agincourt, expectant of the day
 Big with the horrors of a bloody fray;
 A fray that threaten'd his poor little band,
 To sweep it, just like spiders, to that land,
Terra incognita yelep'd, which stretches
 Afar!—of which, imperfect are our sketches;
 Since all who have survey'd this distant bourn,
 So welcom'd, were not suffer'd to return.—
 Thus did the cooks expect the fatal morn,
 When, sheep-like, every head was to be shorn.

Now to the whitening East they cast their sight,
 And wish'd, but vainly, an eternal night:
 Not with less pleasure stares upon the day,
 The wretch condemn'd hard Nature's debt to pay;
 Condemn'd ere noon to act a deed abhorr'd;
 To stretch, for Justice' sake, the fatal cord:
 Not with less pleasure shrunk (unknown to shame,)
 A meat, drink, snuff, and diamond-loving DAME,
 When told, "That if poor Hastings went to pot,
 " Away went pearls, and jewels, and what not,
 " Torn from the stomacher so fine, yet foul,
 " Which AV'RICE thirsted for, and RAPINE stole:"
 Not with less pleasure, in the vale of life,
 Poor EGL—N—T—N beheld a youthful wife,
 (Forc'd,

(Forc'd, on a bed of ice, sweet flow'r, to bloom ;
Ah ! forc'd to shine, a sun-beam, on a tomb)
That blooming youthful wife, inclin'd to stray
With HAM—LTON, all in a billing way ;
Just like two turtles, or a pair of lambs,
Or ewes so playful with the frisky rams :

Not with less glee an old and hopeless maid,
Surveys the sun ascending from the shade ;
A sun, that gives a younger sister's charms
So hated, to a bridegroom's happy arms :
Not with less joy, that raging chaste old maid
Sees the frail Fair-ones in the Cyprian trade
Escape the whip and gaol, and hemp beside,
By means of *gentle* MISTER JUSTICE HYDE.
Sweet wrecks of beauty ! though, with aspic eye,
And glance disdainful, PRUDERY pass them by,
With mincing step, and squinting cautious dread,
As though their looks alone contagion shed.—
I view each pallid WRETCH with grief sincere,
And call on PITY for her tend'rest tear ;
See, on their cheeks, the blush of VIRTUE burn ;
Hear from their souls, the sigh of RUIN mourn ;
View, veil'd in HORROR's gloom, their swimming
Beaming with hopeless wishes to the skies, [eyes,
Like the pale MOON's dim solitary form,
Wrapp'd in the darkness of the midnight storm.
Too oft, by TREACH'RY's winning smile betray'd,
Too fondly trusting, falls the simple maid !

Too

Too many a TH—L—E walks the world of woe,
 To foul of INNOCENCE the sacred snow !
 To love, yet nurse the thought of villain art,
 How hard a lesson for the *partial* heart !
 Too hard a lesson for the female soul,
 Where LOVE no part'ner owns, and scorns controul.

Not with less pleasure doth a poet look
 On cruel criticism, which damns his book,
 Or recommends it to that peaceful shore
 Where books and bards are never heard of more,
 Than look'd each man, with lengthen'd boding beard,
 On that sad morn, which doom'd them to be shear'd :
 Not with less pleasure, likewise, let me say,
 A hungry author sees his dying play ;
 Child of his dotage, who surveys its fall,
 Just as mankind shall view the tumbling ball ;
 When sun, moon, stars, and all the distant spheres,
 Burst in one general wreck about their ears,
 Not with less pleasure did * SIR WILLIAM's eye
 See SOMERSET's bold wing desert its sky ;

* This gentleman still retains the place of Comptroller of the Board of Works, to the kingdom's surprise : but demerit in building, as well as in painting, is a sufficient recommendation to a *certain species* of PATRONS, particularly if the professors are despised by the people at large. It is the money of this nation that is sought for, not the merit. The circumstance of being a foreigner, too (for the same SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS is a Swede,) carries with it another strong claim to favouritism!

A fall,

A fall, at which the Nation's purse exclaims,
 That thund'ring crush'd the back of roaring THAMES.
 Not with less pleasure did SIR WILLIAM's ear,
 A *second* crash of this fam'd fabric hear;
 When poor SIR JOSHUA, with his painting band,
 Swore the dread day of judgment just at hand.
 Not with less glee, tenacious of his dross,
 'Ross * started—Reader! not the Man of Ross—

When

* The present BISHOP OF EXETER, who, when his MAJESTY visited that ancient city lately, *most handsomely* excused himself the honour of entertaining his ROYAL MASTER, by billeting him upon DEAN BULLER. The following lines, extracted from a manuscript performance of one JOHN PLOUGH-SHARE, called the ROYAL PROGRESS, we think, will elucidate this part of our EPIC, and not be unacceptable to our readers.

- ' IN comm'd the KING at last to town,
- ' With doubt and sweat as nutmeg brown,
- ' The houses all in smoke;
- ' Huzzaing, trumpeting, and ringing,
- ' Red colours fleeing, roaring, dringing,
- ' So mad zeem'd all the voice.
- ' Wiping his sweaty jaws and poll,
- ' All over doubt we spied 'SQUIRE ROLLE,
- ' Close by the King's coach tratin;
- ' Now shoving in the coach his head,
- ' Meaning (we thought) it might be zed,
- ' 'SQUIRE ROLLE and GEORGE be chattin.

' Now

When MAJESTY, to rest his royal head,
Ask'd of the Church's mitred Son a bed,

Poor

' Now went the ALDERMEN and MAY'R,
' Zome with cut wigs, and zome with hair,
' The royal voke to ken ;
' When MEASTER MAY'R, upon my word,
' Pok'd to the King a gert long fword,
' Which *be* pok'd back agen.

' Now thoofe that round his Worship flood,
' Declar'd it clumsily was dood ;
' Yet SQUIRT, the people zay,
' Brandish'd a gert hofs glyfter-pipe,
' To make un in his lesson ripe,
' That took up half a day.

' Now down droo Vore-street did they com,
' Zum hallowin, and screeching zum :
' Now trudg'd they to the DEAN's ;
' Becaze the BISHOP zent mun word,
" A could not meat and drink avord,
" A had not got the means."

' A zed, that, " az vor he, poor man,
" A had not got a pot or pan,
" Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork ;
" That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
" And zeldom made a hearty meal,
" And zeldom drade a cork."

' Indeed, a is a moderate man,
' And zo be all the clargy clan,

' That

Poor man ! who proving, like his Sovereign, poor,
Begg'd him to knock at good DEAN BULLER's door ;

‘ That with un come to chatter ;
‘ Who, when they're ax'd to a glafs of wine,
‘ To one the wother they tip the sign,
‘ And beg my Lord's fine water.

‘ Then az vor rooms—why, there agen
“ A could not lodge a cock, nor hen,
“ They were zo small,” a zed ;
“ And, az vor beds, they wudn't do,
“ In number about one or two,
“ Vor felf and JOAN the maid.

“ In voolifh things, a wudn't be cort ;
“ 'Twas ftoopid to treat vokes vor nort :—
“ No ; twazn't heefe desire.
“ Prefarment, too, waz to an eend ;
“ The King woud never more vor'n zend,
“ To lift un one peg higher.

“ And yet vokes zay 's a man o' fenfe,
“ Honest and good—but hoardth his pence ;
“ Can't peart with drink nor met.
“ An then why vore ?” the peepel rail :—
“ To greaze a vat ould pig in the tail —
“ OULD WEYMOUTH o' Long Leat.”

‘ Well, to the DEAN's, bounce in they went,
‘ And all the day in munchin spent,
‘ And guzlin, too, no doubt ;
‘ And while the Gentry drink'd *within*,
‘ The Mob, with brandy, ale, and gin,
‘ Got roaring drunk *without*.

BULLER, who took his wand'ring master in,
 And stuff'd with corn and oil his scrip and skin;
 For which (on gratitude so wont to dote),
 The Monarch gave a TUMBLER—worth a groat!
 O glorious act! an act, how seldom seen!
 O what a day of gladness for the Dean!
 A gift so rare, so noble, so sublime,
 Will stupify the sons of distant time.
 This, let the BULLER family record;
 This brittle treasure let the BULLERS hoard;
 Yet show, exulting, upon gala days,
 To bid some favour'd GUEST admire and praise.
 Now did the MAJOR hum a tune so sad!
 Chromatic—in the robes of sorrow clad:
 But, lo! the ballad could not fear controul,
 Nor exorcise the Barbers from his soul:
 And now his lifted eyes the cieling sought;
 And now he whistled—not for want of thought.
 A mournful air the whistling MAJOR chose:
 • Still on his rolling eye the razors rose.
 From grave to sprightly now he chang'd—a jig—
 Still o'er his haunted fancy wav'd the wig;
 Still saw his eye alarm'd, the Scratch* abhorr'd,
 Like wild Macbeth's, the visionary sword.—
 Thus, from what Kings, alas! may fancy fun,
 His loving subjects may be glad to run:

* A small wig, or rather an apology for a wig, so called,
 and generally worn by our most amiable and august Monarch.

Thus,

Thus, when SAINT SWITHEN from his fountain pours;
 SAINT SWITHEN, tutelary Saint of show'rs;
 Beaux skip, belles scamper, fly the cocks and hens,
 With drooping plumage, to the shelt'ring pens;
 While lo! the waddling ducks *Te Deum* utter,
 Flap their glad wings, and gabble through the gutter.

Sing, MUSE! or, lo! our *Canto* not complete,
 What air he humm'd, and whistled all so sweet.
 HOMER of ev'ry thing minutely speaks,
 From Heaven's ambrosia, to a camp's beef-steaks:
 Then let us, MUSE, adopt a march sublime,
 And try to rival HOMER with our rhyme;
 Who, had a NIT, in JUNO's tresses bred,
 Dropp'd on divine MINERVA's wiser head;
 Or COOK-like FLEA, exploring some new track,
 Hopp'd from the clouds to AGAMEMNON's back;
 The BARD had sung the fall in verse divine,
 And CRITICS heard the sound along the line.
 JOVE call'd his JUNO only *saucy bitch*;
 The POET thought it would his song enrich:
 JOVE, too, just threaten'd, with some birchen rods,
 To whip her publicly before the gods;
 The BARD (though but a flogging bout at most)
 Deem'd it indeed too sacred to be lost:
 JOVE call'd his daughter only bitch and fool,
 (Poor PALLAS, treated like a girl at school,)
 Threaten'd to ham-string her six fav'rite nags,
 And tear her bran-new phaëton to rags;

The BARD, who never wrote an idle word,
Bade his bold verse the GOD's bold speech record :
And had the THUND'RER but broke wind, the song
Had, imitative, born the blast along.—
Then be it known to all the world around,
To folks above, and people under ground,
To fish and fowl, and ev'ry creeping thing—
Lillibullero, and *God save the King*,
Were actually the very airs he chose !
But wherefore—GOD ALMIGHTY only knows !

A
POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY
EPISTLE
TO
JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.
ON HIS
JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES,
WITH THE CELEBRATED
Dr. JOHNSON.

— Τρώεσσιν ἐβέλετο Κυδος ὀρέξαι. HOMER.

O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce *, whate'er
thy name,
Thou mighty stark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackall, leading lion Johnson forth
To eat M'Pherson † 'midst his native North;

* Vide Note, page 16.

† The translator (but in Dr. Johnson's opinion the author)
of the Poems attributed to OSSIAN.

To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore——
All hail!—At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage
To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page
Is amply gratified—a thousand eyes
Survey thy books with rapture and surprise!
Loud, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,
And wonder'd that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant, thou thro' Time's vast gulph shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale;
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king;
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its pow'r,
Stuck like a bat, to some old ivy'd tow'r.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blest'd thy eyes,
Paoli's deeds had rais'd thee to the skies!
Yes! his broad wing had rais'd thee (no bad hack)
A tom-tit twitt'ring on an eagle's back.

THOU, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song
When death hath still'd the rattle of thy tongue;
E'en future babes to lisp thy name shall learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood, and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,
And snatch'd old stories from the jaws of Time.
Sweet is thy page, * I ween, that doth recite
How thou and Johnson, arm in arm, one night,

* Vide page 14.

March'd through fair Edinburgh's Paſtolian ſhow'rs,
Which Cloacina bountifully pours;
Thoſe gracious ſhow'rs that fraught with fragrance flow,
And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.
How ſweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,
" I ſmell you, Maſter Bozzy, in the dark !"
Alas ! hiſtorians are confounded dull,
A dim Bæotia reigns in every ſkull ;
Mere beaſts of burden, broken-winded, flow,
Heavy as cart-horſes, along they go ;
Whiſt thou, a Will-o'-wiſp, art here, art there,
Wild darting coruſcations ev'ry where.

What taſteleſs mouth can gape, what eye can cloſe,
What head can nod o'er thy enlivening proſe ?
To others' works, the works of thy inditing
Are downright di'monds to the eyes of whiting.
Think not I flatter thee, my ſlippant friend ;
For well I know that flatt'ry would offend :
Yet honeſt praiſe, I'm ſure, thou would'ſt not ſhun,
Born with a ſtomach to digeſt a tun !
Who can reſuſe a ſmile that reads thy page,
Where ſurly Sam, inflam'd with Tory rage,
Naffau beſcoundrels, and with anger big,
Swears Whigs are rogues, and every rogue a Whig ?
Who will not, too, thy pen's *minutiæ* bleſs,
That gives poſterity the Rambler's * dreſs ?

* Vide page 9.

Methinks

Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
 The large grey bushy wig that grac'd his crown,
 Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
 And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
 I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
 That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
 Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold!)
 Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.
 I see the Rambler * on a large bay mare,
 Just like a Centaur ev'ry danger dare,
 On a full gallop dash the yielding wind,
 The colt and Bozzy scampring close behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy † with what glee we read,
 Who offer'd Sam, for breakfast, cold sheep's head;
 Who, press'd and worried by this dame so civil,
 Wish'd the sheep's head and woman's at the devil.

I see you failling both in Buchan's ‡ pot—
 Now storming an old woman § and her cot;
 Who terrified at each tremendous shape,
 Deem'd you two Demons ready for a rape:
 I see all marv'ling at M'Leod's together
 On Sam's remarks || on whey and tanning leather:
 At Corrichatachin's ¶, the Lord knows how,
 I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's sow,
 And begging, with rais'd eyes and lengthen'd chin,
 Heav'n not to d—n thee for the deadly sin:

* P. 376. † P. 429. ‡ P. 104. § P. 143. || P. 299. ¶ P. 317.

I see too, the stern moralist regale,
 And pen a Latin ode to Mrs. Thrale *,
 I see, without a night-cap on his head,
 Rare fight! bald Sam in the Pretender's † bed :
 I hear (what's wonderful!) unsought by studying,
 His classic dissertation upon pudding ‡ :
 Of Provost Jopp § I mark the marv'ling face,
 Who gave the Rambler's freedom with a grace :
 I see too, trav'ling from the ISLE of EGG ||,
 The humble servant ¶ of a horse's leg ;
 And SNIP, the taylor, from the ISLE of MUCK **,
 Who stitch'd in SKY with tolerable luck :
 I see the horn that drunkards must adore ;
 The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More †† ;
 And bloody shields that guarded hearts in quarrels,
 Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.
 Methinks the Caledonian dame I see
 Familiar sitting on the RAMBLER's knee,
 Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling sage :
 Melting with sweetest smiles the frost of age ;
 Like SOL, who darts at times a cheerful ray
 O'er the wan visage of a winter's day.
 " Do it again, my dear," (I hear Sam cry)
 " See who first tires, my charmer, you or I."
 I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,
 An old dry'd whiting in thy Johnson's mouth ;

* P. 177. † P. 216. ‡ P. 440. § P. 39. || P. 275.

¶ A Blacksmith. ** P. 275. †† P. 254.

And

And lo ! I see, with all his might and main,
Thy Johnson spit the whiting out again.
Rare anecdotes ! 'tis anecdotes like these
That bring thee glory, and the million please !
On these shall future times delighted stare,
Thou charming haberdasher of small ware !
Stewart and Robertson, from thee, shall learn
The simple charms of Hist'ry to discern :
To thee, fair Hist'ry's palm, shall Livy yield,
And Tacitus, to Bozzy, leave the field !
Joe Miller's self, whose page such fun provokes,
Shall quit his shroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes !
How are we all with rapture touch'd, to see
Where, when, and at what hour, you swallow'd tea !
How, once, to grace this Asiatic treat,
Came haddocks, which the Rambler could not eat.

Pleas'd, on thy book thy Sov'reign's eye-balls roll,
Who loves a gossip's story from his soul !
Blest with the mem'ry of the Persian king *,
He ev'ry body knows, and ev'ry thing ;
Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl beguil'd
Hath lost a paramour, and found a child ;
Which gard'ner hath most cabbages and peas,
And which old woman hath most hives of bees ;
Which farmer boasts the most prolific sows,
Cocks, hens, geese, turkies, goats, sheep, bulls, and cows ;

* Cyrus.

Which

Which barber best the ladies locks can curl;
 Which house in Windfor sells the finest purl;
 Which chimney-sweep best beats, in gold array,
 His brush, and shovel, on the first of May;
 Whose dancing dogs in rigadoons excel;
 And whose the puppet-shew, that bears the bell:
 Which clever smith the prettiest man-trap * makes,
 To save from thieves the royal ducks and drakes,
 The Guinea hens and peacocks, with their eggs,
 And catch his loving subjects by the legs.
 O! since the Prince of gossips reads thy book,
 To what high honours may not Bozzy look?
 The sun-shine of his smile may soon be thine—
Perchaunce, in converse thou may'st hear him shine:
Perchaunce, to stamp thy merit through the nation,
 He begs of Johnson's life, thy dedication;
 Asks questions † of thee, O thou lucky elf,
 And kindly answers ev'ry one himself.

* His M——y hath planted a number of those trusty guardians around his park at Windfor, for the benefit of the public.

† Just after Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with a certain great personage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham House, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the r-y-l intellect.—“His M——y seems to be possessed of much good nature and much curiosity (replied the Doctor): As for his *vs*, it is far from contemptible. His M——y indeed was *multifarious* in his *questions*; but, thank God, he answered them all *himself*.”

Blest

Blest with the classic learning * of a college,
 Our K—g is not a miser in his knowledge :
 Nought in the storehouse of his brains turns musty :
 No razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty :
 Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows,
 Free as election beer from tubs, it flows !
 Yet, ah ! superior far !—it boasts the merit
 Of never fuddling people with the spirit !
 Say, Bozzy, when to blest our anxious sight,
 When shall thy volume † burst the gates of light ?
 O, cloth'd in calf, ambitious brat be born——
 Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn !
 My fancy's keen anticipating eye
 A thousand charming anecdotes can spy :
 I read, I read of G—ge the learn'd ‡ display
 On Lowth's and Warburton's immortal fray :
 Of G—ge, whose brain, if right the mark I hit,
 Forms one huge Cyclopædia of wit :

* This is a very extraordinary circumstance, as the late
 P——s D——r retained three parts of the money ordered
 for the education of her children. The effect of this absurd
 conduct was so conspicuous in her daughter M——A, that
 the letters received from her during her residence in Denmark,
 were absolutely unintelligible.

† The Life of Dr. Johnson.

‡ His M——y's commentary on the quarrel, in which the
 Bishop and the Doctor pelted one the other with dirt so grace-
 fully, will be a treasure to the lovers of literature ! Mr. B.
 hath as good as promised it to the public, and, we hope, means
 to keep his word.

That

That holds the wisdom of a thousand ages,
 And frightens all his workmen and his pages!
 O Bozzy, still, thy tell-tale plan pursue:
 The world is wondrous fond of something new;
 And, let but Scandal's breath embalm the page,
 It lives a welcome guest from age to age.
 Not only say who breathes an arrant knave,
 But who hath sneak'd a rascal to his grave:
 Make o'er his turf (in Virtue's cause) a rout,
 And, like a d-mn'd good Christian, pull him out.
 Without a fear on families harangue,
 Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang;
 Publish the demireps, and punks—nay more,
 Declare what virtuous wife will be a wh—e.
 Thy brilliant brain, conjecture can supply,
 To charm through ev'ry leaf the eager eye.
 The blue stocking * society describe,
 And give thy comment on each joke, and jibe:
 Tell what the women are, their wit, their quality,
 And dip them in thy streams of immortality!

Let Lord M'Donald threat thy breech to kick †,
 And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick:

* A club chiefly composed of *most* learned ladies, to which Mr. B. was admitted.

† A letter of severe remonstrance was sent to Mr. B. who, in consequence, omitted in the second Edition of his Journal, what is so generally pleasing to the public, viz. the scandalous passages relative to this nobleman.

Treat with contempt the menace of this Lord,
 'Tis Hift'ry's province, Bozzy, to record.
 Though Wilkes abuse thy brain, that airy mill,
 And swear poor Johnson murder'd by thy quill;
 What's that to thee? Why let the victim bleed—
 Thy end is answer'd, if the Nation read.
 The fiddling Knight *, and tuneful Mistress Thrale,
 Who frequent hobb'd or nobb'd with Sam, in ale,
 Snatch up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires!)
 To write his jokes and stories by their fires;
 Then why not thou, each joke and tale enrol,
 Who like a watchful cat, before a hole,
 Full twenty years (inflam'd with letter'd pride)
 Didst mousing sit before Sam's mouth so wide,
 To catch as many scraps as thou wert able——
 A very Laz'rus at the rich man's table?
 What tho' against thee porters † bounce the door,
 And bid thee hunt for secrets there no more;
 With pen and ink so ready at thy coat,
 Exciseman-like, each syllable to note,
 That giv'n to printers devils, (a precious load!)
 On wings of print comes flying all abroad?

* Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madame Piozzi) threatens us with the life of the late lexicographer.

† This is literally true—Nobody is at home.—Our great people want the Taste to relish Mr. Boswell's vehicles to immortality. Though in London, poor Bozzy is in a desert.

Watch

Watch then the venal valets—smack the maids,
 And try with gold to make them rogues and jades :
 Yet should their honesty thy bribes resent ;
 Fly to thy fertile genius, and invent :
 Like old Voltaire, who plac'd his greatest glory,
 In cooking up an entertaining story ;
 Who laugh'd at Truth, whene'er her simple tongue
 Would snatch amusement from a tale or song.

O ! whilst amid the anecdotic mine,
 Thou labour'st hard to bid thy hero shine,
 Run to Bolt-Court *, exert thy Curl-like † soul,
 And fish for golden leaves from hole to hole :
 Find when he ate and drank, and cough'd and
 sneez'd——

Let all his motions in thy book be squeez'd :
 On tales, however strange, impose thy claw ;
 Yes, let thy amber lick up ev'ry straw :
 Sam's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a treat ;
 For all that breathes of Johnson must be great !

Blest be thy labours, most advent'rous Bozzy,
 Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi ;
 Heav'ns ! with what laurels shall thy head be crown'd !
 A grove, a forest, shall thy ears surround !

* In Fleet-street, where the Doctor lived and died.

† Curl, the bookseller, frequently bribed people to hunt the
 temples of Cloacina for Pope's and Swift's Letters.

Yes! whilst the Rambler shall a comet blaze,
 And gild a world of darkness with its rays,
 Thee too, that world, with wonderment, shall hail,
 A lively, bouncing cracker at his tail!

POSTSCRIPT.

AS Mr. BOSWELL's Journal hath afforded such universal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great Moralist's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotal treasury, as well as making Mr. B. happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson, and the Author of this Congratulatory Epistle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature. The Doctor was very cheerful that day; had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings; a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt sleeves, a pair of shoes, ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh shaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. "Pray, Doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boswell's literary powers?"

Johnson. "Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Boszy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he seems strongly affected by the

cacoethes

cacoethes scribendi; wishes to be thought a *rara avis*, and in truth so he is—your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will easily discover, to what species of bird I allude.” Here the Doctor shook his head and laughed.

P. P. “What think you, Sir, of his account of Corfica?—Of his character of Paoli?”

Johnson. “Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity.”

P. P. “I have heard it whispered, Doctor, that should you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life.”

Johnson. “Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable an injury.—Which of us shall die first, is only known to the Great Disposer of events; but were I sure that James Boswell would write *my* life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the measure, by taking *his*.” (Here he made three or four strides across the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion.)

P. P. “I am afraid that he means to do you the favour.”

Johnson. “He dares not—he would make a scare-crow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in *his own* face, but not murder *me*. Sir, I heed not his *αὐτοῖς ἐφα*—BOSWELL write my life! why the fellow possesses not abilities for writing the life of an *ephemeron*.”

BOZZY AND PIOZZI:
OR, THE
BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS.
A
TOWN ECLOGUE.

— *Arcades ambo,*
Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati! VIRGIL.

THE ARGUMENT.

ON THE DEATH OF DOCTOR JOHNSON, A NUMBER OF PEOPLE, AMBITIOUS OF BEING DISTINGUISHED FROM THE MUTE PART OF THEIR SPECIES, SET ABOUT RELATING AND PRINTING STORIES AND BONS MOTS OF THAT CELEBRATED MORALIST. AMONGST THE MOST ZEALOUS, THOUGH NOT THE MOST ENLIGHTENED, APPEARED MR. BOSWELL AND MADAME PIOZZI, THE HERO AND HEROINE OF OUR ECLOGUE. THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE IN CONTEMPLATION THE LIFE OF JOHNSON; AND TO PROVE THEIR BIOGRAPHICAL ABILITIES, APPEAL TO SIR JOHN HAWKINS FOR HIS DECISION ON THEIR RESPECTIVE MERITS, BY QUOTATIONS FROM
THEIR

THEIR PRINTED ANECDOTES OF THE DOCTOR. SIR JOHN
HEARS THEM WITH UNCOMMON PATIENCE, AND DETER-
MINES VERY PROPERLY ON THE PRETENSIONS OF THE
CONTENDING PARTIES.

WHEN JOHNSON fought (as Shakespear says)
that bourn,

From whence, alas ! no travellers return ;
In *humbler* English, when the Doctor died,
APOLLO whimper'd, and the MUSES cried ;
PARNASSUS mop'd for days, in business slack,
And, like a *bearse*, the hill was hung with black ;
MINERVA, sighing for her *fav'rite* son,
Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world *undone* ;
Her OWL, too, hooted in so loud a style,
That people might have heard the BIRD *a mile* ;
JOVE wip'd his eyes so red, and told his WIFE,
He ne'er made JOHNSON'S *equal* in his life ;
And that 't would be a *long, long time*, if ever,
His art could form a fellow *half so clever* ;
VENUS, of all the little Loves the DAM,
With all the GRACES, sobb'd for BROTHER SAM :
Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,
As if DAME NATURE had *resign'd* her *breath*.
Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,
Amidst the natives of our *earthly* scene :
From beggars, to the GREAT who hold the helm,
One *Johnso-mania* rag'd through all the realm !

“ *Who*

“ *Who* (cried the world) can match his prose or rhyme ?

- “ O’er wits of modern days he tow’rs *sublime* !
 “ An OAK, wide spreading o’er the *shrubs* below,
 “ That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow ;
 “ A PYRAMID, amidst some barren waste,
 “ That frowns o’er *buts*, the sport of ev’ry blast ;
 “ A mighty ATLAS, whose aspiring head
 “ O’er distant regions casts an awful shade.
 “ By KINGS and beggars, lo ! his tales are told,
 “ And ev’ry sentence glows a *grain of gold* !
 “ *Blest* ! who his philosophic phiz can *take*,
 “ *Catch* ev’n his *weaknesses*—his NODDLE’S *shake*,
 “ The lengthen’d lip of scorn, the forehead’s scowl,
 “ The low’ring eye’s contempt, and bear-like growl.
 “ In vain, the CRITICS aim their toothless rage !
 “ Mere *sprats*, that venture war with WHALES to wage !
 “ Unmov’d he stands, and feels their force *no more*
 “ Than some huge rock amidst the *wat’ry* roar,
 “ That calmly bears the tumults of the DEEP,
 “ And howling TEMPESTS, that as well may *sleep*.”

Strong, ’midst the RAMBLER’S *cronies*, was the rage
 To fill with SAM’S *bons mots* and tales the page :
Mere flies, that buzz’d around his setting ray,
 And bore a *splendour*, on their wings, away :
 Thus round his ORB the pigmy PLANETS run,
 And catch their little lustre from the SUN.

At

At length, rush'd forth two CANDIDATES for fame;
 A SCOTCHMAN one, and one a LONDON DAME;
That, by th' *emphatic* JOHNSON, christ'ned BOZZY;
This, by the BISHOP's license, DAME PIOZZI;
 Whose *widow'd* name, by topers lov'd, was THRALE,
Bright in the annals of *election ale*;
 A name, by *marriage*, that gave up the *ghost*!
 In *poor* PEDOCCHIO *,—no!—PIOZZI, lost!
 Each seiz'd with ardour wild, the gray goose quill;
 Each fat to work the *intellectual mill*;
 That *pecks* of bran so coarse, began to pour,
 To *one poor* solitary grain of *flour*.

Forth rush'd to light, their books—but *who*
 should say,

WHICH bore the palm of anecdote away?
This, to decide, the RIVAL WITS agreed
 Before SIR JOHN their tales and jokes to read,
 And let the KNIGHT's opinion in the strife,
 Declare the prop'rest pen to write SAM'S LIFE:
 SIR JOHN, renown'd for musical † palavers;
 The PRINCE, the KING, the EMPEROR of
Quavers!

Sharp in folfeggi, as the sharpest needle;
 Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle;

* The Author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate indeed was his recollection; as *Pedocchio* signifies, in the Italian language, that most contemptible of animals, a LOUSE.

† Vide his History of Music.

Of Music's College form'd to be a FELLOW,
 Fit for Mus. D. or MAESTRO DI CAPELLA:
 Whose VOLUME, though it here and there offends,
 Boasts *German merit*—makes by *bulk* amends.
 High plac'd the venerable QUARTO sits,
 Superior frowning o'er *octavo wits*
 And *duodecimos*, ignoble scum!
 Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb!
 Whilst undefil'd by literary rage,
 HE bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

Like *school-boys*, lo! before a two-arm'd chair
 That held the KNIGHT wise judging, stood the PAIR:
 Or like two *ponies* on the sporting ground,
 Prepar'd to gallop when the DRUM should sound,
 The COUPLE rang'd—for vict'ry, both as keen,
 As for a tott'ring bishopric, a DEAN,
 Or patriot BURKE, for giving glorious bastings
 To that *intolerable fellow* HASTINGS.
 Thus with their songs contended VIRGIL's SWAINS,
 And made the valleys vocal with their strains,
 Before some gray-beard SAGE, whose judgment ripe
 Gave goats for prizes to the *prettiest* pipe.

“ *Alternately* in anecdotes go on;
 “ But first, begin *you*; MADAM,” cried SIR JOHN:
 The thankful DAME low curtsied to the CHAIR,
 And thus, for vict'ry panting, read the FAIR:

MADAME

MADAME PIOZZI *.

SAM JOHNSON was of MICHAEL JOHNSON born ;
 Whose shop of books did LITCHFIELD town adorn :
 Wrong-headed, stubborn as a *halter'd* RAM ;
 In short, the *model* of our HERO SAM :
 Inclined to *madness too*—for when his shop
 Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop,
 For fear the thieves might steal the *vanish'd* store,
 He duly went each night and *lock'd the door* !

BOZZY †.

Whilst JOHNSON was in Edinburgh, my WIFE,
 To please his palate, studied for her life :
 With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,
 And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, *grouse*.

MADAME PIOZZI †.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON was in size an OX ;
 And from his UNCLE ANDREW learn'd to *box* :
 A MAN to wrestlers and to bruisers dear,
 Who kept the ring in SMITHFIELD a *whole* year.
 The Doctor had an Uncle too, ador'd
 By *jumping gentry*, call'd CORNELIUS FORD ;
 Who jump'd in *boots*, which JUMPERS never chuse,
 Far as a famous JUMPER jump'd in *shoes*.

* Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 3. † Bozzy's Tour, p. 38.

‡ Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 5.

BOZZY*.

At supper, rose a dialogue on witches,
 When CROSBIE said, there could not be such b-tch-s;
 And that 't was *blasphemy* to think *such* HAGS
 Could stir up storms, and on their *broomstick* NAGS
 Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,
 And boldly fly in GOD ALMIGHTY'S face:
 But JOHNSON answer'd him, "There *might be* witches;
 "Nought prov'd the non-existence of the b-tch-s."

MADAME PIOZZI †.

When THRALE, as nimble as a boy at school,
 Leap'd, though fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a *stool*;
 The DOCTOR, proud the same grand feat to *do*,
 His pow'rs exerted, and jump'd over too;
 And though he might a broken back bewail,
 He scorn'd to be *eclips'd* by Mr. THRALE.

BOZZY ‡.

At ULINISH, our friend, to pass the time,
 Regal'd us with his knowledges *sublime*;
 Shew'd that all sorts of learning fill'd his NOB,
 And that in *butch'ry* he could bear a *bob*.
 He *sagely* told us of the diff'rent feat
 Employ'd to kill the animals we eat:
 "An ox," says he, "in country and in town,
 "Is by the butchers constantly *knock'd down*;

* P. 39.

† P. 6.

‡ P. 300.

" A.

" As for that lesser animal, a calf,
 " The knock is really not so strong *by half*;
 " The beast is only *flunn'd*; but, as for goats,
 " And sheep, and lambs, the butchers *cut their throats*.
 " Those fellows only want to keep them quiet,
 " Not chusing that the brutes should breed a *riot*."

MADAME PIOZZI *.

When JOHNSON was a child, and swallow'd pap,
 'Twas in his mother's old maid CATH'RINE's lap;
 There, whilst he sat, he took in wondrous learning;
 For much his bowels were for knowledge *yearning*;
 There heard the story which we BRITONS brag on,
 The story of ST. GEORGE and *eke* the DRAGON.

BOZZY †.

When FOOTE his leg, by some misfortune, broke,
 Says *I* to JOHNSON, all by way of joke,
 " SAM, Sir, in PARAGRAPH, will soon be clever,
 " And take off PETER better now than ever."
 On which, says JOHNSON, without *hesitation*,
 " GEORGE ‡ will rejoice at Foote's *depeditation*."
 On which, says *I*, a *penetrating elf*!
 " Doctor, I'm sure you *coin'd* that word *yourself*."
 On which he *laugh'd*, and said, I had *divin'd* it,
 For, *bonâ fide*, he had *really coin'd* it.

* Page 15. † Page 141. ‡ George Faulkner, the
 printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote, under the character of
 PETER PARAGRAPH.

“ And yet, of all the words I’ve *coin’d* (says he),
 “ My Dictionary, Sir, contains but *three*.”

MADAME PIOZZI.

The DOCTOR said, “ in literary matters,
 “ A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *smatters* :”
 Then ask’d, what could be hop’d for from the dogs;
 Fellows that liv’d eternally on *frogs*.

BOZZY *.

In grave procession to St. Leonard’s College,
 Well stuff’d with every sort of useful knowledge,
 We *stately* walk’d, as soon as supper ended :
 The LANDLORD and the WAITER both attended :
 The LANDLORD, skill’d a piece of grease to handle,
 Before us march’d, and held a tallow candle ;
 A lantern (some fam’d Scotsman its creator)
 With *equal grace* was carried by the WAITER :
 Next morning, from our beds we took a leap,
 And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

MADAME PIOZZI †,

In Lincolnshire, a lady show’d our friend
 A grotto, that she wish’d him to *commend* ;
 Quoth she, “ How *cool* in summer this abode !” —
 “ Yes, Madam (answer’d Johnson), for a *toad*.”

* Page 55.

† Page 203.

BOZZY.

BOZZY *.

Between old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rafay's,
 The wind was vastly boist'rous in our faces:
 'Twas glorious JOHNSON's figure to set sight on—
 High in the boat, he look'd a noble TRITON!
 But lo! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs,
 For Joe, the blockhead, lost his master's spurs:
 This for the RAMBLER's temper was a *rubber*,
 Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

MADAME PIOZZI †.

I ask'd him if he knock'd TOM OSBORN ‡ down;
 As such a tale was current through the town—
 Says I, "Do tell me, DOCTOR, what befell."—
 "Why, dearest lady, there is nought to tell:
 "I ponder'd on the *prop'rest* mode to treat him—
 "The dog was *impudent*, and so I beat him!
 "Tom, like a fool, *proclaim'd* his fancied wrongs;
 "Others that I *belabour'd*, held their tongues."

Did any one, that he was *happy*, cry—
 JOHNSON would tell him *plumply*, 't was a lie:
 A LADY § told him she was *really so*;
 On which he sternly answer'd, "MADAM, no!
 "Sickly you are, and ugly—foolish, poor;
 "And therefore can't be *happy*, I am sure.
 "'T would make a fellow hang himself, whose ear
 "Were, from *such creatures*, forc'd such stuff to hear."

* Page 185. † P. 232. ‡ Bookfeller. § P. 285.

BOZZY *.

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of MULL,
 The *megrims* got into the DOCTOR'S scull:
 With such bad humours he began to fill,
 I thought he would not go to ICOLMKILL:
 But lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!)
 Were banish'd all by tea and bread and butter!

MADAME PIOZZI.

Quoth I to JOHNSON—DOCTOR, tell me true,
 Who was the *best* man that you ever knew?
 He answer'd me at once, GEORGE PSALMANAZAR;
 Keen in the English language as a razor.
 Such was the *strange*, the *strangest* of replies,
 That rais'd the whites of both my wond'ring eyes;
 As this *same* GEORGE, in imposition strong,
 Beat the first *lyars* that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

BOZZY †.

I wonder'd yesterday, that one JOHN HAY,
 Who serv'd as *Ciceroné* on the way,
 Should fly a man of war—a spot so blest——
 A fool! nine months, too, after he was prest.
 Quoth JOHNSON, “No man, Sir, would be a *sailor*,
 “With sense to scrape acquaintance with a *jailor*.”

* Page 326.

† Page 151.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

I said, I lik'd not *goose*, and mention'd *why* :—
 One smells it roasting on the spit, quoth I :—
 “ You, Madam,” cried the DOCTOR, with a frown,
 “ Are always gorging—stuffing something *down* :
 “ MADAM, ’t is very nat’ral to suppose,
 “ If in the pantry you will poke your nose,
 “ Your maw with ev’ry sort of victuals swelling,
 “ That you *must* want the blifs of *dinner smelling*.”

BOZZY.

As at ARGYLE’s grand house my hat I took,
 To seek my alehouse, thus began the Duke :
 “ Pray, Mr. Boswell, won’t you have some tea ?”
 To this I made my bow, and did agree—
 Then to the drawing-room we both retreated,
 Where Lady BETTY HAMILTON was seated
 Close by the DUTCHESS, who, in deep discourse,
 Took no more notice of me than a *horse*.
 Next day, *myself* and Doctor JOHNSON took
 Our hats, to go and wait upon the Duke.—
 Next to himself the DUKE did JOHNSON place,
 But I, thank God, sat *second* to his GRACE.
 The place was due most surely to my merits—
 And faith, I was in very pretty spirits :
 I plainly saw (my penetration such is)
 I was not yet in favour with the DUTCHESS.

* Page 103.

Thought I, I am not disconcerted yet——
 Before we part, I'll give her GRACE a *sweat*——
 Then looks of intrepidity I put on,
 And ask'd her, if she'd have a plate of mutton.
 This was a glorious deed must be confess'd!
 I knew I was the *Duke's*, and not *her* guest!
 Knowing—as I'm a man of tip-top breeding,
 That *great folks* drink no healths whilst they are feeding,
 I took my glass, and looking at her GRACE,
 I star'd her like a *devil* in the face;
 And in *respectful* terms, as was my duty,
 Said I, my LADY DUTCHESS, I salute ye:
 Most audible, indeed, was my salute,
 For which some folks will say I was a brute;
 But faith, it dash'd her, as I knew it wou'd;
 But then I knew that I was flesh and blood.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Once at our house, amidst our ATTIC feasts,
 We likened our acquaintances to *beasts*:
 As for example—some to calves and hogs,
 And some to bears, and monkeys, cats and dogs;
 We said (which charm'd the DOCTOR much, no doubt),
 His mind was like, of ELEPHANTS, the *snout*,
 That could pick pins up, yet possess'd the vigour
 For trimming well the jacket of a TYGER.

* Page 204.

BOZZY.

BOZZY *.

August the fifteenth, Sunday, Mr. Scott
 Did breakfast with us—when upon the spot;
 To *him*, and unto DOCTOR JOHNSON, lo!
 Sir WILLIAM FORBES, so clever, did I show;
 A man that doth not after roguery hanker;
 A charming Christian, though by trade a *Banker*;
 Made too, of good companionable stuff,
 And this, I think, is saying *full enough*;
 And yet it is but justice to record,
 That when he had the measles—'pon my word,
 The people seem'd in such a dreadful fright,
 His house was all furrounded day and night,
 As if they apprehended some great evil,
 A general conflagration, or the devil.
 And when he better'd—oh! 't was grand to see 'em
 Like mad folks dance, and hear 'em sing *Te Deum*.

MADAME PIOZZI†.

Quoth JOHNSON, "Who d'ye think my *life* will
 write?"—
 "GOLDSMITH," said I——quoth he, "The dog's
 vile spite,
 "Besides the fellow's monstrous love of *lying*,
 "Would doubtless make the book not worth the
buying."

* Page 15. † Page 31.

BOZZY.

BOZZY *.

That worthy gentleman, good Mr. Scott,
 Said, 't was our SOCRATES's luckless lot
 To have the WAITER a sad nasty blade,
 To make, poor gentleman, his *lemonade*;
 Which WAITER, much against the DOCTOR's wish,
 Put with his *paws* the sugar in the dish:
 The DOCTOR vex'd at such a filthy fellow,
 Began, with great propriety, to bellow;
 Then up he took the dish, and nobly flung
 The liquor out of window on the dung.
 And DOCTOR SCOTT declar'd, that, by his frown,
 He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

MADAME PIOZZI †.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON left off drinks fermented;
 With quarts of chocolate and cream contented;
 Yet often down his throat's prodigious gutter,
 Poor man! he pour'd a flood of melted butter!

BOZZY.

With glee, the DOCTOR did my girl behold;
 Her name VERONICA, just four months old;
 This name VERONICA, a name though quaint,
 Belong'd originally to a Saint;
 But to my old Great Grandam it was giv'n;
 As fine a woman as e'er went to Heav'n;

* Page 13.

† Page 102.

And what must add to her importance *much*,
 This lady's genealogy was *Dutch*.
 The man who did espouse this dame divine,
 Was ALEXANDER, Earl of Kincardine;
 Who pour'd along my body like a sluice,
 The noble, noble, noble blood of BRUCE!
 And who that own'd this blood could well refuse
 To make the world acquainted with the *news*?
 But to return unto my charming child:—
 About our Doctor JOHNSON she was *wild*;
 And when he left off speaking, she would flutter,
 Squall for him to begin again, and sputter!
 And to be *near* him a strong wish express'd,
 Which proves he was not such a horrid beast.
 Her fondness for the Doctor pleas'd me greatly;
 On which I loud exclaim'd, in language stately,
 Nay, if I recollect aright, I *swore*,
 I'd to her fortune add *five hundred more*!

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One day, as we were all in talking lost,
 My mother's fav'rite spaniel stole the toast;
 On which, immediately, I scream'd "Fie on her,—
 "Fie, BELLE," said I, "you us'd to be on honour."—
 "Yes," JOHNSON cried; "but, Madam, pray be told,
 "The reason for the vice is—BELLE grows *old*."
 But JOHNSON never could the dog abide,
 Because my mother wash'd and comb'd his hide.

* Page 256.

The truth on't is—BELLE was not too well bred,
 Who always would *insist* on being fed;
 And very often too, the faucy SLUT
 Insisted upon having the *first cut*.

BOZZY.

Last night much care for JOHNSON's cold was us'd,
 Who, hitherto, without his nightcap *snooz'd*;
 That nought might treat so *wonderful* a man ill,
 Sweet Miss M'LEOD did make a cap of flannel;
 And after putting it about his head,
 She gave him brandy as he went to bed.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One night we parted at the Doctor's door,
 When thus I said, as I had said before,
 "Don't forget Dicky, Doctor;—mind poor Dick."
 On which he turn'd round on his heel so quick,
 "Madam," quoth he, "and when I've serv'd *that* elf,
 "I guess I then may go and *hang* myself."

BOZZY†.

At night, well soak'd with rain, and wondrous weary,
 We got as wet as shags to INVERARY;
 We supp'd most *royally*—were vastly frisky,
 When JOHNSON order'd up a gill of whisky;
 Taking the glass, says I, "Here's Mrs. Thrale."—
 "Drink her in *whisky* not," said he, "but *ale*."

* Page 204.

† Page 483.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

The Doctor had a cat, and christen'd Hodge,
 That at his house in Fleet Street us'd to lodge—
 This Hodge grew old, and sick, and us'd to wish
 That all his dinners might be form'd of *fish*:
 To please poor Hodge, the Doctor, all so kind,
 Went out, and bought him *oysters to his mind*;
 This every day he did—nor ask'd black FRANK †,
 Who deem'd himself of much too high a rank,
 With *vulgar fish-fags* to be forc'd to chat,
 And purchase oysters for a *mangy* cat.

SIR JOHN.

For God's sake stay each anecdotic scrap;
 Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap;
 With one half-hour's reflecting slumber blest,
 And Heav'n's assistance, I may *bear the rest*.

Aside—What have I done, inform me, gracious
 Lord!

That thus my ears with nonsense should be bor'd?
 Oh! if I do not in the trial die,
 The Devil and all his brimstone I defy;
 No punishment in other worlds I fear,
 My crimes will all be expiated *here*.
 Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,
 When, rais'd to *consequence* that all adore,
 I sat, each session, king-like, in the chair,
 Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million stare:

* Page 102.

† Dr. Johnson's servant.

Lord

Lord paramount o'er ev'ry Justice riding;
 In causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding!
 Yes, like a noble Bashaw, of *three tails*,
 I spread a *fear* and *trembling* through the jails!
 Blest, have I brow-beaten each thief and strumpet,
 And *blasted* on them, like the last day's trumpet.
 I know no paltry weakness of the soul——
 No sniv'ling pity dares my deeds control——
 Asham'd, the *weakness* of my King I hear;
 Who, childish, drops on ev'ry *death* * a tear.
 Return †, return again, thou glorious hour,
 That to my grasp once gav'st my idol, pow'r;
 When at my feet the humble knaves would fall;
 The *thund'ring Jupiter* of HICKS'S HALL.

The *Knight*, thus finishing his speech so fair,
 Sleep pull'd him gently backwards in his chair;
 Op'd wide the mouth that oft on jail-birds *swore*,
 Then rais'd his nasal ORGAN to a roar,
 That actually surpass'd in *tone* and *grace*,
 The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite *bass* ‡.

* Such is the report concerning his *most tender-hearted* MAJESTY, when he suffers the law to take its course on criminals. How unlike the Great FREDERIC of Prussia, who *delights* in a *hanging*!

† Sir John wishes in vain—His hour of insolence returns no more!

‡ The Violoncello, on which the Knight is a performer.

E C L O G U E.

P A R T II.

NOW from his sleep the KNIGHT, affrighted, sprung,
 Whilst on his ear the words of JOHNSON rung;
 For lo! in dreams, the furlý Rambler rose,
 And wildly staring, seem'd a *man of woes*. [frown)
 "Wake HAWKINS," (growl'd the Doctor, with a
 "And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down—
 "Bid them with JOHNSON's life proceed no further—
 "Enough already they have dealt in murther—
 "Say, to their tales that little truth belongs—
 "If *fame* they mean me—bid them *hold their tongues*.

"In vain at glory gudgeon BOSWELL snaps—
 "His *mind*, a *paper kite*—compos'd of *scraps*;
 "Just o'er the tops of *chimneys* form'd to fly;
 "Not with a *wing sublime* to *mount the sky*.
 "Say to the dog, his head's a downright *drum*,
 "Unequal to the Hist'ry of TOM THUMB:
 "Nay—tell, of *anecdote*, that thirsty *leech*,
 "He is not equal to a *Tyburn Speech**.

"For that PROZZI's wife, SIR JOHN, exhort her
 "To *draw her immortality* from *porter*;

* Composed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different historians.

" Give up her *anecdotal* inditing,
 " And study *housewifery* instead of *writing* ;
 " Bid her a poor *biography* suspend ;
 " Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.—
 " I know no business women have with *learning* ;
 " I scorn, I hate the mole-ey'd *half discerning* ;
 " Their wit but serves a husband's heart to *rack* ;
 " And make eternal horsewhips for his back.

" Tell PETER PINDAR, should you chance to
 meet him,

" I like his genius—should be glad to greet him—
 " Yet let him know, *crown'd heads* are sacred things,
 " And bid him reverence more the *best of kings* * ;
 " Still on his *Pegasus* continue *jogging*,
 " And give that BOSWELL's back another *flogging*."

Such was the dream that wak'd the sleeping Knight,
 And op'd again his eyes upon the light——

* This is a *strange* and almost *incredible* speech from Johnson's mouth, as not many years ago, when the *age* of a certain GREAT PERSONAGE became the subject of debate, the Doctor broke in upon the conversation with the following question:—
 " Of what importance to the present company is his *age* ?—Of
 " what importance would it have been to the world if he had
 " never *existed* ?" If we may judge likewise from the *following* speech, he deemed the *present possessor* of a certain THRONE as much an *usurper* as KING WILLIAM, whom, according to Mr. BOSWELL's account, he *bescoundrels*. The story is this—An acquaintance of JOHNSON's asked him if he could not *sing*. He replied, " I know but *one* song; and *that* is, "The KING shall
 " *enjoy* his *own* again."

Who,

Who, mindless of old JOHNSON and his frown,
 And stern commands to *knock the couple down*,
 Resolv'd to *keep the peace*—and, in a tone
 Not much unlike a mastiff o'er a bone,
 He *grumbled*, that, enabled by the nap,
 He now could meet *more biographic* scrap;
 Then nodding with a *magistral* air,
 To farther anecdote he call'd the *fair*.

MADAME PIOZZI *.

Dear Doctor JOHNSON lov'd a leg of pork,
 And hearty on it wou'd his grinders work:
 He lik'd to eat it so much *over-done*,
 That *one* might *shake* the flesh from off the bone.
 A veal pye too, with sugar cramm'd and plums,
 Was wondrous grateful to the Doctor's gums.
 Though us'd from morn to night on fruit to *stuff*,
 He vow'd his belly never had *enough*.

BOZZY †.

One Thursday morn did Doctor JOHNSON wake,
 And call out "Lanky, Lanky," by *mistake*——
 But recollecting—"Bozzy, Bozzy," cried——
 For in *contractions* JOHNSON took a *pride*!

MADAME PIOZZI ‡.

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,
 Poor Mr. THRALE and I were in a *fright*;

* Page 8.

† Page 384.

‡ Page 237.

For blinking on his book too near the flame,
 Lo! to the fore-top of his wig it came!
 Burnt all the hairs away, both *great* and *small*,
 Down to the very *net-work*, nam'd the *caul*.

BOZZY*.

At Corrachatachin's, in *boggism* funk,
 I got with punch, alas! confounded *drunk*:
 Much was I vex'd that I could not be quiet,
 But, like a stupid blockhead, breed a riot——
 I scarcely knew how 't was I reel'd to bed——
 Next morn I wak'd with dreadful pains of head,
 And terrors too, that of my peace did *rob me*——
 For *much* I fear'd the *Moralist* would *mob me*.
 But as I lay along a heavy log,
 The Doctor ent'ring, call'd me *drunken dog*.
 Then up rose I with apostolic air,
 And read in Dame M'KINNON's book of pray'r,
 In hopes for such a sin to be forgiv'n,——
 And make, if *possible*, my peace with heav'n.
 'T was *strange* that in *that* volume of divinity,
 I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,
 And read these words—' Pray be not drunk with wine,
 ' Since drunkenness doth make a man a *swine*.'
 " Alas!" says I, " the finner that I am!"
 And having made my speech, I took a *dram*.

* Page 317.

MADAME PIOZZI *.

One day, with spirits low, and sorrow fill'd,
 I told him that I had a *cousin kill'd*:
 "My dear," quoth he, "for heav'n's sake hold
 your *canting*;
 "Were all your *consins kill'd*, they'd not be *wanting*;
 "Though *Death* on each of them should set his *mark*;
 "Though ev'ry one were spitted like a lark;
 "Roasted, and giv'n that dog there for a meal,
 "The *loss* of them the world would never feel—
 "Trust me, dear Madam, all your *dear relations*
 "Are *nits*—are *nothings* in the eye of *nations*."

Again †, says I, one day,—“I do believe,
 “A good acquaintance that I have will grieve
 “To hear her *friend* hath lost a *large estate*.”—
 “Yes,” answer'd he, “lament *as much* her *fate*,
 “As did your *horse* (I freely will allow)
 “To hear of the *miscarriage* of your *cow*.”

BOZZY ‡.

At Enoch, at M^{rs} Queen's, we went to bed;
 A colour'd handkerchief wrapp'd JOHNSON's head;
 He said, “God blefs us *both*—good night”——
 and then,
 I, like a *parish clerk*, pronounc'd *Amen*!

* Page 63. † Page 189. ‡ Page 103.

My good companion *soon* by sleep was seiz'd——
 But I, by lice and fleas was sadly teiz'd;
 Methought a spider, with *terrific* claws,
 Was striding from the wainscot to my jaws;
 But slumber soon did ev'ry sense entrap,
 And so I sunk into the *sweetest* nap.

MADAME PIOZZI *.

Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we got on
 Where, at Leweny, lives Sir ROBERT COTTON.
 At table, our great *Moralist* to please,——
 Says I, "Dear Doctor, arn't those charming peas?"
 Quoth he, to *contradict*, and run his rig,
 "Madam, they possibly might please a *pig*."

BOZZY †.

Of *thatching*, well the Doctor knew the art;
 And with his *threshing* wisdom made us start:
 Describ'd the greatest secrets of the Mint,
 And made folks fancy that he had been *in't*.
 Of hops and malt 'tis wondrous what he knew;
 And well as any *brewer* he could *brew*.

MADAME PIOZZI ‡.

In *ghosts* the Doctor strongly did believe,
 And pinn'd his faith on many a lyar's sleeve——
 He said to Doctor LAWRENCE, "Sure I am,
 "I heard my poor dear mother call out 'SAM.'"

* Page 70. † Page 324. ‡ Page 192.

"I'm

“ I’m sure,” said he, “ that I can trust my ears ;
 “ And yet, my mother had been dead for years.”

BOZZY *.

When *young*, (’twas rather silly I allow)
Much was I pleas’d to imitate a cow.
 One time, at Drury Lane, with Doctor BLAIR,
 My imitations made the playhouse *stare* !
 So very charming was I in my *roar*,
 That both the galleries *clapp’d*, and cried “ *Encore.*”
 Blest by the general plaudit and the laugh——
 I try’d to be a *jackass* and a *calf* ;
 But who, alas ! in *all things* can be *great* ?
 In short, I met a *terrible* defeat ;
 So vile I bray’d and bellow’d, I was *hiss’d*——
 Yet all who *knew* me, *wonder’d* that I *miss’d*.
 BLAIR whisper’d me, “ You’ve lost your *credit now* ;
 “ Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to the Cow.”

MADAME PIOZZI †.

Th’ affair of *Blacks* when JOHNSON would discuss,
 He always thought they had not *souls* like *us* ;
 And yet, whene’er his family would fight,
 He always said black FRANK ‡ was in the *right*.

BOZZY §.

I must confess that I enjoy’d a pleasure
 In bearing to the North so great a treasure——

* Page 499. † Page 212. ‡ The Doctor’s man servant.

§ Page 259.

Thinks I, I'm like a *Bulldog* or a *Hound*,
 Who, when a lump of liver he hath found,
 Runs to some corner, to avoid a riot,
 To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet :
 I thought this good as all JOE MILLAR's jokes ;
 And so I up, and told it to the folks.—

MADAME PIOZZI *.

Some of our friends wish'd JOHNSON would compose
 The *Lives* of authors who had shone in prose ;
 As for his *pow'r*, no mortal man could doubt it—
 Sir RICHARD MUSGRAVE, he was *warm* about it ;
 Got up, and sooth'd, intreated, begg'd and pray'd,
 Poor man ! as if he had implor'd for *bread*.—
 “ Sir RICHARD,” cried the Doctor, with a frown,
 “ Since you're *got up*, I pray you, Sir, *sit down*.”

BOZZY.

Of Doctor JOHNSON, having giv'n a sketch,
 Permit me, Reader, of *myself*, to preach—
 The world will certainly receive with glee
 The slightest bit of history of *me*.
 Think of a *gentleman* of ancient blood !
 Prouder of *title* than of being *good*—
 A *gentleman* just thirty-three years old ;
 Married four years, and as a Tyger bold ;

* Page 295.

Whose bowels yearn'd *Great Britain's* foes to tame,
And from the cannon's mouth to swallow flame;
To get his limbs by broad-swords carv'd in wars,
Like some old bedstead, and to *boast* his scars;
And, proud immortal actions to atchieve,
See his hide bor'd by bullets like a sieve.
But lo! his father, a *well-judging* Judge,
Forbade his *son* from Edinburgh to budge—
Resolv'd the French should not his b—side claw;
So bound his *son* apprentice to the law.
This gentleman had been in foreign parts,
And, like ULYSSES, learnt a world of arts:
Much wisdom his vast travels having brought him,
He was not *half* the fool the people *thought* him—
Of prudence, *this same gentleman* was *such*,
He rather had *too little* than *too much*.
Bright was *this gentleman's* imagination,
Well calculated for the *highest* station:
Indeed so *lively*, give the dev'l his due,
He ten times more would utter than was *true*;
Which forc'd him frequently against his will,
Poor man! to swallow many a bitter pill—
One bitter pill among the rest he took,
Which was to cut some *scandal* from his book.—
By Doctor JOHNSON he is well portray'd:—
Quoth SAM, “Of Bozzy it way well be said,
“That through the most *inhospitable* scene,
“One never can be troubled with the spleen,

“Nor

“ Nor ev’n the greatest difficulties *chafe at*,
 “ Whilst *such an animal* is near to laugh at.”

MADAME PIOZZI *.

For me, in Latin, Doctor JOHNSON wrote
 Two lines upon SIR JOSEPH BANKS’s goat ;
 A goat ! that round the world so *curious* went—
 A goat ! that now eats grafs that grows in Kent !

BOZZY †.

To Lord MØNBODDO a few lines I wrote,
 And by the servant, Joseph, sent this note—

“ Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh my home,
 “ With Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, I am come—
 “ This night, by us, must *certainly* be seen
 “ The very handsome town of ABERDEEN.
 “ For *thoughts* of JOHNSON, you’ll be not applied to—
 “ I know your Lordship likes him *less* than I do.
 “ So near we are—to part, I can’t tell how,
 “ Without so much as making him a *bow* :
 “ Besides, the *Rambler* says, to see MØNBODD,
 “ He’d go *at least two miles* out of his road ;
 “ Which shows that he *admires* (whoever rails)
 “ The pen which proves that men are born with *tails*.
 “ Hoping that as to health your Lordship does well,
 “ I am your servant at command,
 “ JAMES BOSWELL.”

* Page 72.

† Page 207.

MADAME

MADAME PIOZZI*.

On Mr. THRALE's old *hunter* JOHNSON rode,
 Who with prodigious pride the beast bestrode;
 And as on BRIGHTON DOWNS he *dash'd* away,
 Much was he pleas'd to hear a sportsman say,
 That at a *chase* he was as *tight a hand*
 As e'er a sporting *lubber* in the land.

BOZZY †.

One morning JOHNSON, on the Isle of MULL,
 Was of his politics excessive full:—
 Quoth he, "That FULTENEY was a *rogue* 'tis plain—
 " Besides, the fellow was a *Whig in grain*."
 Then to his *principles* he gave a banging,
 And swore no *Whig* was ever worth a *hanging*.
 "'Tis wonderful," says he, "and makes one stare,
 " To think the *livery* chose JOHN WILKES *Lord May'r*;
 " A dog, of whom the world could nurse no hopes—
 " Prompt to *debauch* their girls, and *rob* their shops."

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sir, I believe that anecdote a lie;
 But grant that JOHNSON said it—*by the by*,
 As WILKES unhappily your *friendship* shar'd,
 The dirty anecdote might well be *spar'd*.

* Page 207.

† Page 424.

BOZZY.

Madam, I stick to truth as much as *you*,
 And damme if the story be not *true*.
 What you have said of JOHNSON and the *larks*,
 As much the *Rambler* for a *savage* marks.
 'T was scandalous, ev'n *Candour* must allow,
 To give the hist'ry of the *horse* and *cow* :
 What but an *enemy* to JOHNSON'S fame,
 Dar'd his vile prank at LITCHFIELD *playhouse* name ?
 Where, without ceremony, he thought fit
 To fling the *man* and *chair* into the *pit*—
 Who would have register'd a speech so odd
 On the dead *Stay-maker* * and Doctor DODD ?

MADAME PIOZZI.

SAM JOHNSON'S *threshing* knowledge and his
thatching,
 May be your own *inimitable* *hatching*—
 Pray of his wisdom can't you tell *more* news ?
 Could not he *make* a *shirt*, and *cobble* *shoes*,
 Knit stockings, or, ingenious, take up *stitches*—
 Draw teeth, dress wigs, or make a *pair* of *breeches* ?
 You prate too of his knowledge of the MINT,
 As if the *Rambler* really had been in't—
 Who knows, but you will tell us (truth forsaking),
 That each *bad shilling* is of JOHNSON'S *making* ;

* Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 51, first edition.

His,

*His, each vile sixpence that the world hath cheated—
And his, the art that ev'ry guinea sweated.
About his brewing knowledge you will prate too,
Who scarcely knew a hop from a potatoe—
And though of beer he joy'd in hearty swigs,
I'd pit against his taste my husband's pigs.*

BOZZY.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,
That miserable story of the youth,
Who, in your book, of Doctor JOHNSON begs
Most seriously to know if *cats laid eggs*!

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who told of Mrs. Montague the lie—
So palpable a falsehood?—Bozzy, *fy!*

BOZZY.

Who, mad'ning with an anecdotic itch,
Declar'd that JOHNSON call'd his mother *b-tch*?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who, from M'Donald's rage to save his snout,
Cut twenty lines of defamation out?

BOZZY.

Who would have said a word about SAM's wig;
Or told the story of the *peas* and *pig*?
Who would have told a tale so very flat,
Of FRANK the Black, and HODGE the mangy cat?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Good me! you're grown at once confounded *tender*—
 Of Doctor JOHNSON's fame a *fierce* defender:
 I'm sure you've mention'd many a pretty story
 Not much redounding to the Doctor's glory.
Now for a *saint* upon us you would palm him—
 First *murder* the poor man, and then *embalm* him!

BOZZY.

Why truly, Madam, JOHNSON cannot *boast*—
 By your acquaintance, he hath *rather lost*.
 His character so shockingly you handle—
 You've sunk your *comet* to a *farthing candle*.
 Your vanities contriv'd the *sage* to hitch in,
 And brib'd him with your cellar and your kitchen;
 But luckless JOHNSON play'd a losing game—
 Though *beef* and *beer* he won—he lost his *fame*.

MADAME PIOZZI.

One quarter of your book had JOHNSON read,
 First-criticism had rattled round your head.
 Yet let my satire not *too far* pursue—
 It boasts *some merit*, give the Dev'l his due.
 Where *Grocers* and where *Pastry-cooks* reside,
 Thy book, with triumph, may indulge its pride;
 Preach to the *patty-pans* sententious stuff—
 And hug that idol of the nose, call'd *snuff*:
 With all its stories *cloves* and *ginger* please,
 And pour its *wonders* to a pound of *cheese*!

BOZZY.

BOZZY.

Madam, your irony is *wondrous fine!*
Sense in each thought, and *wit* in ev'ry line;
 Yet, *Madam*, when the *leaves* of my poor book
 Visit the *Grocer*, or the *Pastry-cook*,
Tours, to enjoy of Fame the *just* reward,
 May aid the *trunk-maker* of Paul's Church Yard;
 In the *same alehouses* together us'd,
 By the *same* fingers they may be *amus'd*—
 The greasy *snuffers yours*, perchance, may *wipe*,
 Whilst *mine*, high honour'd, lights a *toper's* pipe.
 The praise of COURTENAY * my book's fame secures—
 Now, who the devil, *Madam*, praises *yours*?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Thousands, you blockhead—no one now can doubt it;
 For not a soul in London is *without it*.
 The folks were ready CADELL to devour,
 Who sold the first edition in an hour—
 So!—COURTENAY's praises save you!—ah! that Squire
 Deals, let me tell you, more in smoke than fire.

BOZZY.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the *sweetest* line—

* The lively *rattle* of the House of Commons—indeed its
 MOMUS; who seems to have been selected by his constituents
 more for the purposes of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his
 country, than *healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem
 lately published, that endeavours, *totis viribus*, to prove that
 Doctor JOHNSON was a *brute* as well as a *moralist*!

MADAME PIOZZI.

Ay! aye! the *verse* and *subject* equal shine.
 Few are the mouths that COURTENAY's wit rehearse—
Mere cork in politics, and *lead* in verse.

BOZZY.

Well, *Ma'am*! since all that JOHNSON *said* or *wrote*
 You hold so *sacred*—how have you *forgot*
 To grant the wonder-hunting world a reading
 Of SAM's Epistle, just before your *wedding*;
 Beginning thus, (in strains not form'd to flatter)

“MADAM,

“*If that most ignominious matter*

“*Be not concluded*”——

Farther shall I say?

No—we shall have it from *yourself* some day,
 To justify your passion for the *Youth*,
 With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you* or *him*?
He tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!
He, to *propriety*, (the beast) *resort*!
 As well might *elephants* *preside* at court.
 Lord! let the world to *d—n* my match agree;
 Good God! JAMES BOSWELL, what's *that world* to me?
 The folks who paid respects to *Mrs. Thrale*,
 Fed on her pork, poor souls! and *swill'd* her ale,

May

May *sicken* at *Piozzi*, nine in ten—
 Turn up the nose of scorn—good God! what then?
 For *me*, the Dev'l may fetch their souls so *great*;
They keep their homes, and *I*, thank God, my meat.
 When they, poor owls! shall beat their cage, a jail—
 I, unconfined, shall spread my peacock tail;
 Free as the birds of air, enjoy my ease,
 Chuse my own food, and see what climes I please.
I suffer only—if I'm in the wrong:
 So, now, you prating puppy, hold your tongue.

SIR JOHN.

For shame! for shame! for Heav'n's sake *both*
 be quiet—

Not BILLINGSGATE exhibits such a riot:
 Behold, for Scandal you have made a feast,
 And turn'd your idol, JOHNSON, to a beast:
 'Tis plain that tales of ghosts are arrant lies,
 Or instantaneously would JOHNSON's rise;
 Make you both eat your paragraphs so evil;
 And for your treatment of him, *play the devil*.
 Just like two Mohawks on the man you fall;
 No murd'rer is worse serv'd at SURGEONS' HALL.
 Instead of adding *splendour* to his name,
 Your books are downright gibbets to his fame.
 Of those, your anecdotes—may I be curst,
 If I can tell you, *which* of them is *worst*.
 You never with posterity can thrive—
 'Tis by the Rambler's death alone you *live*;

D. D. 3.

Like

Like wrens (that in some volume I have read)
 Hatch'd by strange fortune in a horse's head.
 Poor Sam was rather fainting in his glory,
 But now his fame lies foully dead before ye:
 Thus to some dying man, (a frequent case)
 Two doctors come and give the *coup de grace*.
 Zounds! Madam, mind the duties of a wife,
 And dream no more of Doctor JOHNSON's life;
 A happy knowledge in a pye or pudding
 Will more delight your friends than all your studying;
 One cut from ven'son to the heart can speak
 Stronger than ten quotations from the Greek;
 One fat Sir Loin possesses more sublime
 Than all the airy castles built by rhyme.
 One nipperkin of *slings* with a toast
 Beats all the streams the Muses Fount can boast;
 Blest, in one pint of porter, lo! my belly can
 Find raptures not in all the floods of Helicon.
 Enough those anecdotes your pow'rs have shown;
 SAM's Life, dear Ma'am, will only *d—n your own*.

For thee, JAMES BOSWELL, may the hand of Fate
 Arrest thy goose-quill and confine thy prate;
 Thy egotisms the world *disgusted* hears—
 Then load with vanities no more our ears,
 Like some lone puppy, yelping all night long,
 That tires the very echoes with his tongue.
 Yet, should it lie beyond the pow'rs of Fate
 To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate;

To

To live in solitude, oh! be thy luck,
A chattering magpie on the Isle of Muck.

Thus spoke the Judge; then leaping from the chair,
He left, in consternation lost, the fair:
Black FRANK * he sought, on anecdote to cram,
And vomit first † a life of furly SAM.
Shock'd at the little manners of the Knight,
The rivals marv'ling mark'd his sudden flight;
Then to their pens and paper rush'd the twain,
To kill the mangled Rambler o'er again.

* Doctor JOHNSON's Negro servant.

† The KNIGHT's volume is reported to be in great forwardness, and likely to *disfance* his formidable competitors.

N. B. The Quotations from Mr. Boswell are made from the Second Edition of his Journal.—Those from Mrs. Piozzi, from the first Edition of her Anecdotes.

THE
TEARS OF ST. MARGARET:

ALSO,

ODES OF CONDOLENCE

TO THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY MUSICAL DIRECTORS,
ON THEIR DOWNFALL.

Delirant REGES, plectuntur ACHIVI.

The KING was wroth; and smelling matters out,
He put the GRAND DIRECTORS to the rout.

TO THE READER.

THE frequent complaint of ignorance, partiality, profusion, &c. exhibited against the Most NOBLE MUSICAL DIRECTORS, together with their quarrels with the principal SINGERS and PERFORMERS, having brought them into unpopularity; and what seemed worst of all, the Most NOBLE DIRECTORS having imprudently made a public declaration, without his MAJESTY's consent, that there was an end of ABBEY COMMEMORATION, such a favourite hobby-horse of MAJESTY; the KING resolved on their dismissal from all and every interference at the ORA-

TORIO

TORIO to be performed at St. MARGARET'S CHURCH. The immediate consequence of the Royal annunciation was the *displeasure* of the DIRECTORS, and was also, of consequence, the *displeasure* of the LYRIC BARD, who sigh'd on the mournful occasion, and took up the cudgels in their defence. Great has been the cry against them, that they feasted at the *Saint Alban's Tavern*, at the expence of the MUSICAL FUND. Although I do not credit such rumour, I have taken the fact for granted, that (like their DEPUTIES, who actually *did* feast at different times at the *Saint Alban's Tavern*, at the expence of the FUND) the NOBLE DIRECTORS *did* condescendingly shew the example; and I have hinted that those MOST NOBLE DIRECTORS had as fair a right to be rewarded with dinners as *Parish-Officers* and their friends, who so frequently have a jovial meeting, to *eat and tipple eleemosynary* on the birth of a BASTARD.

PROLOGUE TO THE ODES;

O R,

THE TEARS OF SAINT MARGARET.

NOW NIGHT, the negro, reign'd—"Past one o'clock,"

The drowsy watchman bawl'd—from murky vaults,
The dough-fac'd spectres crowded forth—the eye,
The funk, the wearied eye of TOLL, was clos'd:

Mute,

Mute, NATURE's busied voice, her brawl and hum ;
 While HORROR, creeping on the world of gloom,
 Breath'd her dark spirit through the death-like hour—
 Now from her silver-fringed east the MOON
 Peep'd on the VAST of shade—up-mounting slow,
 In solemn stillness, till her lab'ring orb,
 Freed from the caves of DARKNESS, gain'd its sphere,
 And mov'd in splendid solitude along.
 At this blank hour of awe, amid her fane,
 That caught a partial radiance on its walls,
 A radiance stealing on the shadowy tombs,
 Illuminating death,—the pious MAID,
 Whose flesh did wonders in its days of bloom,
 And bones work'd marvels when she smil'd no more—
 The pensive MARGARETTA stalk'd, and paus'd,
 And paus'd and stalk'd, and stalk'd and paus'd agen ;
 Now nailing to the twilight floor her eye ;
 Now gazing on the holy windows dim ;
 Now motionless, and now with hurrying step
 Along the hollow-sounding aisle she pass'd ;
 And leaning lorn at murder'd RALEIGH's tomb,
 Of SILENCE wak'd the pale and sacred sleep,
 With plaintive accent, thus—

MARGARET'S LAMENTATION.

WHY should yon old Abbey, should ring
 My poor Fane with Gothic pride,
 Cracking, sinking, falling, mould'ring,
 On the back of Marg'ret ride ?

What

What is that huge Ruin's merit ?

Only fit for housing rats.

Be her guests, with all my spirit,

Hooting owls, and horrid bats !

Why am *I* to be despis'd,

Why am *I* to be kept under ;

I who once by Kings was priz'd ?

What's the meaning on't, *I* wonder ?

I whose pow'r could agues charm,

Fits and tooth-achs, cramps and evils ;

Satan's wicked self disarm ;

Him, the great proud Prince of Devils.

Lo, that Abbey for past years,

At each grand Commemoration,

For DIRECTORS boasted *Peers*—

Peers the glory of the Nation !

Who were *my* Directors ? Lo,

DOCTOR PARSONS, JUSTICE COLLIC ;

ARNOLD and DUPUIS and Co.

What a very pretty frolic !

But 'tis said the *KING* commanded,

And the Grand DIRECTORS fell :

By the *KING* were they disbanded ?

FAME will blush the tale to tell.

Soon

Soon I'll go (for what should hinder?)
 To the first of rhiming men;
 To that Giant PETER PINDAR—
 He shall hear—and then, and then!!

PETER in his wrath shall rise,
 And the scythe of verse prepare;
 Lo, I see his lightning eyes!
 Lo, his arm of vengeance bare!
 Backs of Monarchs shall he slice,
 As he scorns them so *sincerely*—
 Woman need not ask him twice;
 PETER loves the ladies dearly.

Thus spoke the SAINT!—When MORN her blushes
 spread,
 To Covent-Garden's square she wing'd her flight,
 And drew the curtains of the POET's bed,
 Who fortunately slept *alone* that night.

To *him* she told her story o'er and o'er;
 When PETER, rous'd by MARG'RET's sad narration,
 Pull'd off his night-cap, and devoutly swore
 He'd *roast* a *certain* RULER of a nation.

SAINT MARG'RET thank'd the Bard with sweetest
 smiles,
 And PETER thunder'd on the KING OF ISLES.

ODES

ODES OF CONDOLENCE, &c.

ODE I.

THE POET BREAKS MOURNFULLY OUT ON THE FALL OF THE
NOBLE DIRECTORS—THREATENS TO EXPOSTULATE WITH
THE KING—LAMENTES THE LOSS OF DIRECTION-IMPORT-
ANCE, BOXES, WHITE WANDS, AND DINNERS AT THE
SAINT ALBAN'S TAVERN, &c. &c.

POOR LEEDS! poor UXBRIDGE! and poor
JOAH BATES!

And all ye other poor ones, of hard fates!

'Tis a strange man this King of ours indeed—

There's reason, to be sure, in roasting eggs!

What! raise an Oratorio at SAINT PEG'S,

And set a thing on *foot* without a *head*!

What! could the King have music in a church,

And leave the *great* DIRECTORS in the lurch?

Ev'n so!—but lo, I'll parley with the King,

And such a peal into his ears I'll ring!

Thus will I say, howe'er it may disgust—

“An't please your Majesty, you are *unjust*.”

“ How, how?” the King will cry, with wild
rapidity——

“ Yes, SIRE, the grand Directors take it ill;

“ Deeming themselves all men of tuneful skill,

“ And having all for crotchets, hawk-avidity;

“ That they should lose the lead in this affair,

“ Which really makes them marvel, and so stare,

“ Not knowing what offence they have committed;

“ Being a set of very clever men,

“ So stuff’d with crotchet-knowledges, and then

“ For Oratorios so nicely fitted!

“ Behold! no boxes for DIRECTORS! no!

“ Who at the ABBEY form’d a raree-show,

“ With nice kid gloves, medallions, wands so white!

“ Tagrag and bobtail now condemn’d to join;

“ What’s ten times worse, condemn’d to *pull out* COIN;

“ Men so unus’d to pay a single doit!

“ When proud to view of Royalty the rays,

“ Your SUBJECTS had their bellies full of gaze,

“ Amid the ABBEY’s glory for past years;

“ Then would they ponder on the white-stick row,

“ Of UXBRIDGE, GREY DE WILTON, LEEDS, and Co.

“ And, *next* to MAJESTY, admire the PEERS.

“ Who’s that slim, whey-fac’d Gentleman, and thin,

“ With some old Gentlewoman’s nose and chin?

“ And

- ‘ And *he* so furly, with a fable face ?’
 “ Would gaping strangers all so curious cry ;
 “ When, all so solemn, I have made reply,
 ‘ *That* Lord is LEEDS’s very noble Grace,
 ‘ With lath-like form, whey face, and cheeks so thin,
 ‘ And good old Gentlewoman’s nose and chin—
 ‘ And he who lours as though he meant to bite,
 ‘ Is EARL of UXBRIDGE, with his face of night.’
 “ And then I’ve told the names of all the rest ;
 “ At which the strangers have been all so *blest*,
 “ Bow’d, curtsy’d low, so grateful—I don’t doubt it,
 “ They told their dear relations *all about it* !
 “ No more DIRECTORS challenge admiration !
 “ No more the tuneful rulers of a nation !
 “ Unknown in *vulgar* seats they bite their thumbs ;
 “ Now half awake they nod, and now they sleep,
 “ And now they sigh, and now in dreams they weep,
 “ And mumble much displeasure ’midst their gums.
 “ Heav’ns! with what huge delight their eyes
 would hail
 “ The *breeches* * blazing at SAINT MARG’RET’s tail,
 “ Instead of STEPHEN, who, to all belief,
 “ Poor fellow, must have travell’d with a brief † !

* POOR SAINT STEPHEN had a very warm pair of breeches clapped to his lately ; but the SAINT luckily shook them off.

† To solicit charity, like many others who suffer by fire.

“ But, SIR, this is not all—for in your ear,
“ Something more horrible brings up the rear!
“ No longer on the *tweedle-dum* account,
“ At yon fair tavern in SAINT ALBAN’s street,
“ Those men of taste and music joyful greet,
“ And load their stomachs to a large amount;
“ All for the good of the *poor* FUND, so kind!
“ Now this is dreadful to my simple mind;
“ To think those TITLED MEN, whose valiant jaws,
“ And stomachs all so keen, and deep as sacks,
“ And teeth so valorous in feast attacks,
“ So bravely battled in the tuneful cause,
“ Should, by the royal word so hard commanded,
“ Disgracefully be turn’d adrift—disbanded!

“ I hear, I hear the angry Lords exclaim,
“ Thus to be all discarded! ’t is a shame—
“ The royal mandate will be *cruel* styl’d—
“ Behold CHURCHWARDENS, OVERSEERS so sleek!
“ Read their card-invitations ev’ry week—
“ Sir, you’re desired to come and eat a child.’
“ One child a week they constantly devour—
“ Sometimes they eat two children—sometimes four—
“ If thus those fellows live, the lazy drones,
“ LORDS, of a *charity* may pick the bones;
“ Yes, as provisions are so very dear,
“ Eat a *few fiddlers* once or twice a year.’

“ Such is the language Lords employ, O King,
“ Enough the hearts of savages to wring,
“ And

-
- “ And make, I hope, your royal conscience ache—
 “ *Such* reas’nings are indeed extremely deep!
 “ Why should of *Lords* the teeth and stomachs sleep,
 “ Whilst those of keen *Churchwardens* are awake?”

Thus to the King of Nations will I cry—
 But what will be his MAJESTY’S reply?—
 “ Thank, thank ye, PETER, for supporting straws—
 “ Good advocate—good, good, in a bad cause:
 “ I’ll have no more such doings, let me tell ye—
 “ No, no, no eating calves in the cow’s belly.”

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

THE POET VERY LOYALLY CALLS UPON ST. CECILIA, THE GREAT PATRONESS OF MUSIC, BY WAY OF JUSTICE OF PEACE, CONSTABLE, AND COMFORTER, TO COME DOWN FROM HEAVEN TO THE NOBLE DIRECTORS, ISSUE A PROCLAMATION FOR DISSOLVING SOCIETIES OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS; TAKING THEM UP, AND KNOCKING THEM TO PIECES, AS ALSO THE HEADS OF THE MUSICIANS AGAINST EACH OTHER.—THE POET CONCLUDES WITH A PROPHECY OF RETURNING POWER TO THE DIRECTORS.

DIVINE CECILIA, pray, from Heav’n step down;
 Most wondrous are the doings in this town!
 Behold, behold a tuneful revolution!
 DIRECTORS banish’d, but no execution!
 Thank God, no grinning heads of Lords, poor souls,
 Amid the mob, survey the streets on poles.

The fiddles screech with rapture one and all ;

The flutes and hautboys whistle at the fall :

The pompous organ, for rebellion ripe !

Glad of the long-wish'd overthrow, he opes,

To shew the world his pleasure, all his stops,

And pours his thunders through each giant pipe ;

Whilst all his pigmies, trilling, squeaking, squalling,

Like mad things, every one his tune, are bawling :

The hoarse bassoons their nasal twang employ——

And hog-like basses grunt the song of joy.

Wild screams the trumpet's brazen note so clear ;

And on th' occasion, scorning to be mum,

Like cannon foundeth on the loaded ear,

At solemn intervals, the double drum.

The various instruments of wind and string,

Thus to the world in faucy triumph sing——

“ What are those Lord-Directors?—arrant fools,

“ Mean mongrels—never bred in Music's schools—

“ With just as much of science as a pig ;

“ Who scarcely know a psalm-tune from a jig.

“ Are these the men to lead us—Music swears,

“ And to the pill'ry recommends their ears.”

And lo, of Music the choice bands,

Delighted, clap their madding hands ;

And, raising to the stars their eyes devout,

“ Thank heav'n,” they roar, “ those fellows are
turn'd out.

“ No

“ No longer shall their tyranny impose,
“ And lead the King of Nations by the nose.”

Then, sweet CECILIA, leave thy lofty station!
O haste and issue out thy Proclamation——
Of wondrous danger let it talk aloud——
Root up societies of flutes, bassoons;
Knock down the organ, for his rebel tunes,
The brazen trumpet break, and crack the crowd.

Lay on the necks of the rebellious BAND
Thy powerful and chastising hand——
And for their impudent and senseless pother,
Sweet GODDESS, knock one head against another.

O haste and keep the mournful Lords in heart,
As scarce a single mortal takes their part.
Except the lofty family of pride,
Few are the comforters they boast beside——

These are their constant friends indeed, and stout;
Friends that few Nobles ever are *without*:
Hereditary friends of ancient date,
Accompanying great title and estate.

And yet 't is said no virtues can reside
Where dwells that lofty scowling SPIRIT, PRIDE;
That *Aconite*, the noisome weed of gloom,
That near it suffers not a flow'r to bloom.

Joy

Joy to my soul! of LEEDS his glorious Grace
 Puts forth a simpering sweet prophetic face,
 Amid this rough mischance, that seems to say,
 " Though disappointment mocks the present hour,
 " Next year shall mark the triumph of my pow'r,
 " When Faction's scowling fiends shall shun the day."

Thus when the MONARCH of the winds, in spite,
 Rolls a dark phalanx on the golden light,
 And blots the beauteous ORB the world adorning,
 So it lifts the fable mantle of a cloud,
 And peeping underneath the envious shroud, [ing."
 Smiles hope, and says, " I'll shine to-morrow morn-

O D E.

THE BARD ADVISES THE DIRECTORS TO SUBMIT TO THEIR
 DEGRADED SITUATION; AND, BY WAY OF CONSOLATION,
 INFORMS THEM OF THE FALLEN STATE OF THE POETS—
 AND, MOREOVER, COMFORTS THE DIRECTORS WITH THE
 CHANGES THAT TAKE PLACE AMONGST CROWNED AS
 WELL AS UN-CROWNED HEADS.

YET not alone are *you* by Kings despis'd;
 Lo, lofty poets are no longer priz'd,
 That to an eagle turn'd a popinjay;
 That scorn'd of TIME the ever-dreaded wars,
 Turn'd winking rush-lights into blazing stars,
 And stole from frail mortality, decay!

POETS,

POETS, with that rare instrument call'd RHIME,
Drew with the greatest ease the teeth of TIME;
Snapp'd his broad scythe so keen, and broke his glass;
Clipp'd his two wings, and fix'd him on an ass:
Such was the envied pow'r of *ancient* BARDS,
When Kings vouchsaf'd to crown them with rewards.

In days of old, the BARDS were sacred creatures,
Deem'd so exalted in their natures!

By numbers thought fit company for *Gods*!
Lo, at the feasts of Kings the MINSTRELS sat;
Ate, fung, and mingled in the royal chat;
And scarcely did there seem a grain of odds.

Thus cried those Kings of old, (delightful praise!)

"Touch not the men of other days;
"Hurt not a hair of those sweet sons of song,
"Whose voices shall be heard amidst our halls,
"When we, amidst of death the narrow walls,
"In gloomy silence shall be stretch'd along."

Scot-free the Poets drank and ate;
They paid no taxes to the State!

Now comes a *Butcher*, roaring, "Pay your bill;"
Now the blue-apron'd wight of beer,
And man of bread, approach and cry, "Look here;"
"Not one more morsel, not a fingle gill,
"Shall, Master Poet, pass your piping throat,
"Until you quickly pay up ev'ry groat."

Unna-

Unnatural ! alas, what Gothic sounds !
Thus 't is the *rude* PROPHANE a Poet wounds !

At Windsor, when the Monarch has been by,
How have I languish'd on the royal sty,
Where wanton'd fifty little grunting grigs !
But never had the King the grace to say,
" You're hungry, hungry, PETER—take away,
" Take, take a couple of the prettiest pigs."

Oft of his geese too have I heard the notes,
And, hungry, wish'd to stop their gobbling throats;
But vainly did mine eyes around them wander—
How easily the Monarch might have said,
" You don't eat roast meat often, I'm afraid ;
" Take, take away the fattest goose or gander."

Kings care not if we neither drink nor carve—
This is their speech in secret, " Sing and starve."
And yet our Monarch has a world of books,
And daily on their backs so gorgeous looks;
So neatly bound, so richly gilt, so fine,
He fears to open them to read a line !

Since of our *books* a King can highly deem,
The *Authors* surely might command esteem—
But here's the dev'l—I fear too many know it—
Some Kings prefer the *Binder* to the *Poet*.

Yet though it never was poor PETER's fate
To get a sixpence from the MAN OF STATE,

Who

Who rather tries to keep the Poets under—
 Oft have I dipp'd in golden praise the pen,
 Writing *such handsome things* about great men,
 That CANDOUR's eye-balls have been seen to wonder.

Yet *had it happen'd* that the BARD
 Had borne on high-bred folk *a little hard*;
 Good for an *evil* mortals should return—
 'T is very wicked with revenge to burn.
 The *sun*'s a bright example, let me say—
 Obliges the black clouds that veil his ray;
 Oft makes them *decent* figures to behold,
 And covers all their dirty rags with gold.

But let us not an idle pother keep,
 And, afs-like, at a *revolution* bray;
 Lo, *Kings themselves*, like cabbages, grow cheap:
 Thus ev'ry dog at last will have his day—
 He who this morning *smil'd*, at night may *sorrow*;
 The *grub to-day*'s a *butterfly to-morrow*.

O D E.

THE POET ADMINISTERS COMFORT TO THE DISGRACED
 DIRECTORS.

POOR Imps! we all are born, at times to groan!
 MISFORTUNE won't let HAPPINESS alone;
 Sharp as a cat for ever pleas'd to watch her,
 And trying with a thousand traps to catch her.

Still

Still must we all submit—it is our fate
To mourn at home, amid this mortal state!
Yet by our folly often worse we make it.—
At disappointment frequent have I sigh'd:
“ P-x take the world! indignant I have cry'd—
“ *Life* is not worth the terms on which we take it.”

Then on the lot of mortals did I scowl;
And angry thus, one night, address'd an OWL.

ADDRESS TO AN OWL.

“ THOU solemn BIRD on yonder ivy'd tow'r,
“ Wilt thou exchange thy nature, OWL, with me?
“ Happy to take possession of thy bow'r,
“ I here protest I would exchange with *thee*.

“ When to his western bed the SUN retires,
“ Obeys the curfew, and puts out his fires;
“ When EVENING, blushful harbinger of NIGHT,
“ Gems with the dews of health the drooping flow'r;
“ With cooling zephyrs fans the sober hour,
“ And wakes the myriads to the fading light;

“ Forth, with what happiness I pass
“ Amid the moist reviving grass,
“ To meet the tribes by NATURE made,
“ To crawl and wing the world of shade!

“ Daughters

- “ Daughters and sons of Night that creep the ground,
“ Blest must ye live, with such a calm around,
“ So unmolested, to enjoy your loves!
“ And *lighter* PEOPLE, ye who spread the wing,
“ Now 'mid the moon's pale lustre sport and sing,
“ Now playful pierce the shadows of the groves.

“ Ye harmless nations, with averted eyes,
“ The sons of men your silent world despise,
“ Because their eyes *no* punch-houses behold;
“ Because *no* mobs, nor fires, nor thieves appear;
“ Because *no* riots with their yells they hear;
“ *No* brothels, scenes of fallow fate unfold.

“ Sweet OWL, this short apostrophé excuse;
“ And willing now to *thee* returns the MUSE.

“ O Bird of Wisdom, 'mid the twilight scene
“ Dimly I mark thy philosophic mien—
“ And now I see expand thy snowy wings:
“ To yonder elm, O happy happy fowl,
“ Thou rushest forth to call upon Miss OWL,
“ Expectant of her BEAU, who darkling sings.

“ Together now ye sail the dusky vale,
“ Now dart on prey, now mount agen the gale;
“ Now on the moon-clad barn or silent grove,
“ Your four hands fill'd with various game, ye go
“ (For hunger must be satisfied I trow);
“ And, after feasting, kifs and sing of love.

-
- “ To-morrow fullen must I move to town,
“ Shook in a wooden engine up and down,
“ For want, O Owl, of thy soft gliding wing—
“ Stow’d with a gang of thieves perchance, and trulls;
“ Too noisy for the thickest human skulls— [sing.
“ Who smook, and laugh, and roar, and swill and
“ Gladly at length I quit my wooden hive;
“ Fatigu’d, at busy London I arrive,
“ Parent of sin, and nastiness, and noise:
“ By coach and cart, and wheelbarrow and dray,
“ Through motley mob I force my fighting way;
“ Pimps, porters, chairmen, chimney-sweepers boys:
“ Saluted, as I pass along,
“ By all the various imps of song,
“ *This* crying rabbits rabbits, wild fowl that,
“ *Another* mackrel, salmon, oyster, sprat!
“ With such a howling ear-distracting note,
“ And mouth extended as a barn-door wide,
“ That fish and flesh forsooth may be *well* cried,
“ A man might leap into each cavern throat.
“ In Covent-Garden, at the HUMMUMS, now
“ I sit, but after many a curse and vow
“ Never to see the madding city more;
“ Where barrows truckling o’er the pavements roll,
“ And, what is horror to a tuneful soul,
“ Where asses asses greeting, love-songs roar;
“ Which

“ Which asses, that the Garden’s square adorn,
 “ Must lark-like be the heralds of my morn.

“ Let others talk with wild affright
 “ Of horrors and the shades of night;
 “ You want not SOL’s refulgent painful ray;
 “ Night to your eyes is but a milder day.

“ Let others mock your airs that simply flow—
 “ *Teeho tee whit, tee whit tee ho*——
 “ But then, dear OWL, ’t is *sweetly* simple, mind:
 “ Avaunt the *scientific* squall——
 “ I hate it—*nature* hates it all——
 “ But lo! ’t is *science* and the *ton*, I find.

“ The ear with *barbs chromatics* must be *teas’d*,
 “ Grown much too *fashionable* to be *pleas’d*.

“ Here could I wander ’mid the dewy glade,
 “ On sacred silence feast, and shade: [noon;
 “ But ah! farewell—rest calls me—’tis night’s
 “ On wings of freedom as thou sweep’st the sky,
 “ Sweet child of shadows, o’er my hamlet fly,
 “ And kindly soothe my slumber with a tune.”

Thus out of humour I address’d the bird,
 Wishing to change conditions with the fowl;
 But at the cheerful morn, upon my word,
 I lik’d the *man-state* better than the *owl*.

Thus anger'd at the wayward tricks of Fate,
 Pettish you wish your grandeur at the devil;
 Yet, after cursing *high* and *mighty* state,
 You wisely deem it not so *huge* an evil:

Contented to be *men of worship* still,
 Pleas'd with the gifts that *Kings*, not *Heav'n*, bestow;
 Proud, from the height of *TITLE's* star-clad hill,
 To mock us poor *unhonour'd* grubs below.

O D E.

THE POET COMFORTETH AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN THE
 NOBLE DIRECTORS, WITH MORAL REFLECTIONS, &c.

'TIS giv'n as gospel both in prose and rhimes,
 That people should not be for ever blest;
 Misfortune therefore must be good at times,
 A salutary, though satiric guest;

That goads to Virtue's works the rump of SLOTH;
 Like gout, that bites us into health so fair;
 Or like the needle, while it wounds the cloth,
 It puts the rag into repair.

Sigh now no more, nor let those funs, your eyes,
 Be dimly gleaming through perpetual show'rs—
 Let PLEASURE bring the beam of summer skies,
 And gild the pinions of your fable hours.

Let

Let not GRIEF's furge along your bosom roll,
Nor FANCY gather sorrows for the soul.

Ah! sigh no more, sweet Lords, pray sigh no more!

Not all, not all your consequence is dead;
In Tot'nam-street you still preserve a pow'r,
And proudly bear an elevated head;
Where, all obedience, and with one accord,
Musicians learn to tremble at the Lord*.

O D E.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE, WONDERFUL!

LIFE changes—now, 'tis calm—now hurricane—
Up, down, down, up—a very windmill's vane

Is man, poor fellow—much too like a ball;
'Tis high, 'tis low—'tis this way now, now that,
Just as its *wooden master* wills, the bat—

Thus MAJESTY can bid us rise or fall.

The Monarch may repent him of the deed—
His heart, so soft, at your dismissal bleed.

To House of *Buckingham* you may be call'd,
And at the Queen's sweet little concerts sing;
Then how the tribe of NOBLES will be gall'd!

This will be soaring on the eagle's wing.

* Of the Night, who selects the music, and sometimes gives a *soprano* song to a *bass* voice, and who once ordered, in the *Jubilate*, the trumpet part to be executed by the German flute.

Thus to the world then be it understood,
 What seems *misfortune*, happens for our *good*:
 This from my rhiming store-house, or my *stable*,
 May be elucidated by a *Fable*.

MRS. ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF,

AND

JUDGE BULLER'S WIG.

A FABLE.

A HANDKERCHIEF, that long had press'd
 The snows of LAURA's swelling breast,
 O'er which fair scene full many a longing-lover,
 With panting heart, and frequent sighs,
 And pretty modest leering eyes,
 Had often often been observ'd to hover—

This Handkerchief to Kitty giv'n,
 Was forc'd at length to leave its heav'n,
 And enter a Jew clothes-man's ample bag—
 O what a sad reverse, poor soul!
 To sweat in such a horrid hole,
 With ev'ry sort of dirty rag!

"Pray, who are *you*?" the plaintive 'Kerchief cry'd,
 Perceiving a rough neighbour at her side:

"You smell as though your master was a *pig*—

"What are you? tell me, stinking creature."—

"Ma'am,"

The hairy neighbour grave replied, "I am [Wig.]

"The most tremendous great Judge BULLER's

"Indeed,

" Indeed, Sir! O how chang'd our fate!
" How diff'rent were we both of late!
" Now to be lodg'd in this vile place—
" What will become of us at last? O dear,
" Something more terrible than this, I fear;
" Something that carries huge disgrace."

" Madam," rejoin'd the Wig, " don't cry;
" No cause have you indeed to sigh;
" So trust for once a Wig's prophetic words—
" My fate is to be just the same, I find;
" Still for a Scarecrow's head design'd,
" To frighten all the thieves—the birds.

" But, luckier, *you* so chang'd will rise,
" A fav'rite of ten thousand eyes;
" Not burnt (as you suppos'd perhaps) to tinder;
" Chang'd to the whitest paper—happy leaves,
" For *him*, the BARD who like a God conceives,
" The great, th' immortal PETER PINDAR."

" La, Sir, then what a piece of news!
" God bless, I say, God bless the Jews—
" I wish my dear dear Mistress did but know it:
" Her hands then I shall happy touch again;
" For MADAM always did maintain
" That MISTER PINDAR was a *charming* Poet."

ODE.

O D E.

STILL MORE COMFORT FOR DIRECTORS!

ONCE more I pray you, be not sad;
Remember what the Proverb doth declare;

'T is better riding on a pad,
Than on a horse's back that's bare.
At Tot'nam's concert, to delight ye—
Behold, my Lords, you still are mighty.

Think of your titles too—the name of *Lord*,
What merit it proclaims of head and heart!
It is a tradesman's handsome board,

In letters fair of gold that doth impart
To people who their mouths of wonder ope,
What goodly articles are in the shop.

Yes, as of yore, the pompous name of *Lord*
Doth still our awe-clad admiration rule—
And comfort to the hungry doth afford—
As nods of LORDS are dinners for a *fool*.

“ I thank my God, I am not like those fellows,”
Cried the proud PHARISEE, the bellows
Or trumpet of his reputation, blowing—
And you in triumph also may exclaim,
Proud of a Peer's exalted name,
With pride of title and fair birth o'erflowing,

“ I thank my stars, I am not like the *mob*,
“ Whom NATURE fabricated by the *job*.”

You shall, you shall return to pow'r,
And o'er the grumbling million tow'r;

Your sacred laws shall be obey'd——

Musicians to allegiance *must* return——

In sackcloth and in ashes mourn;

Submitting, if you will it, to be flay'd.

Their eyes so fierce, that flash'd like tin reflectors,
As though they meant to roast the Grand Directors,

Shall from their meteor fury fade away——

Becoming mild and placid as the light

Shed by the WORM, the lamp of dewy night,

Or LUNA's modest melancholy ray.

Yes! to your noble hearts delight,

With waving wands and gloves so white,

And gilt medallions blest, shall ye appear;

Smile at us *Mob*, the many-headed beast;

And, as you seem to like a *gratis*-feast,

Eat a few fiddlers ev'ry year.

THE CHURCHWARDEN,

OR

THE FEAST ON A CHILD:

A TALE.

THE FOLLOWING STORY, FOUNDED ON A FACT THAT HAPPENED SOME YEARS SINCE AT THE SWAN AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, IS INTRODUCED TO ILLUSTRATE THE MEANING OF EATING A CHILD, MENTIONED IN THE FIRST ODE.

AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, at a tavern, call'd the SWAN,
Churchwardens, Overseers, a jolly clan,

Order'd a dinner, for themselves and friends—

A very handsome dinner, of the best;

Lo! to a turn, the diff'rent joints were dress'd—

Their lips, wild licking, ev'ry man commends.

Loud was the clang of plates, and knives, and forks;
Delightful was the sound of claret corks,

That stopp'd so close and lovingly the bottle:

Thou *Savoir-vivre* Club, and *Je n' fais quoi*,

Full well the voice of honest corks ye know,

Deep and deep-blushing from the generous pottle.

All ear, all eye, to listen and to see,

The Landlord was as busy as a bee—

Yes,

Yes, LARDER skipp'd like harlequin so light;
In bread, beer, wine, removal swift of dishes,
Nimble anticipating all their wishes——

Now this, to man voracious as a kite,

Is pleasant—as the TRENCHER-HEROES hate
All obstacles that keep them from the plate,
As much as jockies on a running horse
Curse cows or jack-asses that cross the course.

Nay, here's a solid reason too; for mind,
Bawling for things, demandeth *mouth* and *wind*:
Whatever therefore weak'neth *wind* and *jaws*,
Is hostile to the gormandizing cause.

Having well cramm'd, and swill'd, and laugh'd, and sung,
And toasted girls, and clapp'd, and roar'd, and rung,
And broken bones of tables, chairs, and glasses,
Like happy bears, in honour of their lasses,
Not *wives*!—not *one* was toasted all the time—
Thus were they decent—it had been a crime,
As wives are delicate and sacred names,
Not to be mix'd indeed with wh—s and flames:

I say, when all were cramm'd unto the chin,
And ev'ry one with wine had fill'd his skin,

In came the Landlord with a cherub smile:
Around to ev'ry one he lowly bow'd,
Was vastly *happy*—*honour'd*—vastly *proud*—
And then he bow'd again in *such* a style!

“Hop'd

"Hop'd *Gemmen* lik'd the dinner and the wine:"
To whom the *Gemmen* answer'd, "Very fine!

"A glorious dinner, LARDER, to be sure."—
To which the Landlord, laden deep with bliss,
Did with his bows so humble almost kiss

The floor.

Now in an *alter'd* tone—a tone of gravity,
Unto the Landlord full of smiles and suavity,

Did MISTER GUTTLE the Churchwarden call—
"Come hither, LARDER," said soft MISTER GUTTLE,
With solemn voice and fox-like face so subtle—

"LARDER, a little word or two, that's all."

Forth ran th' obedient Landlord with good will,
Thinking most nat'rally upon the bill.

"Landlord," (quoth GUTTLE, in a soft fly sound,
Not to be heard by any in the room,
Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound)

"Do you know any thing of BETTY BROOM?"

"Sir?" answer'd LARDER, stamm'ring—"Sir?
what, Sir?

"Yes, Sir, yes—yes—she liv'd with MISTRESS
LARDER;

"But may I never move, nor never stir,

"If but for *impudence* we did discard her!

"No, *Mister* GUTTLE—BETTY was too brassy—

"We never keep a *sarvant* that is saucy."

"But,

“ But, Landlord—BETTY says she is with child.”—

“ What’s that to *me*?” quoth LARDER, looking

“ I never kiss’d the hussy in my life, [wild—

“ Nor hugg’d her round the waist, nor pinch’d her
cheek ;

“ Never once put my hand upon her neck—

“ Lord, Sir, you know that I have got a wife.

“ Lord! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—

“ I would not touch her with a pair of tongs :

“ A little puling chit, as white as paste ;

“ I’m sure that never suited with *my* taste.

“ But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*

“ I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,

“ My wife hath got the cursed’st keenest nose,

“ Why, zounds, she would have catch’d me in
a crack ;

“ Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—

“ Curse her ! she always watch’d me like a cat.

“ Then, as I say BET did not hit my taste,

“ It was impossible to be unchaste:—

“ Therefore it never can be true, you see—

“ And Mistress LARDER’s *full enough* for me.”

“ Well,” answer’d GUTTLE, “ Man, I’ll tell ye what—

“ Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting :

“ Whether Miss BETTY hit your *taste* or not,

“ There’s good *round* proof enough that you’ve
been *tasting*.

“ And, LARDER, you’ve a wife, ’t is very true,
“ Perhaps a little somewhat of a shrew ;
“ But BETTY *was not* a bad piece of stuff.”—
“ Well, *Misfer* GUTTLE, may I drop down dead,
“ If ever once I crept to BETTY’s bed !
“ And that, I’m sure, is swearing strong enough.”

“ But, LARDER, all *your* swearing will not *do*,
“ If BETTY swears that she’s with child by *you*.
“ Now BETTY came and said she’d *swear* at once—
“ But *you* know best—yet mind, if BETTY ’ll *swear*,
“ And then again ! should MISTRESS LARDER *hear*,
“ ‘The Lord have mercy, LARDER, on thy sconce.

“ Why, man, were this affair of BETTY told her,
“ Not all the dev’ls in hell would hold her.

“ Then there’s your modest stiff-rump’d neighbours all——

“ There’d be a pretty kick-up—what a squall !
“ You could not put your nose into a shop—
“ There’s lofty Mistress WICK, the chandler’s wife,
“ And Mistress BULL, the butcher’s imp of strife,
“ With Mistress BOBBIN, SALMON, MUFF, and
“ With fifty others of such old *compeers*— [SLOP,
“ Zounds, what a hornet’s nest about thy ears !”

From cheerful smiles, and looks, like SOL so bright,
Poor LARDER fell to looks as black as night ;

And

And now his head he scratch'd, importing guilt—
 For people who are innocent *indeed*,
 Never look down, so black, and scratch the head;
 But, tipp'd with confidence, their noses tilt,
 Replying with an unembarrass'd front;
 Bold to the charge, and fix'd to stand the brunt.—

TRUTH is a tow'ring DAME—divine her air;
 In native bloom she walks the world with *state*;
 But FALSEHOOD is a meretricious Fair,
 Painted and mean, and shuffling in her gait;

Dares not look up with RESOLUTION's mien,
 But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen;
 For ever haunted by a doubt
 That all the world will find her out.

Again—there's honesty in *eyes*,
 That shrinking shew when tongues tell lies—
 With LARDER this was verily the case;
Informers were the eyes of LARDER's face.

“ Well, Sir,” said LARDER, whisp'ring, hemming,
 ha-ing,

Each word so heavy, like a cart-horse drawing—

“ This is a d-mn'd affair, I can't but say—

“ Sir, please t' accept a note of twenty pound;

“ Contrive *another* Father may be found;

“ And, Sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay.”

Thus

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty;
 For who, alas! would wish to make a pother?
 GUTTLE next morning went and talk'd to BETTY,
 When BETTY swore the bantling to *another**.

* By this ingenious mode of Parish Cookery, the same child
 may be devoured a dozen times over.

END OF VOL. I.

